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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

MODS

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Scooters
Clothes
Riots
Rhythm & Blues
MOD MEMORIES
pages 28-31

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Weekending April 16, 1974

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SEASONS IN THE SUN	Terry Jacks (Bell)
4	2	ANGEL FACE	Glitter Band (Bell)
5	3	EVERYDAY	Slade (Polydor)
2	4	REMEMBER ME THIS WAY	Gary Glitter (Bell)
13	5	THE CAT CREPT IN	Mud (Rak)
7	6	YOU ARE EVERYTHING	Diana Ross & Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
3	7	EMMA	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
6	8	BILLY DON'T BE A HERO	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
11	9	DOCTORS ORDERS	Sunny (CBS)
25	10	REMEMBER YOU'RE A WOMBLE	Wombles (CBS)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 16, 1969

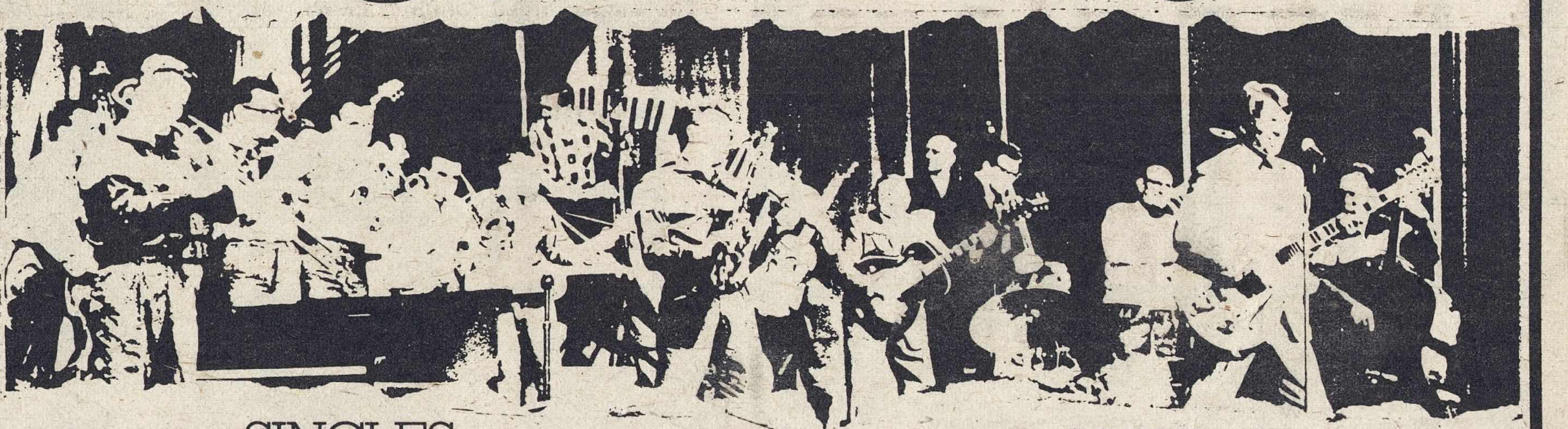
Last Week	This Week		
6	1	THE ISRAELITES	Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
1	2	I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
2	3	GENTLE ON MY MIND	Dean Martin (Reprise)
3	4	BOOM-BANG-A-BANG	Lulu (Columbia)
5	5	THE BAD BAD OLD DAYS	Foundations (Pye)
4	6	SORRY SUZANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
17	7	GOODBYE	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
7	8	GAMES PEOPLE PLAY	Joe South (Capitol)
10	9	WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND	Noel Harrison (Reprise)
16	10	PINBALL WIZARD	Who (Track)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 17, 1964

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	WORLD WITHOUT LOVE	Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
3	3	I BELIEVE	Bachelors (Decca)
4	4	LITTLE CHILDREN	Billy J Kramer (Parlophone)
8	5	TELL ME WHEN	Applejacks (Decca)
10	6	MY BOY LOLLIPOP	Millie (Fontana)
6	7	I LOVE YOU BECAUSE	Jim Reeves (RCA)
—	8	DON'T THROW YOUR LOVE AWAY	Searchers (Pye)
7	9	NOT FADE AWAY	Rolling Stones (Decca)
5	10	JUST ONE LOOK	Hollies (Parlophone)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending April 14, 1979

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(12)	BRIGHT EYES	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	3	1
2	(2)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	10	1
3	(1)	IN THE NAVY	Village People (Mercury)	4	1
4	(10)	COOL FOR CATS	Squeeze (A & M)	3	4
5	(3)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic (Atlantic)	7	3
6	(29)	SOME GIRLS	Racey (RAK)	2	6
7	(9)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	5	7
8	(20)	HE'S THE GREATEST DANCER	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	2	8
9	(4)	SOMETHING ELSE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	4
10	(—)	SILLY THING/WHO KILLED BAMBI	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	10
11	(7)	LUCKY NUMBER	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	7	2
12	(8)	TURN THE MUSIC UP	Players Association (Vanguard)	5	8
13	(6)	CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE	Real Thing (Pye)	7	5
14	(28)	SHAKE YOUR BODY	Jacksons (Epic)	2	14
15	(5)	OLIVER'S ARMY	Elvis Costello (Radar)	9	1
16	(21)	THE RUNNER	Three Degrees (Ariola)	2	16
17	(—)	I DON'T WANNA LOSE YOU	Kandidate (RAK)	1	17
18	(15)	MONEY IN MY POCKET	Dennis Brown (Atlantic)	6	12
19	(23)	STRANGE TOWN	Jam (Polydor)	4	17
20	(13)	KEEP ON DANCIN'	Gary's Gang (CBS)	7	8
21	(30)	THE STAIRCASE (MYSTERY)	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	21
22	(18)	WOW	Kate Bush (EMI)	3	18
23	(11)	DON'T STOP ME NOW	Queen (EMI)	7	11
24	(—)	GOODNIGHT TONIGHT	Wings Parlophone)	1	24
25	(19)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	5	19
26	(14)	WAITING FOR AN ALIBI	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	5	7
27	(—)	LET'S FLY AWAY	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	1	27
28	(—)	FIRE	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	2	28
29	(—)	THE LOGICAL SONG	Supertramp (A&M)	1	29
30	(22)	HOLD THE LINE	Toto (CBS)	5	12

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS — Generation X (Chrysalis); HAVEN'T STOPPED DANCIN' YET — Gonzalez (Sidewalk); KNOCK ON WOOD — Amii Stewart (Atlantic); OFFSHORE BANKING BUSINESS — Members (Virgin).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 14, 1979

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL 2	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	5	1
2	(11)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp (A & M)	3	2
3	(5)	C'EST CHIC	Chic (Atlantic)	10	1
4	(2)	MANILOW MAGIC	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	2
5	(7)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	6	5
6	(8)	THE VERY BEST OF LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	6
7	(3)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	26	1
8	(4)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees (RSO)	10	1
9	(6)	THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	5
10	(8)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello (Radar)	13	2
11	(12)	DESOLATION ANGELS	Bad Company (Swansong)	4	11
12	(16)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel (CBS)	12	10
13	(—)	COUNTRY PORTRAITS	Various (Warwick)	1	13
14	(22)	MANIFESTO	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	14
15	(21)	LIONHEART	Kate Bush (EMI)	11	12
16	(10)	20 GREATEST HITS	Three Degrees (Epic)	7	9
17	(14)	MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION	Marty Robbins (Lotus)	9	5
18	(18)	FEEL NO FRET	Average White Band (RCA)	4	18
19	(13)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	31	6
20	(24)	TRB TWO	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	4	20
21	(27)	SCARED TO DANCE	Skids (Virgin)	4	19
22	(—)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	9	14
23	(—)	SQUEEZING OUT SPARKS	Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo)	1	23
24	(25)	EQUINOXE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	16	6
25	(—)	COUNTRY LIFE	Various (EMI)	1	25
26	(15)	THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1	(CBS)	14	5
27	(—)	VAN HALEN II	Van Halen (Warner Bros)	1	27
28	(19)	TURN THE MUSIC UP	Players Association (Vanguard)	5	18
29	(—)	IMPERIAL WIZARD	David Essex (Mercury)	1	29
30	(—)	DISCO INFERNO	Various (K-Tel)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

THE BEST DAYS OF MY LIFE — Johnny Mathis (CBS); LIVIN' INSIDE YOUR LOVE — George Benson (Warner Bros); ANGEL STATION — Manfred Mann's Earthband (Bronze); AT THE CHELSEA NIGHTCLUB — Members (Virgin).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 7, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	Doobie Brothers
2	(3)	MUSIC BOX DANCER	Frank Mills
3	(4)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Amii Stewart
4	(2)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees
5	(5)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits
6	(9)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie
7	(7)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
8	(6)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart
9	(12)	STUMBLIN' IN	Suzi Quatro/Chris Norman
10	(17)	REUNITED	Peaches and Herb
11	(13)	I JUST FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Anne Murray
12	(15)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic
13	(10)	LADY	Little River Band
14	(19)	HE'S THE GREATEST DANCER	Sister Sledge
15	(21)	SHAKE YOUR BODY (DOWN TO THE GROUND)	The Jacksons
16	(18)	LIVIN' IT UP (FRIDAY NIGHT)	Bell & James
17	(8)	EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU	The Babys
18	(23)	IN THE NAVY	Village People
19	(26)	GOODNIGHT TONIGHT	Wings
20	(22)	PRECIOUS LOVE	Bob Welch
21	(24)	LOVE BALLAD	George Benson
22	(14)	CRAZY LOVE	Poco
23	(27)	TAKE ME HOME	Cher
24	(28)	BLOW AWAY	George Harrison
25	(11)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches and Herb
26	(16)	HEAVEN KNOWS	Donna Summer with Brooklyn Dreams
27	(—)	I GOT MY MIND MADE UP	Instant Funk
28	(20)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond
29	(—)	LOVE IS THE ANSWER	England Dan & John Ford Coley
30	(29)	I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT	Evelyn "Champagne" King

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 14, 1979

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
2	(2)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
3	(3)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits
4	(4)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
5	(5)	2 HOT!	Peaches & Herb
6	(7)	LIVIN' INSIDE YOUR LOVE	George Benson
7	(15)	DESOLATION ANGELS	Bad Company
8	(9)	ENLIGHTENED ROGUES	Allman Brothers Band
9	(6)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
10	(10)	AT THE BUDOKAN	Cheap Trick
11	(28)	BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	Supertramp
12	(14)	GEORGE HARRISON	George Harrison
13	(8)	BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES	Blues Brothers
14	(20)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie
15	(18)	DESTINY	The Jacksons
16	(16)	THREE HEARTS	Bob Welch
17	(11)	LOVE TRACKS	Gloria Gaynor
18	(19)	LEGEND	Poco
19	(25)	WE ARE FAMILY	Sister Sledge
20	(13)	CRUISIN'	Village People
21	(17)	C'EST CHIC	Chic
22	(23)	THE CARS	The Cars
23	(27)	INSTANT FUNK	Instant Funk
24	(12)	BUSTIN' OUT OF L SEVEN	Rick James
25	(26)	HEAD FIRST	The Babys
26	(24)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
27	(22)	LIFE FOR THE TAKING	Eddie Money
28	(—)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Amii Stewart
29	(—)	NEW KIND OF FEELING	Anne Murray
30	(—)	OUTLANDERS D'AMOUR	The Police

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Stranglers confirmed!

THE STRANGLERS have now been officially confirmed for a headlining appearance in the two-day Spring Bank Holiday festival in Scotland, plans for which were revealed exclusively by NME last week. And it can now be revealed that the site is the Loch Lomond Wildlife Park, adjacent to the village of Balloch and about 18 miles from Glasgow.

OPEN-AIR GIG IN SCOTLAND

Saturday, May 26, is the date of The Stranglers' appearance, and it's understood that Dr. Feelgood will be among the support acts. The Average White Band top on the Sunday (27), when Fairport Convention are also confirmed. Many other acts are in the process of being finalised.

Ample camping facilities are available at the site, and weekend tickets cost £9. Otherwise daily admission is £5.50 (advance) and £6.50 (on the gates).

BUT BURNEL IS BANNED!

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL has been banned from performing at London's celebrated Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where he was to have starred on Arpil 30 as the climax of his solo British tour, opening this week. The venue owners, Moss Empires, imposed the ban at the end of last week — even though hundreds of tickets had already been sold.

It seems the theatre's manager was happy to accept the booking, but the hierarchy clamped down when they realised that Burnel was a member of The Stranglers. Apparently new-wave acts are unacceptable within such hallowed portals — Magazine were banned from the venue a few months ago under similar circumstances.

Although Moss were unwilling to comment on the ban, they evidently did not learn of Burnel's background until recently — when reports of riots in Australia, in which The Stranglers were involved, were brought to their attention. It matters not that Burnel's solo act is concept rather than punk — the fact is that ticket-holders are once again inconvienced by having to apply for cash refunds.

Meanwhile, Burnel has added Brighton Dome on April 21 to his existing schedule. And there have been two venue changes — on April 23 he now plays Canterbury Odeon instead of Hanley, and on April 28 he's at Bradford St George's Hall instead of Huddersfield.

● As NME closed for press, an alternative London venue was being arranged for Burnel. Favourite appears to be the Lyceum, and details should be completed by next week.

●MOTORHEAD have been banned from future appearances at Newcastle City Hall because of an incident when they played there recently. It seems that a slogan, far from complimentary to David Essex, was found painted on the wall of their dressing-room — and Essex was due to appear there the next night! The band disclaim responsibility, saying it was all down to fans who came backstage — but they have had to take the blame!

●THE DAMNED have had their projected concert at Carlisle Market Hall on April 17 called off, as the result of a decision by the local council, and they've had a booking application rejected by Newcastle City Hall. But they have added extra gigs at Port Talbot Troubadour (April 19) and Nottingham Sandpiper (26).

Bishops re-schedule

THE BISHOPS have made numerous changes to their spring tour, reported last week, Nine new dates have been added and seven venues switched, leaving only six gigs unchanged from the original list. The extra dates are at Hitchin College (April 28), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (May 6), Manchester The Factory (15), Newport Stowaway (16). Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (18), Dudley J.B.'s (19), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (22), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (24) and Wakefield Bretton Hall College (25).

The following seven dates are at venues different from those announced last week: Northampton Acne Club (May 2), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (3), Nottingham University (4), Southend Technical College (5), Aberdeen University (10), Dundee College (11) and Retford Porterhouse (26). Gigs at Cleethorpes (May 7) Sheffield (8), Edinburgh (12), St. Andrew's (13), Chester (14) and Portsmouth (17) are unchanged.

DIRE STRAITS ADD ANOTHER

DIRE STRAITS have added a second concert at London Hammersmith Odeon to their June tour schedule, as their originally announced gig at that venue sold out within 24 hours of the box-office opening. The extra show is on June 20, and tickets are priced £3, £2.50 and £2.

THE UNDERTONES at a recent Marquee gig

HITTING THE GIG TRAIL

Undertones, Pop Group & Punilux

THE UNDERTONES announce the release of their third single and debut album, plus details of their second headlining tour this year — a 27-date itinerary, including a major London show at the Lyceum.

The single, titled 'Jimmy Jimmy', is issued by Sire Records on April 20 and is available in a limited edition on green vinyl in a clear plastic sleeve. The album, titled simply 'The Undertones', was produced in London by Roger Becharian and it comes out on May 5. The band are calling their outing the 'Plug The LP Tour', and the confirmed dates are:

Stirling University (April 27), Aberdeen University (28), Fife St. Andrew's University (29), Chester Smartyz (30), Sheffield Top Rank (May 2), Hull University (3), Wolverhampton Lafayette (4), Manchester The Factory (5), Coventry Tiffany's (8), Keele University (9), Hanley Victoria Hall (10). Newport The Village (11), Liverpool Eric's (12), Cambridge Corn Exchange (18), London Strand Lyceum (20), York Pop Club (21), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (22), Newcastle University (23), Leeds Plytechnic (24), Oxford Polytechnic (25), Aylesbury Friars (26), Guildford Civic Hall (27), Bristol Locarno (28), Rayleigh Crocs (30), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (June 1), Brighton Polytechnic (2) and Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (3).

THE POP GROUP are going out on a nationwide tour at the end of this month. Seventeen dates have been confirmed so far, with more to follow, and their itinerary includes an appearance at London's Empire Ballroom — the first time the venue has been used for a gig of this nature in over two years. Support act on all dates are The Good Missionaries (formerly Alternative TV), plus another band still to be named.

The tour ties in with the April 20 release of the band's first album, called simply 'Y'. Produced by Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovell and The Pop Group themselves, it features a cover photograph by Donald McCullin, and includes a large free poster with pictures and lyrics. The band's outing is being billed as the 'Animal Instinct Tour', and dates set so far are:

Cambridge Corn Exchange (April 27), Sheffield University (28), Bristol Locarno (30), Newcastle Polytechnic (May 2), Liverpool University (4), Manchester University (5), Newcastle Polytechnic (May 2), Liverpool University (4), Manchester University (5), London Leicester Square Empire Ballroom (7), Loughborough Town Hall (9), Aberdeen University (11), Fife St. Adrew's University (13), Edinburgh Tiffany's (14), Malvern Winter Gardens (19), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (20), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (21), Guildford Civic Hall (22), Birmingham Top Rank (30) and Leeds Polytechnic (31).

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY set out after Easter on another tour, tied in with the release of their new United Artists single.

Originally planned for this weekend, the single now comes out on April 27, and the two titles have been switched to make 'Engine Of Excess' the A-side coupled with 'Jellyfish'. A number of other dates are still being finalised, but those confirmed so far (including a major London concert at the Lyceum) are:

London Kensington Nashville (April 20 and 21), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (22), Chester Arts Centre (26), Bedford Corn Exchange (27), Dundee University (May 4), Ilkley College (5), London Marquee (10), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (12), Sheffield Limit Club (17), Newcastle University (19), Rayleigh Crocs (23), Birmingham Barbarella's (24), Hull College of Further Education (25), Chatham Town Hall (26), London Strand Lyceum (27), Milton Keynes Crawford Club (28) and Chesterfield Fusion (31).

MEMBERS, XTC: TOUR CHANGES, NEW DATES

THE MEMBERS' headlining tour has undergone a number of changes since being reported last week. Four new dates have been added — at Port Talbot Troubadour (April 26), Gt. Yarmouth Star & Garter (May 2), Northampton County Ground (19) and Scarborough Penthouse (25) — while Bath Pavilion (April 27) and Retford Porterhouse (May 11) are now camcelled. Wolverhampton Lafayette moves from May 25 to 11, and two West Country gigs are interchanged — Plymouth Tops is now May 14, with Bristol Locarno the next night (15). And the Middlesbrough gig on May 26 is at the Rock Garden instead of the Polytechnic.

SEVERAL changes have been made in the XTC tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago. The opening date at Liverpool Eric's is brought forward one day to April 19, the gig on April 27 is switched from Liverpool Polytechnic to Newcastle University, and there's a new booking at High Wycombe Town Hall on May 6. But two dates have now been cancelled — at Hatfield Forum (May 7) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (14).

BLONDIE IN TOWN

BLONDIE flew into town briefly at the weekend to appear in the filming of BBC-1's 'Multi-Coloured Swap Shop' Awards Show. They then left for Europe where they are doing TV in Italy, Germany in France. They'll be back on Good Friday to guest in Radio 1's 'Round Table', and on Saturday they're live on Radio Luxembourg at 8 pm. But they're not doing any gigs on this occasion.

JOE ELY VISIT

JOE ELY (third from left) and his current band

JOE ELY and his band undertake a short UK tour, starting at the end of this month and climaxing at London Victoria The Venue on May 5 (admission £3). These will be their first headlining dates in Britain, their only previous visit having been as support to Merle Haggard last year. Other confirmed gigs are Bristol Redland College (April 28), Newmarket Grand Ole Opry (29) and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (May 4). They will also film a BBC-2 special for screening later in the year. The visit ties in with the release of Ely's third MCA album 'Down On The Drag', recorded with celebrated producer Bob Johnston, and from which the title track is released as a single this weekend.

LOOKING AHEAD

Wings touring soon

PAUL McCARTNEY said at the weekend that Wings will be returning to live performances in the very near future. Although he declined to be specific when asked about British gigs, he gave a broad hint that the band would be back on the road "within the next two months."

McCartney also revealed that Wings have been invited to play an open-air concert in Moscow's Red Square next summer — they are already known in Russia, where their 'Band On the Run' album is on release, and the Moscow gig (currently under negotiation) would take place a week before the opening of the Olympic Games in that city.

Meanwhile, the band are at present completing their first studio album with their new line-up.

Summer dates: Rod, Naz, Third World

ROD STEWART is to play a major open-air concert in Scotland during the summer, providing a suitable venue can be found, and negotiations are currectly in progress with this object in view. Object of the exercise is to compensate his supporters there for his failure to appear in Scotland during his pre-Christmas tour. His U.S. tour ends in the first week of July, so the timing of the event will probably be late July or early August, and it will be followed by a similar big show in Ireland and two or three in Germany. But there are no plans for Stewart to appear anywhere else in the United Kingdom during 1979, even at Christmas.

NAZARETH are being lined up for at least two outdoor appearances in Britain this summer. A spokesman for the band confirmed this week that there are plans for them to appear "in various festivals here," and added that negotiations are already under way. However, such appearances are unlikely to be until later in the summer, as they begin a series of Japanese concerts on May 15 — and these are followed by an extensive six-week tour of the United states.

THIRD WORLD are expected to tour Britain in the early summer, to tie in with the June release of their new album, which they are currently completing in Los Angeles. Island Records say their visit is not yet confirmed, but it's known that several dates have already been pencilled in — including the new Stateside Center venue in Bournemouth on July 4.

VILLAGE PEOPLE'S management are considering several offers for them to headline major UK concerts in the summer. A final decision is awaited, but it's understood they are considering coming over to play a few prestige gigs here and on the Continent, soon after their most important concert to date — at New York's massive Madison Square Garden on June 24.

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES are due back in Britain in the early summer for an extensive tour, probably comprising as many as 30 dates. It's expected to begin towards the end of June, and full details will be announced in a week or two.

DOUBTS OVER STONES PLANS

Pressures mount on Richards in Canada

ALTHOUGH Keith Richards has now fixed the date and venue of the charity concerts he was ordered to give in Canada as one of the terms of his release on probation after being convicted on drugs charges, he still runs the risk of further action being taken against him when he arrives in that country.

As previously reported, certain members of the Canadian Government (including the Justice Minister) feel that he was treated too lightly by the court, and are reportedly appealing against the sentence in the hope of having him committed to prison.

A spokesman for The Rolling Stones commented: "There is still a very real risk that Keith will be served with a subpoena which, in turn, would mean his passport being confiscated. But we are hoping the people concerned will realise that he is honouring his obligations, though he could easily have ducked out on them, and consequently won't deliberately cause trouble on this occasion."

The occasion in question is April 22, when Richards gives two performances at the 5,000 seater Varsity Hall in Toronto. And there's the further complication of the court being unhappy about him playing public gigs (with proceeds donated to blind charities), instead of actually performing to blind audiences.

Contrary to some reports, there is still no indication as to who will be playing with him — even Ronnie Wood, who has been widely tipped as one of the musicians involved, is so far unconfirmed.

The Stones themselves are delaying finalising future plans until Richards' Toronto commitment is fulfilled, and meanwhile are completing the last few tracks for their new album. It seems that plans to visit Australia this spring have now been shelved, but the prospect of British dates — probably in the summer — is still on the cards, providing there is no hitch in Canada.

VIOLINSKI SET DEBUT DATES

VIOLINSKI, the five-piece outfit fronted by ELO violinist Mik Kaminski, make their stage debut next month when they undertake an 11-date concert tour. It also marks the introduction of the band's two new members, bassist Paul Mann and guitarist Michael de Albuquerque, the latter being a former ELO member (with whom he played bass) until he left in 1975 to pursue a solo career.

Following the chart success of their debut single 'Clog Dance,' the group have their first album issued by Jet Records today (Thursday), titled 'No Cause For Alarm.' And their tour dates are Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (May 5), Poole Arts Centre (6), Manchester Ardri Cinema (10), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), Keele University (16), Wolverhampton Lafayette (17), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (18), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (20), London Victoria The Venue (23) and Newcastle Mayfair (25).

Violinski are — from left to right above — John Marcangelo (keyboards), John Hodgson (drums), Mik Kaminski (violin), Michael de Albuquerque (gutiar) and Paul Mann (bass).

CHAPIN GIGS

HARRY CHAPIN is to play a short British tour next month, though only three dates have so far been confirmed — at Belfast Grosvenor Hall (May 25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (June 2).

Several more concerts are in the process of being set up, and Chapin also visits Eire for a gig at Dublin Stadium on May 26. Tickets for the London show go on sale on May 1, priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

RECORD NEWS

- Elektra have signed Japanese girl duo **Pink Lady,** claimed to be the world's largest selling female recording act. In Japan they've sold 17 million records in 30 months, had ten consecutive No. 1 singles and eight No. 1 albums. Their first British single, a disco cut called 'Kiss Me In The Dark', is being rush released.

- **Heatwave's** third album for GTO Records comes out in May — it's titled 'Hot Property' and is preceded on April 27 by a single taken from it called 'Razzle Dazzle'. Today (Thursday), the same label issues the first **Gary Glitter** single for yonks — title is 'Superhero' and the first 10,000 copies are in 12-inch form.

- EMI have signed **Sponooch,** the new group formed by the six recently-departed members of Hot Gossip. Their first single 'Crimebuster', penned by the writers of 'Starship Trooper', comes out on April 27.

- Arista Records' biggest-ever album package, comprising 13 releases this month, includes 'Wave' by **Patti Smith,** 'The Bells' by **Lou Reed,** 'New Values' by **Iggy Pop,** 'Rock On' by **Raydio,** 'Life In A Day' by **Simple Minds** (on the Zoom label), 'The Roads Of Life' by **Bobby Womack** and 'Disco Nights' by **G.Q.**

- **The Tourists** have signed a long-term deal with Logo Records. They are currently in Germany recording their debut album with producer Conny Plank — who has previously worked with Devo, Talking Heads, Kraftwerk and David Bowie.

- **Southside Johnny & The Asbury Dukes** have just signed with Mercury Records in the States (distributed in Britain by Phonogram). They're at present recording an album for their new outlet, and hope to visit Britain in the autumn to coincide with its release.

- **Interview,** the Bath band who supported Peter Gabriel in his Christmas shows at Hammersmith, have been signed by Virgin who will be issuing their debut album in the early summer. Meanwhile they can be seen in London at Kensington Nashville (April 16, 23 and 30) and Islington Hope & Anchor (18 and 25).

- **Michael Chapman** has a new album and single issued by Criminal Records today (Thursday). They are 'Life On The Ceiling' and 'Blue Season' respectively.

- On May 4, United Artists release the second set of 20 volumes from the Blue Note jazz catalogue, all in their original sleeves. Artists featured range from **Sidney Bechet** to **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Art Blakey.**

- **Judas Priest's** single 'Evening Star' is issued by CBS on April 27. The normal seven-inch has a live version of 'Beyond The Realms Of Death' on the B-side. The 12-inch transparent disc has an extra track, the band's version of Fleetwood Mac's 'Green Manalishi'.

- **The Fabulous Poodles'** first picture disc, a single titled 'Workshy', is released by Pye early next month. Same label issues the **Patrick Juvet** album 'Lady Night' today (Thursday), followed by his single 'Swiss Kiss' on April 27.

- **Motorhead's** hit album 'Overkill' is now available in a limited edition of 15,000 copies pressed in green vinyl, say Bronze Records.

- CBS release a new single by **Earth Wind & Fire** on April 27 — titled 'Boogie Wonderland', it also features The Emotions, and comes as a 12-inch in a picture bag. It's a prelude to the band's new album 'I Am', due out in a few weeks.

- **The Damned** have a three-track maxi-single issued by Chiswick on April 20, their first release for 16 months. The titles, all self-penned, are 'Love Song', 'Noise Noise Noise' and 'Suicide'.

- Salsoul Records are presenting a concert by all their catalogue artists at New York's Carnegie Hall on May 12 — including **Instant Funk, Bunny Sigler, Loleatta Holloway** and the **Salsoul Orchestra.** It's being recorded for a live album, to be issued later in the year.

- **Stiff Little Fingers** follow their chart album 'Inflammable Material' by issuing a new single on April 27. Titles are 'Gotta Gettaway' and 'Bloody Sunday', and it's being put out under a partnership agreement between the band's own Rigid Digits label and Rough Trade Records.

Allstar Firemen in Patto benefit

THE OCCASIONAL ~~all-star band~~ Dick & The Firemen make one of their rare appearances this weekend, when they play a London charity concert in aid of Mike Patto's widow and children. It's at The Venue in Victoria this Saturday (14), and admission is £3. The line-up for this gig comprises Tim Hinkley and Zoot Money (piano), Boz Burrell and Alan Spenner (bass), Mitch Mitchell and John Halsey (drums), Bobby Tench, Henry McCullough and Neil Hubbard (guitar), Poli Palmer (vibes) and Mel Collins (sax).

Rough Trade's package; Wayne County to tour

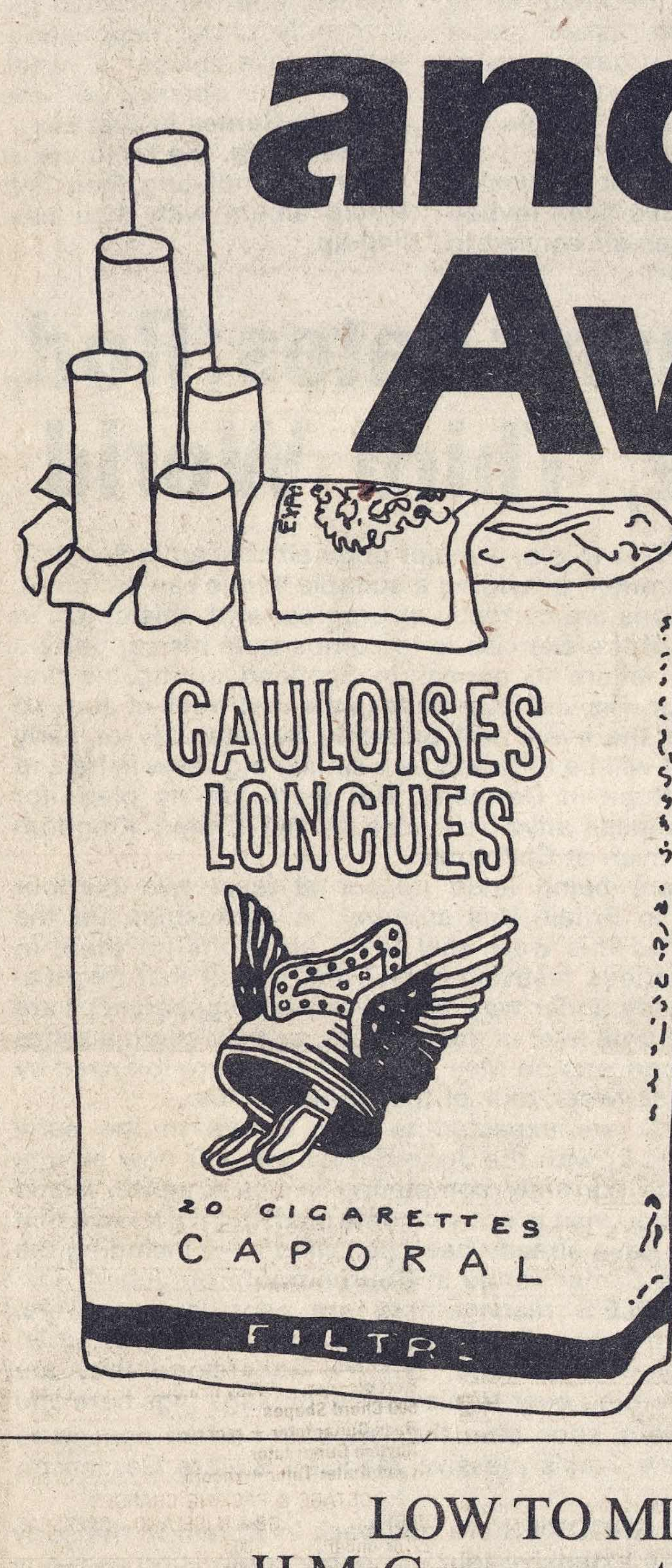
ROUGH TRADE have put together a package comprising The Raincoats, Cabaret Voltaire and — playing their first deates in this country — Swiss band Die Kleenex, who together open a month-long UK tour at London's Acklam Hall on May 10. Rest of the gigs will be announced in a week or two. Released at the end of April are a Kleenex single titled 'You/U' and a Raincoats single called 'Fairytale In The Supermarket'.

WAYNE COUNTY & The Electric Chairs begin a major British tour at Leicester University on April 21. It will run through May, and the rest of the dates are promised for next week. The tour coincides with the release on May 5 of the band's new album 'Things Your Mother Never Told You' on Safari Records — produced by David Cunningham, it's packaged in what's claimed as the world's first washable cover.

Stars shine in Sky

SKY are a brand new band comprising five pedigree musicians — John Williams and Kevin Peek (guitars), Herbie Flowers (bass), Francis Monkman (keyboards) and Tristan Fry (drums). They've been signed by Ariola who release their debut album, with the band's name as its title, on May 4 — preceded on April 27 by a single called 'Cannonball'. Shy also undertake their first tour next month, kicking off in style at seven top venues — Edinburgh Usher Hall (May 17), Sheffield City Hall (18), Manchester Apollo (19), Birmingham Odeon (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Southampton Gaumont (23) and London Royal Albert Hall (24). Ticket prices are £4.50, £3.50, £2.75, £2.50, £1.50 and £1 (London); and £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50 (all other venues).

That resemblance between Accrington and Avignon.



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Left to right: TORELLO, WINTER and PARIS

WINTER IN MAY

JOHNNY WINTER returns to Britain at the beginning of next month to play four London concerts as the climax of a European tour.

They are at The Venue in Victoria on May 1, 2, 4 and 6 — and these will be his only UK dates on this occasion. He'll be backed by John Paris (harmonica and bass) and Bobby T. Torello (drums), with who he is also fiming a 40-minute *Old Grey Whistle Test* special, for screening by BBC-2 on Tuesday, May 1.

There are, however, no plans for any new Winter records to be issued in conjunction with his visit.

● Also set for The Venue is Roger Chapman, who appears there with his new band The Shortlist on Thursday and Friday, April 26 and 27.

No Dice make it 13!

NO DICE have now fixed the bulk of the dates for their upcoming headlining tour which, as previously reported, culminates at London Rainbow on June 9.

The 12 confirmed provincial gigs are at Leeds Polytechnic (May 17), Hull University (18), Leicester Polytechnic (19), Manchester Ardri Cinema (24), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Nottingham Boat Club (26), Dunstable Queensway Hall (27), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (30), Newcastle Mayfair (June 1), Cleepthorpe Winter Gardens (5), Bradford University (6) and Brighton Sussex University (8).

Support act is Straight 8. EMI Records' first picture disc is to be the new No Dice single 'Come Dancing', due out on April 20 and taken from their recently-issued album — it retails at 99p, which is exceptionally low for the picture-disc process.

ABSALOM STEPS OUT

MIKE ABSALOM is touring extensively through the spring and early summer, with confirmed gigs at Scarborough Penthouse (April 18), Hartlepool Nursery (22), Middlesbrough Teesside Poly (23), Bridlington Queen's Hotel (24), Leeds University (25), Robin Hood's Bay Dolphin (27), Hull Art College (May 1), Fife St Andrew's University (2), Osgodby The Barn (3), Treforest Wales Poly (4), Hatfield Poly (6), High Wycombe Bucks College (9), London Waltham Forest North-East Poly (10), Luton College of Higher Education (11), Grimsby Technical College (15), Newcastle Poly (16), Manchester UMIST (18), Bolton Technical Institute (26), Preston Poly (June 8), Reading University (13), Manchester University (16), London Hampstead Westfield College (22), Birmingham University (23), Uxbridge Brunel University (24), London Royal Dental Hospital (27) and Birmingham Aston University (29).

NEWS ROUND-UP

CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival is to be filmed by BBC-TV this year. It is expected that coverage of the three-day event (July 27-29) will result in a series of half-hour shows, similar to the BBC's treatment of the annual Wembley Country Festival.

ROCK AGAINST Racism have now announced the official line-up of their gala concert at London Alexandra Palace this Saturday (14). As expected, it comprises the Tom Robinson Band, The Leyton Buzzards, Aswad, The Angelic Upstarts, The Ruts, John Cooper Clarke, Dambala and the Belt & Braces Band.

MAGAZINE have made two changes in their upcoming tour schedule: in Southampton on April 28 they now visit the Gaumont Theatre instead of the Guildhall, and their May 1 gig is switched to Exeter University instead of Hemel Hempstead Pavilion.

TOT TAYLOR and Paul Bultitude, of the now-defunct Advertising band, have completed the line-up of their new outfit Tot & The Girls In Room 419. With Taylor (guitar and vocals) and Bultitude (drums), the other members are Jimi Barbar (guitar), Gus Gode (bass and Flip Childish (keyboards).

JACK CASADY, former bassist with Jefferson Airplane and Hot Tuna, brings his new band S.V.T. to London for gigs at Camden Dingwalls (April 19), the Marquee (20) and Kensington Nashville (22). More dates are currently being lined up.

BOURNEMOUTH's Village Disco reopens on April 27 as the Stateside Center, after over £100,000 has been spent on renovations and £55,000-worth of new audio-visual equipment installed. The complex now comprises the New York Disco, Village Bowl Concert Theatre, Walt's Diner, Brickenbackers and Sneaky Pete's Disco Bar.

DARTS are undertaking an extensive Irish tour after Easter. Most of their gigs are in Eire, but the schedule includes two nights at Belfast Ulster Hall on May 1 and 2.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON'S 45-minute documentary, which was to have been screened in BBC1's 'Arena' series last Thursday, was postponed because of its political overtones in the light of the upcoming election. It will now be shown on June 7.

TOURISTS have been booked as support act on Roxy Music's UK comeback tour, opening on May 2.

PRINCE FAR I, Bim Sherman and Prince Hammer — the stars of the 'Roots Encounter Tour', reported last week — have an extra date at Bristol Romeo & Juliet (April 16) and additional London shows at Harlesden Tavistock Hall (19), Tottenham Club Noriek (21) and W.10 Acklam Hall (24). Sherman also plays High Wycombe Town Hall on April 20.

WILKO JOHNSON's Solid Senders are playing a special four-day season at London Marquee Club over Easter. They open tonight (Thursday) and continue through until Easter Sunday (15), with a different support act each night.

WARM JETS appear at London Canning Town Bridge House this Friday, April 20 and 27. Other new gigs include Norwich Boogie House (tonight, Thursday), Cheltenham Plough Inn (May 5) and Dartford College of Education, and more are being set.

BLACK SLATE promote their new single 'Mind Your Motion' at London Kensington Nashville (this Saturday), Birmingham Rialto (April 16), Sheffield Top Rank (20), London Marquee (25), Fife St Andrew's University (27) and Aberdeen University (28).

CAPITAL'S JULY JAZZ EVENT

Domino, Muddy, B.B. and Hancock gigs on

FATS DOMINO, B. B. King, Muddy Waters and Herbie Hancock are now officially confirmed for Capital Radio's ambitious five-day Jazz Festival to be staged at London's Alexandra Palace from July 17 to 21. And apart from Hancock who only appears in the opening show, they all play at least two dates — King, in fact, performs on four nights.

Capital say that several of the "really big names" are still to be announced but, at present, the main names of interest outside the pure jazz field are Domino, Hancock and Chick Corea (17), King and Waters (18 and 20); King (19); and Domino, King and Waters (21).

A lengthy list of top jazzmen are also taking part including the bands of Lionel Hampton and Woody Herman, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, George Shearing, Milt Jackson, Stephane Grappelli, Shelly Manne and Ruby Braff — most of whom appear for more than one night. Other one-off guests include Georgie Fame, George Melly and Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters.

The first three shows run from 3 to 10pm, while the Friday and Saturday concerts (20-21) are from noon to 10pm. Advance tickets costing £4.50 daily are available from May 1 at Capital Radio, Ronnie Scott's Club and usual agencies. Admission on the day is £5.50 (children £1). Free parking is provided, and camping facilities are nearby.

DENNIS BROWN IN MAJOR UK OUTING

DENNIS BROWN headlines his first British tour next month, and has confirmed dates at London Rainbow Theatre (May 4 and 5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Edinburgh Odeon (7), Sheffield Top Rank (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Brighton Top Rank (11), Aylesbury Friars (12) and Bristol Locarno (14), with a few more still being finalised.

Ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Rainbow); £3, £2.50 and £2 (Birmingham, Edinburgh and Manchester); £2.25 advance and £2.50 on the doors (Sheffield); £1.90 advance and £2.40 doors (Brighton); £2.50 (Bristol); and £2.35 (Aylesbury).

Brown will be backed by his own 11-piece band, and the support act is Rudy Thomas. The Jamaican artist, who has figured strongly in the charts with his single 'Money In My Pocket', has his follow-up 'Ain't That Lovin' You' released on April 20 — followed by his album 'Words Of Wisdom' on May 4.

HERE & NOW PLAYING ANOTHER FREE TOUR

HERE & NOW begin another free tour at the end of this month, taking in 13 dates of which eight have so far been confirmed — London Queen Elizabeth College (April 26), London Latimer Road Frestonia Community Festival (27), Lampeter St. David's College (May 1), Liverpool Pickwick Club (2), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (3), Coventry Warwick University (4), Nottingham University (5) and London Meanwhile Gardens (6).

The band then take their free show to Europe for the first time, playing six weeks of gigs in Germany, France and Holland. This latest tour also marks the debut of their new line-up with drummer Rob Bougie replacing Kif Kif Le Batteur, and Bernie 'Beezer' Elliot coming in on second guitar.

Here & Now's new EP, released on April 27 and costing 99p, features full-length studio versions of three of their live favourites — 'Dog In Hell', 'Floating Anarchy Radio' and 'Addicted'.

Two quit Doobies

DOOBIE BROTHERS have undergone a personnel change with the departure of guitarist Jeff Baxter (who intends to concentrate on production and session work) and drummer John Hartman (who is leaving the business altogether). The band have now reverted to their original four-piece format, and their current line-up is Pat Simmons (vocals and guitar), Michael McDonald (vocals and keyboards), Keith Knudsen (drums) and Tiran Porter (bass). They began an extensive U.S. tour this month, running through to September, so there is little prospect of a British visit for the time being.

Ticket sales knock Dusty

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD has been forced to cancel the bulk of her provincial concerts this month, which would have been her first UK tour for ten years, because advance ticket sales have been so low. A spokesman commented: "The support left much to be desired and, rather than have Dusty play to half-empty houses, we decided to cancel. It looks as though she left her comeback too long." But at least tickets have been sellling well in London, where she goes ahead with her three nights at Drury Lane's Theatre Royal (April 19-21).

Country & rock weekends

FOLLOWING the success of its rock'n'roll weekend last month, and the advance sell-out of its three-day disco event after Easter, the Caister Holiday Centre at Great Yarmouth is staging several more weekend hops this year. The second National Soul Weekender, basically a disco presentation, is set for October 12-14. An International Country Jamboree (November 9-11) features Transatlantic stars The Family Brown, Vernon Oxford and Jimmy Lawton, plus at least 13 leading British C&W acts. And the second Rock'n'Roll Hop (November 16-18) is headlined by U.S. rockabilly star Mac Curtis, supported by Matchbox, Crazy Cavan and Flying Saucers, among others. Weekend tickets for all three events are £15, including chalet accommodation, restaurant and other facilites.

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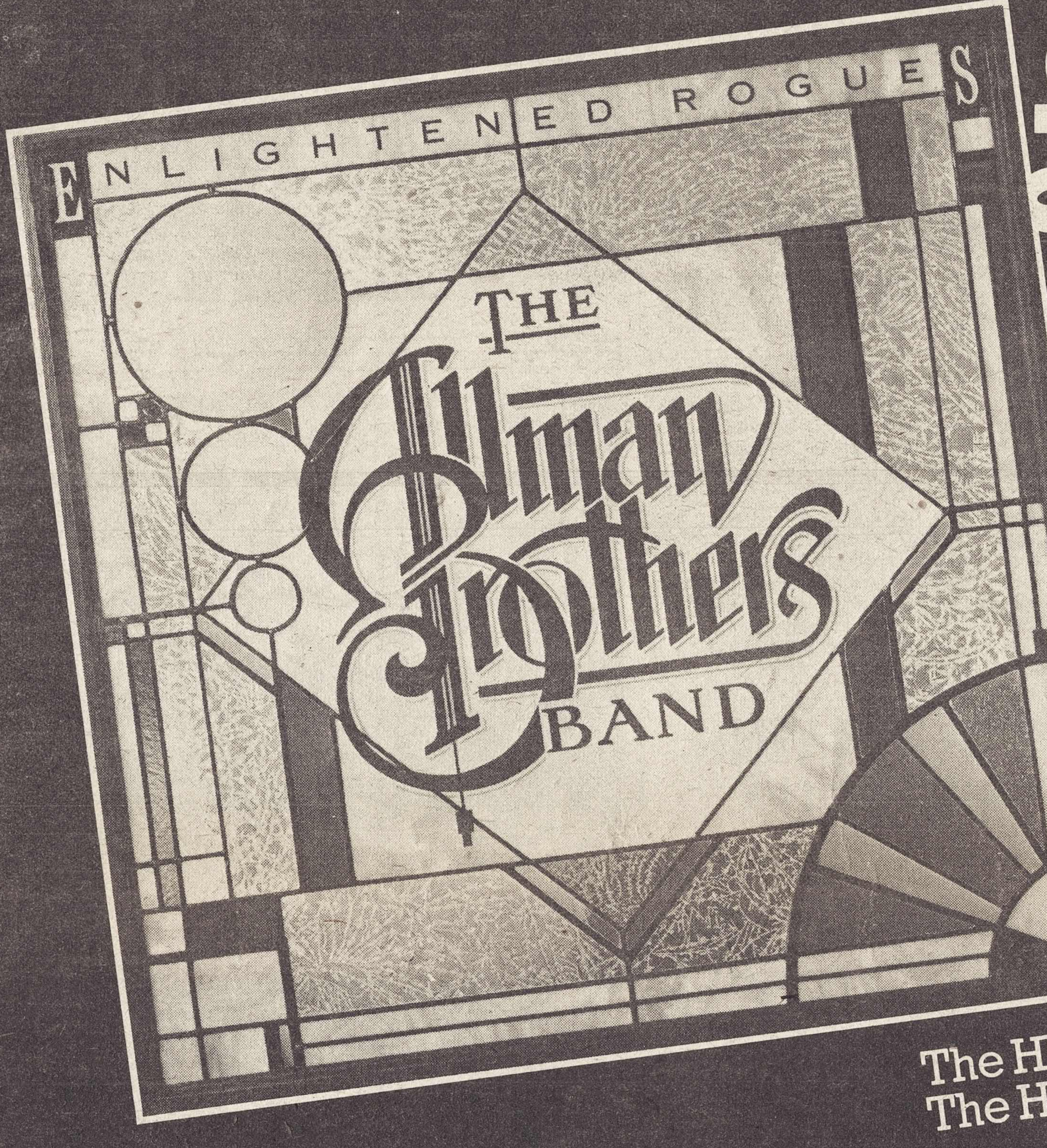

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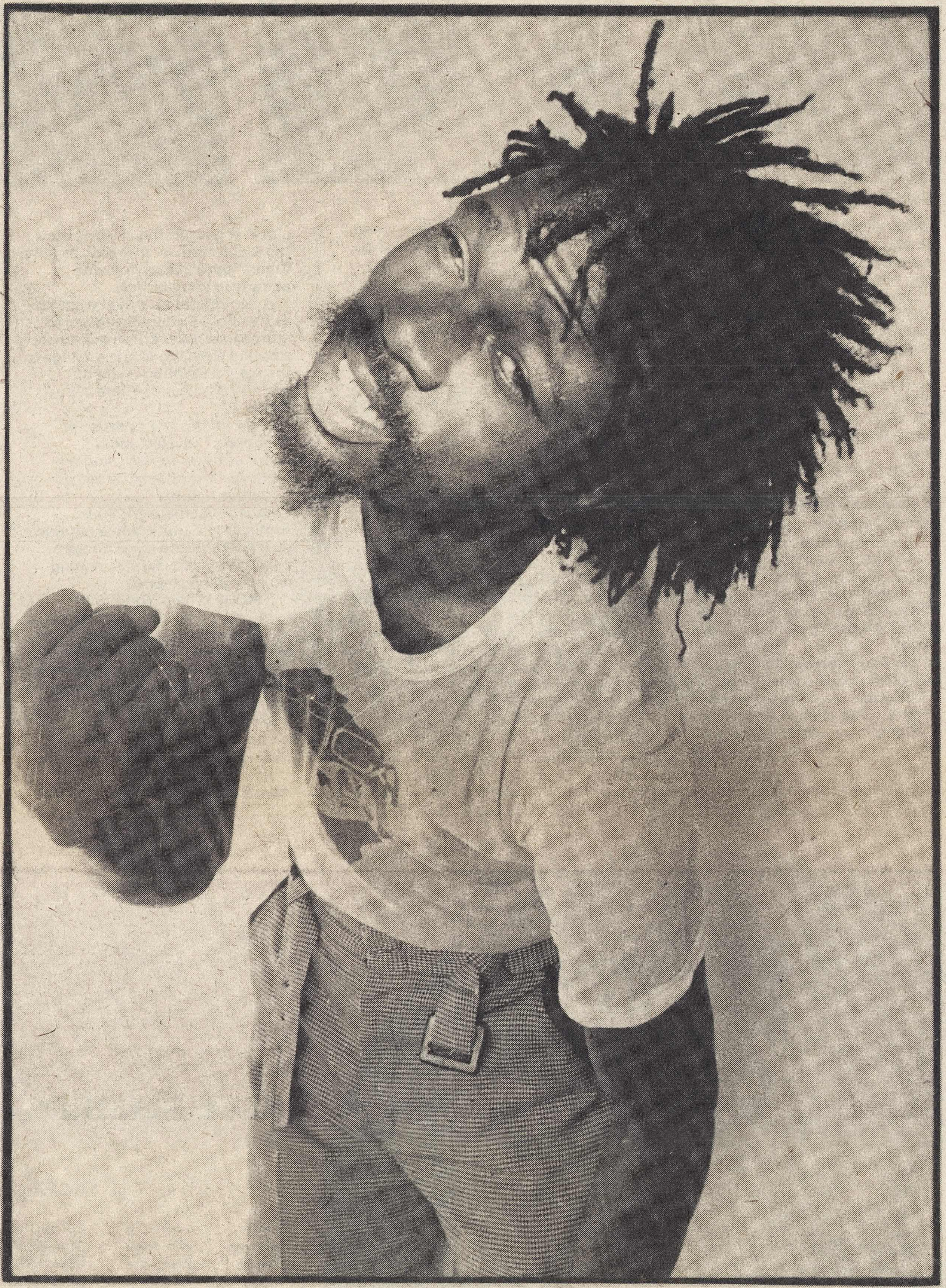
LIFE WITH THE LIONS

A SPIRITUAL SAFARI



JOSEPH HILL. Pic: DENNIS MORRIS

PENNY REEL brushes with the Babylon, reflects in Regent Park zoo, and raps righteously with JOSEPH HILL of CULTURE.

"Ben Lyon — star of long-running radio and TV show Life With The Lyons — died last night, presumably from a heart attack, aboard the Queen Elizabeth II ocean liner."

(Sunday Mirror: March 25, 1978)

THE SAME Sunday that I wake up on a couch in the living room of Physicals' bassist Crister Sol man, I take a short walk to Kilburn for breakfast of hot tea, cigarettes and the downmarket press; catch a bus to St Johns Wood, where I stop for an hour by the hotel Joseph Hill is staying; and spend the rest of the morning in Regents Park, inspecting the Moslem mosque, playing football, and looking at the lions in London Zoo.

After lunch in a Parkway cafe, I go Scritti Politti spotting with Chris Salewicz in Camden Market, where I also back up against an Inmate, a flat mate, a penman, a former member of Man man, and a policeman, the latter of whom proceeds to take my face, name and number (6) — the fifth such occurrence in the past month — while I courteously inform him that Babylon will burn, and that the merciful shall know mercy, but no mercy for the merciless.

I go home, nyam a banana, crack a Special Brew, put on a Dubliners album, brush my teeth, and step it on Rock Street for heaven in the Seven Sisters Road at Finsbury Park's Rainbow Theatre, sighting Culture, Ranking Fish I and Nick Kimberley, the deftest writer on matters reggae in the UK, as his sardonic, occasional columns in *Time Out* and *New Musical Express* invariably testify.

Now I am not saying it is not a great and singular privilege to negotiate the company of such talented and personable parties in this man's town, in particular the policeman, as the watchmaker from Westminster said when the IRA blew up Big Ben, but by far the greatest pleasure of my day is that spent at the gates of the lions' enclosure chanting victory unto the Most High King of Kings.

Seated there in their pride, the London Zoo lions contrive to put me in mind of sound-system boss Fat Man, assorted idren and sisteren, ranged in a group and seated at the foot of the main speaker during one of his late night Hackney sessions, whilst lesser lions of the same peer group prowl the edges in display of dance, and step it up iffical on the outer periphery.

"Lion!" I roar. "Zion!"

JOSEPH HILL is another lion I a check. Ever since I first heard 'This Time' pounding from the pre-amps of D'Nunes Hi Fi at a Four Aces session in 1976, Culture have been a group whose progress I have studied with continued interest.

Hill and company followed up 'This Time' with 'See Them A Come', 'Two Sevens Clash' and 'I Am Not Ashamed' — all for Joe Gibbs — at about which time the 'Two Sevens Clash' LP made its appearance in this country, with a wider audience awake to the trio's own particular cultural expression, defined by their two early discomix titles 'Trod On' and 'Baldhead Bridge'.

Since then, Culture have achieved critical kudos for their April waxing 'Africa Stand Alone'; recorded a further two albums — 'Harder Than The Rest' and 'Cumbolo' — for Front Line, with whom the group signed a monkey money contract last spring; generated considerable excitement on their debut UK tour of 1978; and scored a No. 1 hit back in Jamaica with their rendition of the traditional tune 'This Train'.

Paying my respects to Joe Hill on his second UK tour, I now stand at the window of his hotel room overlooking Lords cricket ground, humming Samuel Bramwell's current London discomix monster 'Rose Marie', and thinking about the Law.

Splendid view of Lords, I remark, shaking my locks ruefully at Hill's request for dispensation of a herbal nature. Do you play cricket, Joseph?

"Is true me prefer to play football more," says Joseph. "Soccer keep I fit. Soccer is the Rastaman's game, you no see't?"

Not really, I say. How do you work that out, lah?

"Soccer is a prophecy of defeat from His Imperial Majesty to his enemies," Joseph explains. "Even the ball of itself, it was designed in the shape of the world, representing the overthrow of Babylon by Jah Jah chosen people."

Funnily enough, I observe, a cricket ball is of identical shape, if somewhat smaller. How come you single out soccer for such sanctified remark?

"Is only soccer where a man uses all parts of his physical and mental self," insists Jospeh. "And right now, the fittest must stand."

How does the fittest of the fittest stand in his relationship to Virgin Records. Are you happy with your treatment?

"Cho, not really man," comes the answering lament. "To me skip, Virgin is a company that does not really understand reggae music to penetrate it to the fullest. An artist needs to advance himself to produce great works, he needs a whole heap of space in which to move, and Virgin are not really capable of providing this, nor even appreciating it to the highest.

"The way I see it now," he continues, "is that Virgin have wasted a whole lot of money on what I call non-progressive reggae artists; but I think that they have learned their lesson by now in that respect, and learned it well."

What you call a lot of money is joke to sugar to a company like Virgin, I maintain. They've already recouped all their investments in reggae; their accountants would have made sure of that in advance. But if you are not happy, will you be staying with them?

"If I get all my instruments that Virgin have promised me," Joseph bites into a croissant as if to emphasise his point, "and if I have the time to get my music together," he says between mouthfuls, "then I think you could say I am happy to work with them.

"On the other hand," he suddenly grins, "if not, then is still fine with me. When one door close, one thousand open."

"I seem foresaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar.
And every door is shut but one,
And that is Mercy's door."

(William Cowper: Olney Hymns)

"A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip."

(Merchant Of Venice — IV. i.)

WHEN ONE door close, one thousand open: there is a white bretheren me a know who believes, rightly or wrongly, that he has been forsaken by his own race, whom he has rejected, and who now spends most of his time stranded like Daniel in the lion's den of the black diaspora.

But Daniel and the lion is friend, as Ras Allah and Tapper Zukie testify on exclusive Fat Man slate, while I stand rocking at a late session in a small church hall off Victoria Park, a benefit organised by Owen Issachar of the Twelve Tribes movement in celebration of Errol Dunkley's send-off dance; and keeping company with a pride of humble lions such as regularly prowl with Fat Man Hi Fi, including A Roy the Number One Mike, Robert "Ribs", Ras Michael, Geese, King R, Nosey Charlie, Bouncing Stanley the Caretaker, and a special guest for the night, Mr Gregory Isaacs.

According to his own testimony, Fat Man would like to see more white people at his dances, and declares that reggae can be a unifying force of the two peoples.

He also feels that most of the white folk who profess a liking for reggae have only experienced it as good time music on soft sound-systems in clubs, and never penetrated the heavy *pressure* that is the music's most vital characteristic, only to be found in the presence of sounds such as his own, Coxsone's and Jah Shaka's.

"There shouldn't be any no-go areas in reggae," he tells me. "There are no signs on any doors saying that this is or that is only for blacks. I want white people to stop thinking that black people are going to pick on them or anything. I welcome everyone.

"Besides, we need white people if reggae music is to go further. It's not enough that only black and black should check it, that can't help us any.

■ *Continues over*

LIFE WITH THE LIONS
Contd.

The mane attraction . . . CULTURE — pic DENNIS MORRIS.

■ *From previous page*

"The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God."
(Blake: The Marriage of Heaven And Hell)

"RIGHT NOW," says Joseph Hill, "the feeling is around strong that reggae music is truly the music of tomorrow.

"It's a total cultural fight, lah; it's like — snap! — automatically the Armageddon start. And each man have his own testimony to give, each has his own particular statement.

"But from what I see in this time, I do honour and bless and pray daily for Bob Marley. I wouldn't even call him bother Bob — *Mister* Bob Marley."

What most absorbs me, I return, is the total destruction of Babylon works, advertisements and telescreens in particular, all the fuckeries which strip us of our independence and humanity. It's like that classic line of yours: *"Is that the right way for a human as a policeman?"* Cho, that's no way at all; all the time I get pulled on the street because I wear my locks long, man.

"Well them wickeds must fight down the Rastaman, so prophecy reveal it Penny Reel," nods Joseph, "yet still, I want to ask it within myself, when the police do this they claim they are excercising their duty . . ."

A man shouldn't have duties like that. His duty is to himself and God.

"Yes I, but if he *does* have those duties, he should not abuse them so a man will appear in court the next day wearing cuts and bruises.

"That same man Rowbottham who arrest I and carry me to Stony Hill jail, his prayers was his guns, he wanted to hit me but I quoted Psalm 109 at him and he have fe stop in the presence of Jehova's power.

"He was applying man power, which is force and ignorance."

This train — I murmur — only to carry Jah Jah chosen people.

"Seen. I try to emphasise it in that song. I try to sing it with such a tone that the people are supposed to listen, for we need the attention. Love."

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."
(Psalm 22)

TWO NIGHTS in a row, Culture played magnificent full house shows at the Rainbow, going about and prophesying equal rights and justice to the nation, I know.

Fired by the impetus of enthusiastic audiences, demonstrating the group's increase of popularity since its previous visit to the venue last year, Joseph Hill turned in an inspired onstage display, playing a selection of time-honoured Culture favourites and whirling about the stage like some dread dervish.

From the opening bars of his set, the crowd was upon its feet understudying Joseph in gymnastic prance, swaying in time to the music and singing along to the words, while overhead a great cloud of ganga smoke hung from the auditorium in limp pall, as if the funeral pyre of Babylon was already lit and burning.

A lion roar of approval went up as the three Culture brethren, all attired in stricker crisas militance, stepped from the wings onstage to invoke the uplifting chant of 'Behold (The Land Where We Belong)'.

"Fret not thyself because of evildoers," advised Joe Hill, *"neither be annoyed."* And the multi-racial audience raised its collective fists in acknowledgement with the sentiment, in unity, while outside on the streets the ginal forces of Babylon waited like scavenging wolves of the steppes.

'Tell Me Where You Get It' followed, and then 'This Train' — carrying Jah chosen people in its execution and spiritual definition.

On either wing of the stage was massed a formidable congregation of dread and dread youth, imploring Hill and company to even wilder display of frenzy, casting a continuous line of ites, gold and green in its midst.

Culture responded with 'Jah People' and 'I Am Not Ashamed'; as the evening wore on the charged atmosphere increased in intensity, nor did the pace let up, not even in the short intervals between songs.

"Be careful of the things you do, the everyday words you speak," warned Hill on 'Iron Sharpen Iron' — provoking similar sentiment with 'Stop The Fussing And Fighting' and 'See Them A Come'.

The loudest cheer of the night was reserved for 'Down In Jamaica'; and for the first time Joseph's vocal was temporarily drowned in the engulfing crowd chant.

To close the show, Culture revisited the past territory of 'Two Sevens Clash', and encored with 'Natty Dread Taking Over' and 'Never Get Weary' — The Revloutionaries dubbing up the rhythm in extended instrumental as the trio left stage.

I returned to the Queen of Spades.

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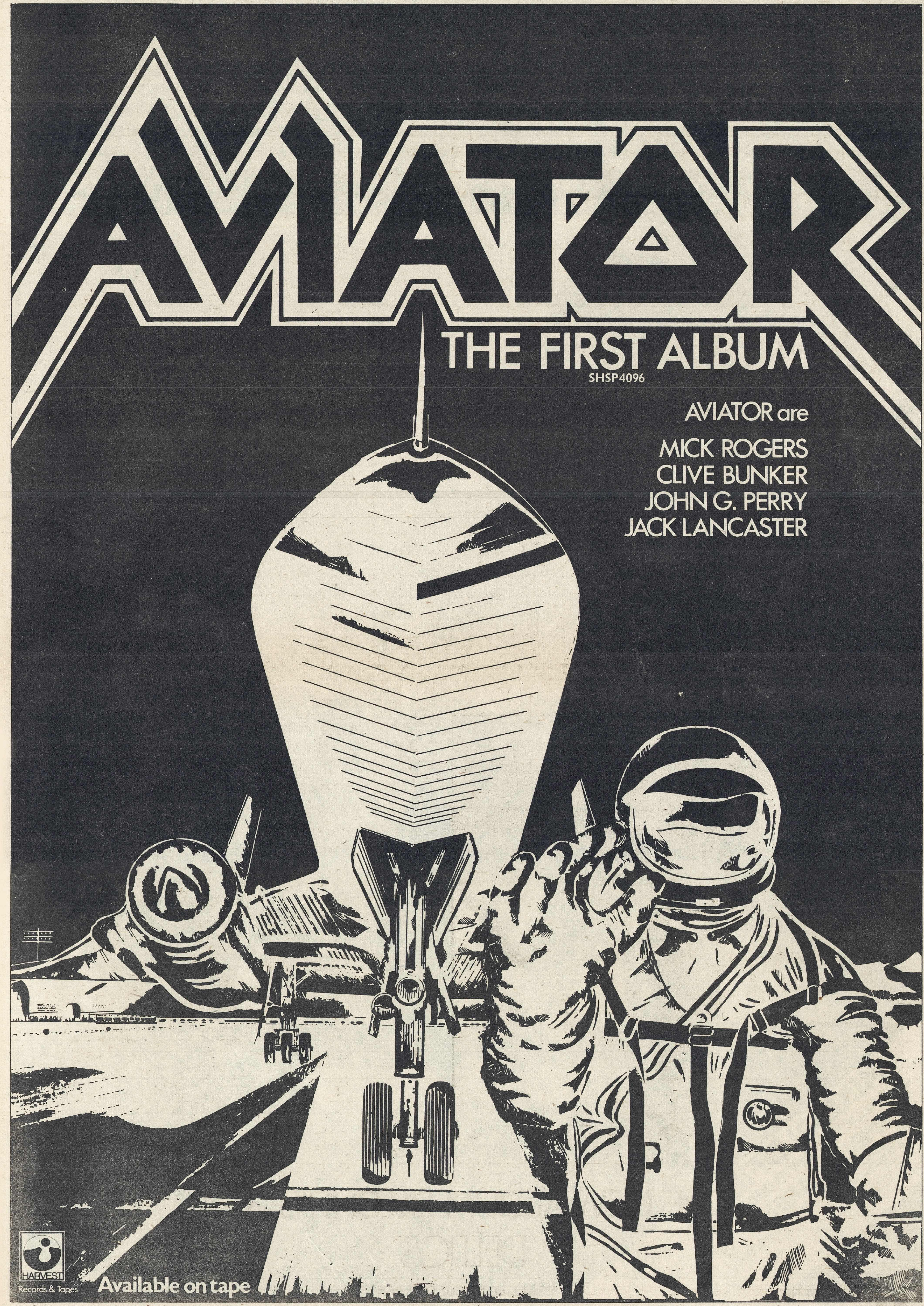

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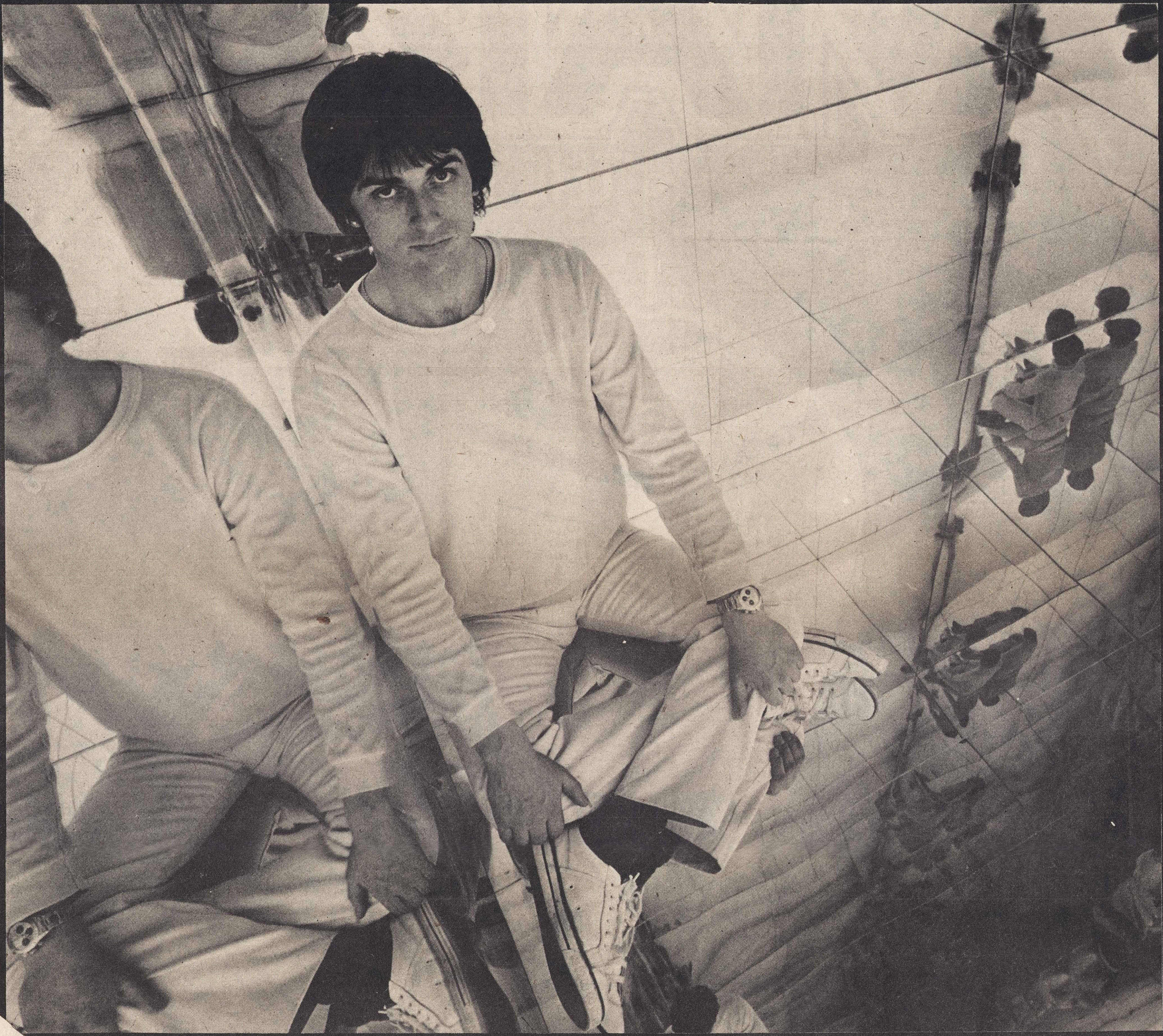

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THRILLS

CENSOR AT THE CONTROLS

BBC Baldheads Ban LKJ

Linton Johnson: A man must think what he must.

ONCE AGAIN that strange virus 'election fever' sweeps the UK, and once again there is fear and bumbling down the corridors of the BBC Television Centre in London's Wood Lane.

The BBC has caught no less than its fair share of flak recently for a string of cancellations of supposedly 'controversial' programmes and projects. Last week it risked further opprobium by scrapping *Dread, Beat An' Blood,* a documentary by Franco Rosso on 27-year-old Brixton poet and black activist Linton Kwesi Johnson.

Apparently the Beeb's decision was only conveyed indirectly to Rosso on the evening of March 2, and this *after* a statement had been issued to the press. The next morning's *Guardian* quoted the statement as claiming that the documentary, originally scheduled for the March 5 *Omnibus* slot and now postponed until June 7, had been so shunted "because of its political content."

Presumably the BBC had seen fit to make their move on the grounds of their distinctly nebulous policy that no programme which is likely to 'prejudice' the outcome of an election can be shown during the run-up period to that election. Another casualty of this policy has been a repeat of a Mike Yarwood Christmas show which included a sketch at the expense of Conservative leader Margaret Thatcher.

Dread, Beat An' Blood has already been on general release as an Arts Council-funded film in UK cinemas. It's an extremely cogent and coherent feature, and the impression it gives of Johnson is precisely that I gained from interviewing him recently: an accomplished poet, he's also a highly articulate spokesman for the British black community.

The 'political' moments in the film are these. At one stage, whilst being interviewed by LBC, Johnson remarks that "There is a vast array of political forces (in the UK) varying from the National Front right up to Margaret Thatcher and the Tory party who are trying to put blacks in a position of demoralisation that we were in during the '50s and '60s."

Again, towards the end of the film, Johnson is seen twice reciting and twice singing the lyric of his 'It Dread Inna Inglann', which includes the line: *"Maggie Thatcher on the go with her racist show, but she a fe go . . ."*

It should be emphasised that neither Johnson nor Race Today, the organisation of which he is a member, are seeking an electoral platform. His views of Thatcher — which many have good cause to share given both recent Tory pronouncements on race issues and the party's insistence on 'law and order' (i.e. increased police powers) — are therefore personal views.

Whereas the National Front, simply because they have fielded more than the required number of candidates in this election, are — or so it seems — going to be given prime TV time to broadcast and promote unadulterated racism under the guise of it being a party political line.

Weren't the BBC therefore operating a double standard?, I asked their publicity office at Wood Lane. No, a spokeswoman replied, the decision was consistent with BBC electoral policy, and anyway there were pressures on facilities at the Beeb during the election period.

Pressures not to show an already 'in the can' programme with no extra live studio work needed? Pressures to replace it with 'official' election material? Whatever, *Dread, Beat An' Blood* was eventually replaced by an *Omnibus* repeat of a film about painter Albert Houtheusen.

Finally, I put it to the spokeswoman that the BBC decision amounted to sheer censorship, denying a man and a community a right to express their opinions at a time when they were most entitled to do so. I was met with a longish pause and a predictable "No comment".

Dread, Beat An' Blood has encountered distribution problems elsewhere. *Broadside,* a Birmingham alternative community paper, were planning to show the film on March 17 at the city's Gala cinema as part of a benefit to enable them to recover the costs of a recent libel suit.

The paper's Andy Burchill told me that he had approached both the cinema and the Arts Council with a view to showing the film and everything seemed hunky dory. Whereupon the Birmingham police, negotiating with the Arts Council, abruptly served notice that they were going to refuse the film a licence on the grounds that it was 'liable to incite a riot' — grounds which they had previously invoked to stop a showing of *The Harder They Come* at the same cinema before Christmas.

Johnson himself has this to say about the BBC postponement. "I cannot", he told *Thrills* over the phone, "see any justification for the action." Race Today has sent a strongly worded letter of protest to the Director General of the BBC and also issued a press statement in similar vein. This statement has, to my knowledge, been reported nowhere in the national press.

Are our politicians really so paranoid they feel threatened by just one man's outspoken views? Is the BBC, currently in dire financial straits, just going out of its way to ingratiate itself with what it thinks will be the next government? Your guesses must remain as good as mine.

ANGUS MACKINNON

THRILLS

ELVIS' DAD SPEAKS OUT

"My Son's No Racist"

ELVIS Costello's father this week attacked the 'racist' tag put on his son by angry American press reports following incidents during the singer's current American tour.

Elvis had reportedly made slighting remarks about 'nigger' singers like Ray Charles and James Brown in a bar-room run in with the Steve Stills Band. A fight broke out in which Elvis apparently received a dislocated shoulder.

Elvis' father rang up the *Thrills* desk following last week's exclusive *Thrills* report on the furore that followed when the bar-room story and nigger remarks reached the US press and radio. Threats were made against Costello's life and at a subsequent press conference in New York the bespectacled singer apologised for the remarks.

"Elvis is no racist," said Costello senior angrily. "His mother and I were always very strict on that point. The race issue was always very important in our house. It wasn't just something on the side, it was a central issue."

Regular readers will recall that Elvis' father is a singer in his own right. An Irishman who settled in Liverpool, he was a featured vocalist with the Joe Loss Orchestra in the 1950s and these days works as a cabaret artist under his real name of Ross McManus (Elvis' real name being Declan McManus).

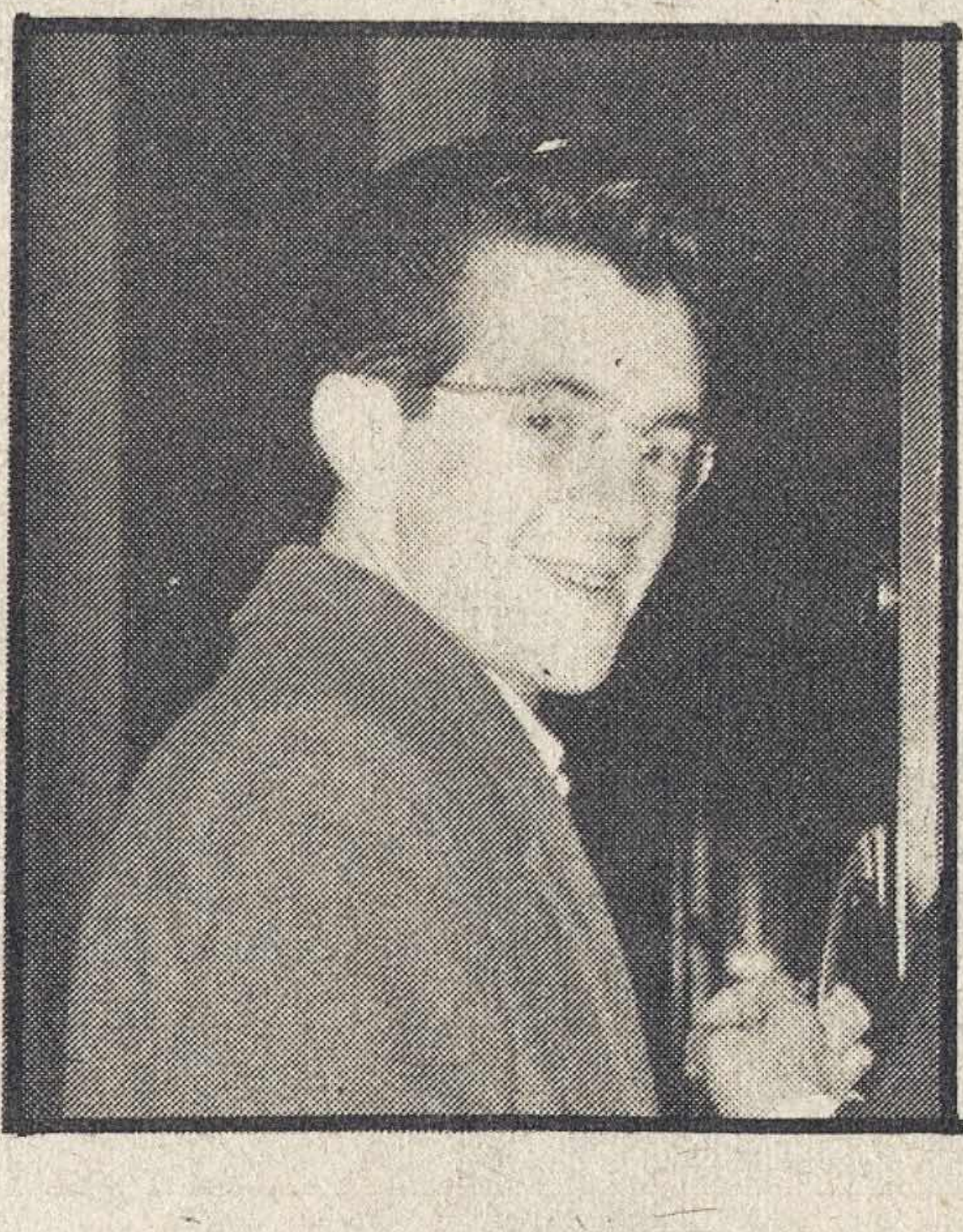
"You can tell your readers that Elvis' mother is a Liverpool lady who'd beat the fucking tar out of him if she thought he was turning into a racist," continued Mr McManus. "When she was younger one of her best friends was a Chinese girl and she used to help her out at the Chinese laundry where she worked. It never bothered her that she was writing Chinese laundry labels or anything, she just accepted it.

"You know that I work the cabaret circuit and I hear all the Irish jokes and the Pakistani jokes and I still think it's wrong. My nose still isn't straight from the time when I had an argument with a trumpet player who was making racist remarks.

"I'm upset about these allegations against Elvis because I know they're not true. It's one thing I feel very strongly about."

Thrills wouldn't propose for a moment that Elvis — who you'll recall played last year's Anti-Nazi rally in Brixton alongside reggae bands Misty and Aswad — was a racist, but maybe he should be as careful about what he says when out drinking as he is about giving interviews.

THRILLS



Snouds Gets It Wrong Again

Last week's *Jaws* column in *Sounds* carried a report which alleged that *NME's* Manchester correspondent Ian Wood was the owner of Smirksongs Records, the label which recently issued The Smirks' three-track EP.

This is completely untrue. Smirksongs is owned jointly by the four Smirks and their manager Andrew Jasper. At no stage has Ian Wood been involved with the label.

The *Sounds* report went on to suggest that there might have been some link between Ian's alleged 'ownership' and the praise which he gave The Smirks in a recent *Thrills* article on the group in *NME.* In fact, Ian wrote nice things about The Smirks because he genuinely likes the band's music and admires their pluck in starting their own label at a time when most bands in their position — discarded by a major record label and deep in the financial mire — would simply have packed it all in. The implication that he would write complimenatry articles on a group for financial gain is, to say the very least, unprofessional — though, may we say, not totally untypical.

At the time of going to press, legal action was being taken against *Sounds* by both Ian Wood and The Smirks. Who's smirking now?

THRILLS

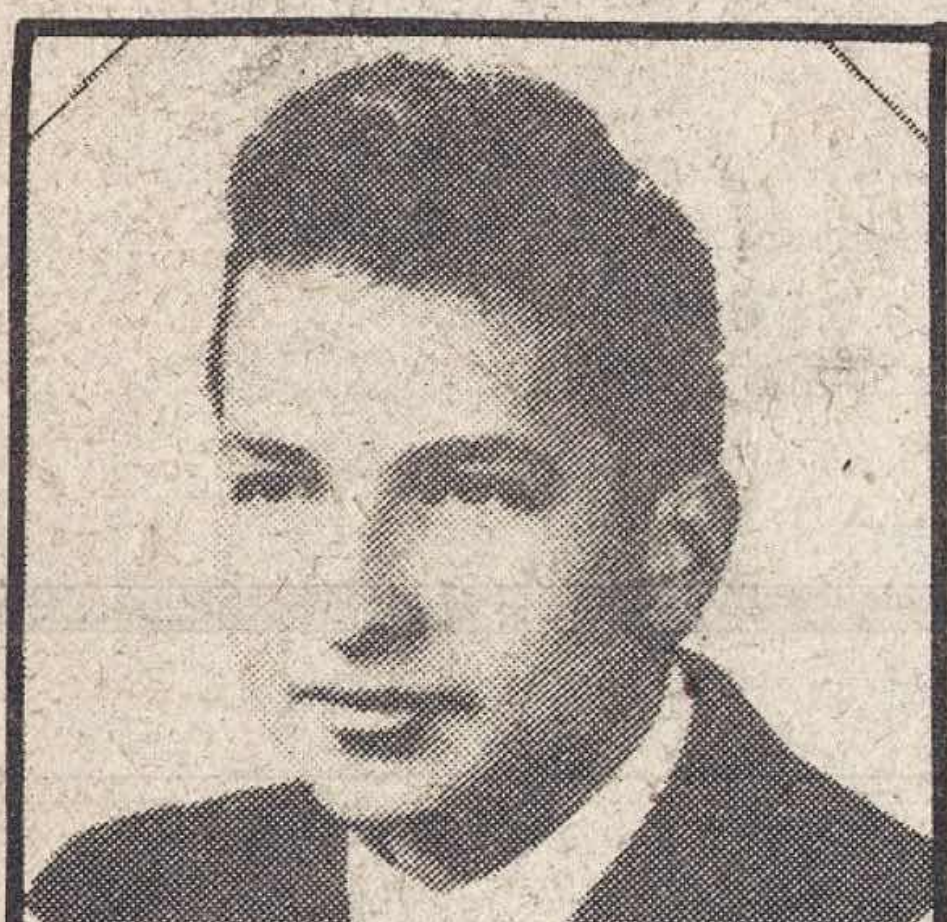
Blackmail Corner

Ah, youth! The all-too-fleeting moment when life lies open like a never-ending highway, stretching towards the horizon as far as your mind's eye can see. In these golden times, it seems as if one can live forever; one can redefine one's identity, one can be whatever one wants to be. Or . . . one can just *be*, you *know?*

Take this ninny, for example. Observe the ludicrous Johnny Cash hairstyle. Observe that poop-eating smirk. Observe those pudgy choochie-cheeks. Observe, if you can suppress your nausea, that unforgiveable shirt, that preposterous jacket, those laughable ears. And then console yourself with the thought that this oaf grew up to — in some small way — Change The World As We Know It.

If you've sussed the schnook (as opposed to blackmailing the bozo), then you may be as smart as you think you are. We are as smart as you think we are, we know the answer — so don't bother telling us. Well you can if you like.

IDI OTWIND



THRILLS

On The Road On The Screen

ROCK 'N' ROLL on TV is no good. That's the way it's always been, and probably always will be.

No TV programme has consistently captured the passion and compulsion of great rock'n'roll. The two heavy survivors snub on, eating deeper and deeper into their own functional formats; the reactionary smug *Old Grey Whistle Test*, the bright, empty *Top Of The Pops*, both of which simply package the music dry cleaned and freshly pressed.

Rock'n'roll doesn't need television, and television doesn't need rock'n'roll, but that's hardly an excuse for the apathy, condescension and ignorance present on both sides. Rock'n'roll *can* work on television, and deserves screen time as much as anything else.

Some of the outstanding moments in rock'n'roll TV have originated from Granada, who locally and nationally have consistently shown how to portray rock'n'roll sympathetically. A handful of enthusiasts beavering within the company's complex bureaucracy have achieved a lot. Such programmes as *So It Goes* and the Randy Newman and Tom Robinson documentaries are just the networked tip of what Granada does with rock'n'roll — in the past they've interviewed Iggy Pop, John Lydon, Debbie Harry, and had early Buzzcocks, solo Elvis Costello, Patrik Fitzgerald performing — all on the teatime magazine half hour!

So It Goes was an extension of this, putting people like Siouxsie And The Banshees, Magazine, Clash, Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, Jam, Penetration and Mink DeVille on TV for the first time. Not only that, but they captured them all perfectly; chaotically without contrivance, without any false prettiness, without any insulting frivolity, without smothering the energy or intent.

Granada's most recent national foray into rock'n'roll TV was a series of hour-long documentaries — so far there have been unpretentious, revealing looks at Randy Newman and Tom Robinson, coming soon is a programme on Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe making a record, an attempt to evaluate Ian Dury, a report on Elton John's trip to Russia and one other as yet undecided subject, all to be screened before the end of the year.

The director's view of David Essex . . . and David's view of the director. Keef McMillan and assistants at work. Pix: Kevin Cummins.

And now comes a series of seven peak-time hour-long in-concert shows entitled On The Road that are to feature Bad Company, Blondie, Gerry Rafferty, Tina Turner, David Essex, Earth Wind And Fire and Kate Bush.

On The Road is produced by Chris Pye, a likeable, bearded Granadaman who produced the first series of *So It Goes* and executively produced the second series. He reveals that there has been no high level decision to permanently cancel the programme, so it could yet reappear and "in terms of the acts chosen, could take the *Old Grey Whistle Test* off the screen." He also produces the documentary series.

His director is Keef McMillan, a freelance video director committed to the idea of 'rock'n'roll TV' and to that concept as being an art. McMillan has directed distinctive videos for Kate Bush and Blondie, among others. When the video disc era arrives — any minute now — McMillan will be in great demand.

On The Road is not as meek and mild as the format and selection of performers indicate. For a start, Granada specifically asked McMillan to direct, in an attempt, as Pye explains, "to make the visuals more electronic, more creative, more adventurous." McMillan emphasises that the series will not be straight in-concert filming. "I have developed lots of techniques whilst doing promotional films that haven't been used. They're new. I want to apply them to live concerts, to see if it's possible to record a live concert *per se* and make good rock'n'roll television."

Yet the initial choice of acts seems excessively MOR.

"This first series is really a PR job," Pye admits. "We have to make sure it looks good, that people watch it, to get a high profile. If we made seven shows now, taking people like the Albertos, Skids, Undertones say, we wouldn't get a second series. The people who make the decisions aren't ready to give the freedom . . . to allow a guaranteed network slot to music they find deeply unpalatable as opposed to mildly unpalatable. Having got the first series over with music they find at least

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THE PARK
BEGGARS BANQUET

acceptable, then the next series' choice of acts will be more adventurous.

"Ever since *Ready Steady Go* right through to Kenny Everett, which is now established though I regard it as MOR — there has been a history of stop and start. What I'm going to do is get the slot established and *then* experiment. It's no good having a great show if it's taken off after three weeks."

Pye's other concerted attempt to put rock'n'roll television onto the network is his "series of intimate one hour documentaries . . . an attempt to make films with musicians who have something to say . . . to show to the uncommitted 10% who might leave the set on when one appears that there is something more to the subject other than noise."

It took constant pressure before Granada agreed to sponsor both series. Although they eventually did, Pye considers the Granada hierarchy to be ultimately as safety-conscious as other companies.

"Granada are not very flexible. They would not have thought of doing it if I and a couple of other people hadn't said, 'Hey why don't we do this?' You've got to push them. I'm sure there are people in other companies who feel the same as I do — it's just whether you can get it on the screen. Granada will say, 'We've never heard of Nick Lowe but if you think he's worth doing then go ahead'. That's probably the difference with Granada. Other people have the ideas but ultimately can't make the film. Granada are more receptive. They'll take the odd risk. Not too many, but the odd one."

But if the suspicious and ignorant attitude of the TV companies restricts the quantity of rock'n'roll on TV, or means there'll be a series or two of something promising that'll disappear before it has a chance to grow, there's nothing to say that the quality of the rock'n'roll that reaches the screen will be particularly good. It's no way a case of quality over quantity — both *OGWT* and *TOTP* are produced rigidly and plainly.

The day I met Keef McMillan he was as depressed as someone as cheerful as him can be, and in his own words "not enjoying myself". He had eagerly agreed to do the series to find out if rock'n'roll on television could be interesting. "I'm not sure that it can be," he kept sighing. Despite having the access, the talent, the enthusiasm, the vision, McMillan reckons that *On The Road* will not be as good as it could be, because of the fundamental problem that the equipment (mixers, cameras, etc.) is ten years out of date.

"We have taken a few steps in the right direction though. It will be good television. It will be worth watching. *On The Road* could develop into a strong new rock'n'roll series. There are a few barriers which I don't feel I've got the energy to tear down, nor the ability — but potentially it's very very exciting."

It does seem, though, that the days when rock on television actually adds something to the music, when rock has a place on the screen, are a long way off.

Take heart, though, that despite the obstacles, there *are* people in the distant, faceless world of television actively attempting to put up some relevant, rigorous opposition to *OGWT* and *TOTP*. And make it stick.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

Kevin Cummins' view of David Essex and Chris Pye.

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5	LEEDS	Polytechnic
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7	BLACKPOOL	Norbreak Castle
9	LONDON	Rainbow
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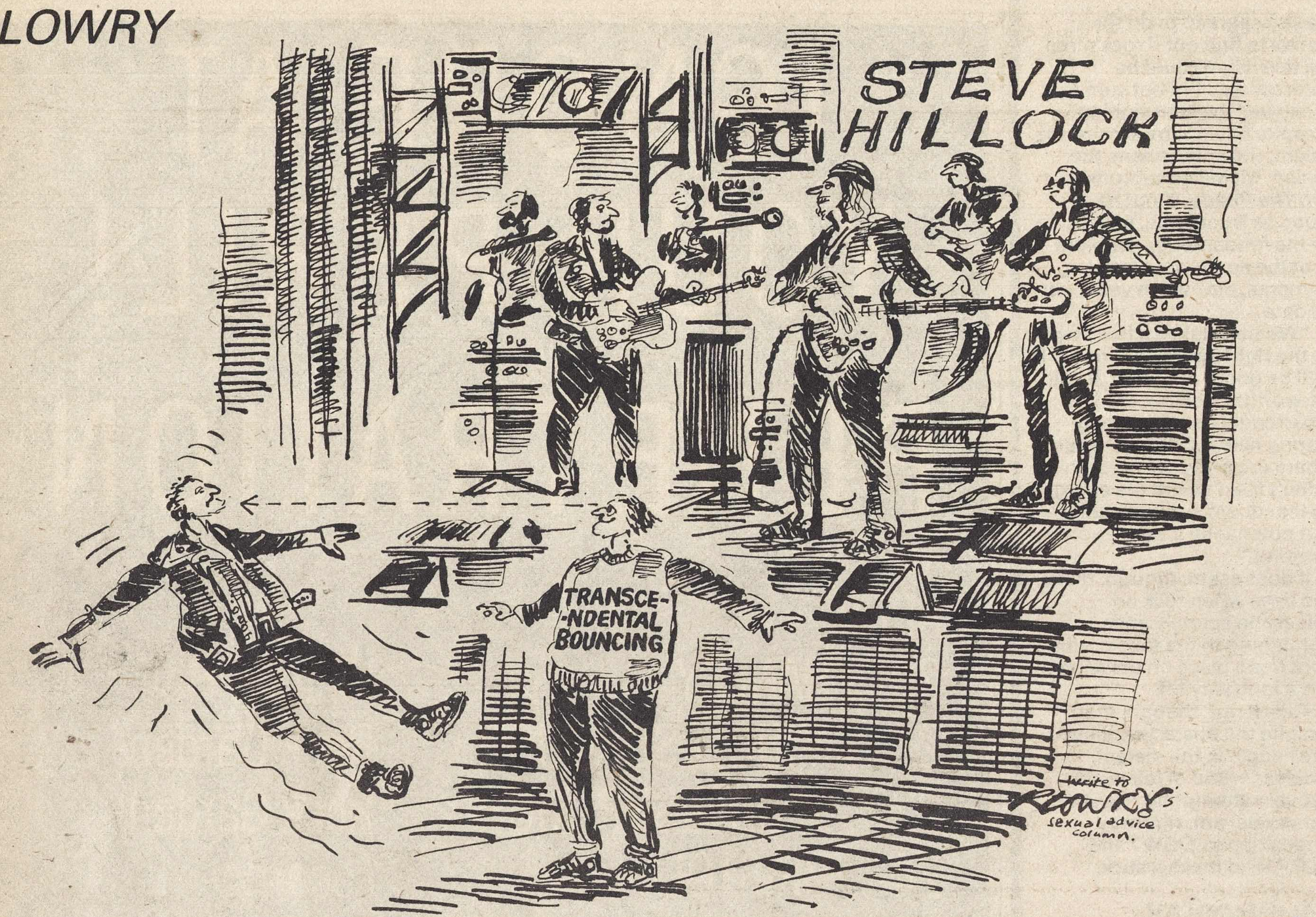

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(GROANS ALL ROUND)

GREATER GLASGOW, just like I pictured it: a pylon-griddled bleakerama of faceless Glaxo factories and Kleenex box housing estates. A pork-pie at a barmitzvah couldn't be more conspicuous than our big black limousine as it flashes down Paisley's main drag, spilling its contents (John Otway, Manager, Press Officer, and two hacks) at The Railway Inn on this drizzly Friday morning.

We order a bottle of Champagne and are dutifully ignored. London is only two hours away; a slug of Scotland's finest softens the culture-shock. *Get to the point,* Joseph.

Well, in a moment of rare sobriety John Otway recently put his head together and conceived an ACE BOFFO WHEEZE. . .

Among the twenty - thousand distributed copies of his new single release "Frightened And Scared', there exist just three copies which were pressed without a vocal track. Anyone who purchased one of these freak discs was invited (as per the sleeve-notes) to contact Polydor, Otway's record company, whereupon it would be arranged for the Otter to call round in person to perform the song alive and loud in their own living room to the accompaniment of the backing track.

The first 'lucky' winner was mild-mannered Jim Stanley, 23, fork-lift trucker of Broom Crescent, East Kilbride, an avid Quo and heavy rock buff, and intrepid *NME* subscriber.

The little suburban semi was overrun with press-weasels, snapsters and radio-jocks in red anoraks. The entire Stanley clan — Jim, parents, in-laws, sproggies, granny — were there, exuding hospitality and mild disbelief at all these media aliens milling around their gaff.

Otway gurgled with delight as the aforesaid platter was slipped on the Dansette and turned up to its fulll 0.3 decibels. With two-square miles of idiot grin, he launched into a bladder-tickling rendition of 'Frightened And Scared'. He remembered all the words, and his voice dropped only twice, causing china ducks to change course midstream.

Ma Stanley knew enough in advance of Otway's swashbuckling gibbon antics to have removed the chandelier, so Otway ended his jape by collapsing ass-over-sofa, his elbow narrowly missing a heap of sarnies that Granny had laid on.

John Otway is 73

RICK JOSEPH

THRILLS

Jim Stanley admires John Otway's trained tonsils.

Doobie boobs

FACE FACTS. . .Life for those mentors of mellowness The Doobie Brothers isn't exactly Fat City these days. *Thrills* understands from *People Magazine* that, despite such luminaries as Jane Fonda admitting to "getting high on their good vibes", they've all been feeling a bit gripey lately.

"Rock'n'roll has become big business," intones John Hartman shrewdly. "Tax concerns have eaten away at my true love — simple old blues music." He's quitting the band in a a year's time to raise Arabian stallions on his Sonoma County spread, and to study to be a vet.

Success for the ever-popular Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter means having to sleep in the bathtub as "there's too many people in the house". Jeff can't wait to hi-tail it to the privacy of a solar-heated pad in Tucson.

Even drummer Keith Knudsen's wife Tracy sounds worried about the boys. "Sometimes they get on each other's nerves, like a married couple," claims the foxy one from the privacy of their personal Jacuzzi. The only difference between a marriage and a group"she adds, "is that in marriage there's sex". So much for group sex, eh?

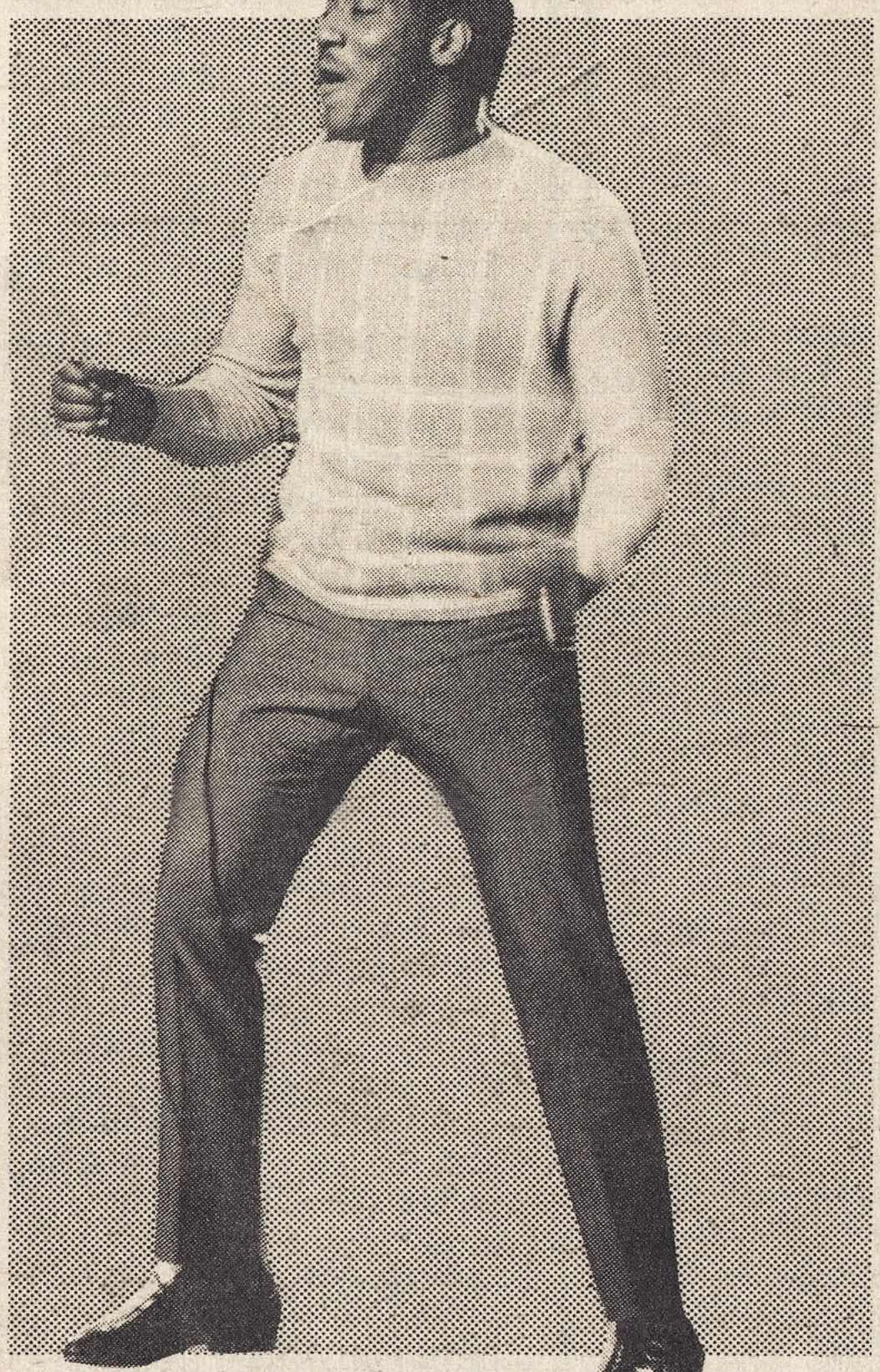
But for "bearded baby-faced sex symbol Michael McDonald", it's these spikey tops that really get his goat. "If those punk rock guys were anti-everything, they wouldn't stand up there and act like morons in front of people," he seeths. "They'd go in the woods and eat mud and *really* live like rebels."

Now *that's* telling 'em, Mike.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

Skunk Baxter (sporting the shades) demonstrates for a fellow Doobie his favourite method of relieving the boredom of their chosen rock'n'roll lifestyle. Pic: Joe Stevens.



Otis Redding does the frug

Otis film definite

ENDING months of speculation, Phil Walden, head of Capricorn records, recently confirmed his plans for a film biography of the late, great Otis Redding.

Otis will be played by Teddy Pendergrass, former Harold Melvin and The Blue Notes lead singer, whose recent album 'Life Is A Song Worth Singing' sold 3½ million copies in the U.S.

Walden, former manager and lifetime friend of Redding, has set up Capricorn films to handle the project and aims to keep total control of all aspects including the highly lucrative soundtrack album.

Pendergrass records for Philadelphia International, owned by Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff, Philly soul veterans who will be producing the music for the film.

Originally a documentary approach was planned, but that fell through due to lack of good footage. Pendergrass will not lip-synch Otis' songs. Walden commented: 'We decided we didn't want to clone Otis. Gamble and Huff will produce the music using Otis' songs, and it will be different because their style of music is a little more sophisticated than the Memphis era of soul music. But, there is a lot of Otis in Teddy — it's almost a contemporary extension of Otis'.

Teddy Pendergrass, who'll play Otis

Otis Redding's scorching deep soul style made him the most respected soul singer of the '60s. Phenomenal performances on the European Stax-Volt tour and at the Monterey Pop festival brought him to the verge of widespread fame, which he was never able to capitalize on because of his tragic and premature death.

Otis died on December 10th, 1967, when his plane crashed to the bottom of the frozen Lake Monona in Wisconsin.

DICK TRACY

Zine Soon Come Shock

THE reggae 'zine industry rolls up and rolls on: out now is issue 2 of East London's ***Small Axe*** *and issue 4 of Edinburgh's* ***Ital Rockers.***

The new ***Axe*** *is sharper than the first. It's uncompromisingly a fanzine, unafraid to indulge: like five pages on Prince Far 1 and some well freeform record reviews. Hardly any visuals, but the fab Hugh Mindell full mini page pin-up conquers all.*

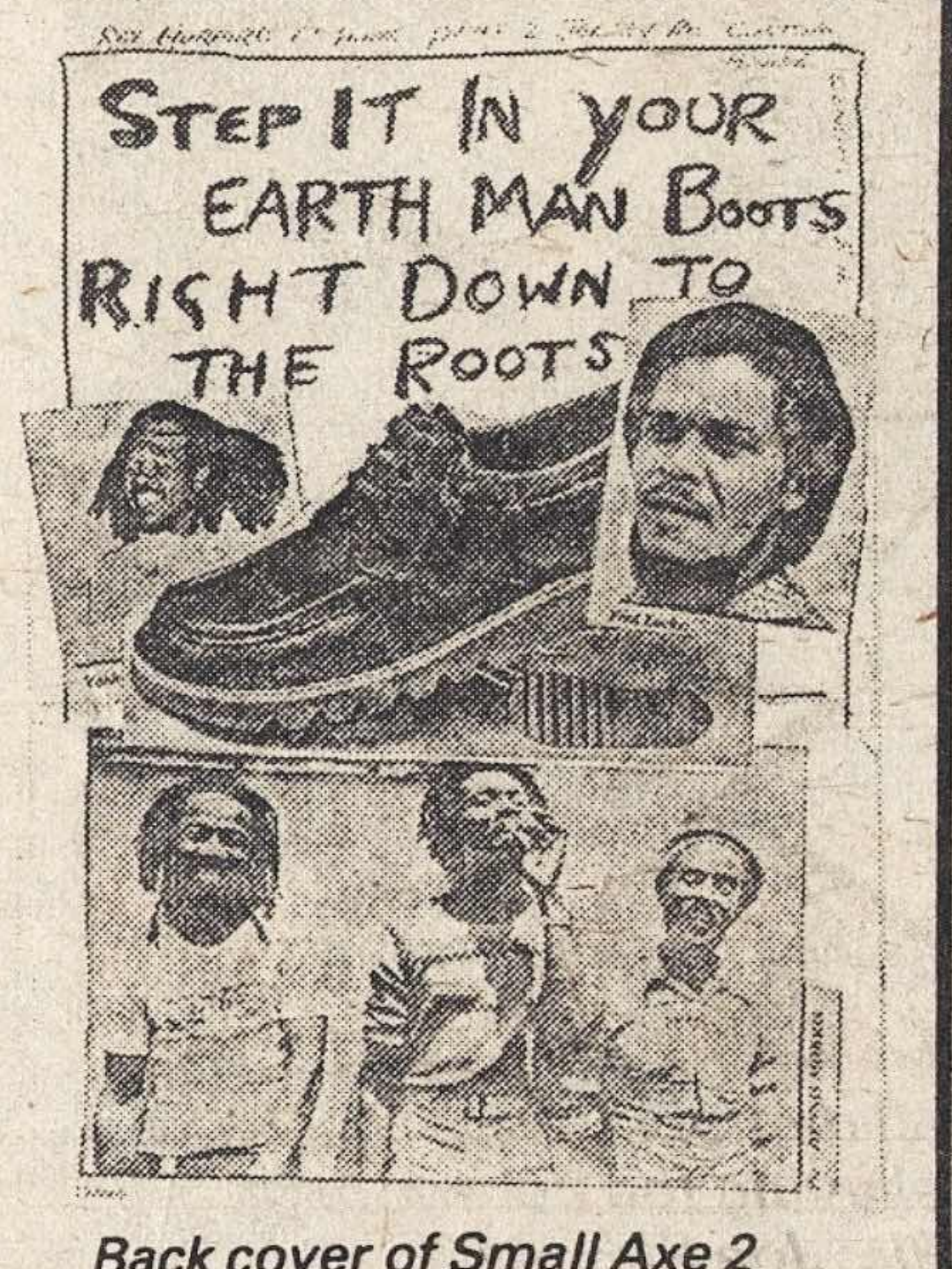
Ital Rockers *is more of a scaled down version of a grown up mag: sensible reviews, scant obscurity, working features on Aswad, Matumbi, 'jahman, Far 1. Paul Bradshaw's Jamaican diary is favourite here: Leroy Smart over lunch etc.*

Also out: ***Reggae,*** *a Norwegian (!) papersized 'zine t'ing: ites green and gold cover, nice pic, all written in strange scand tongue.*

Small Axe *from Roy Hurford, 17 Hume Point, 2 Jersey Road, Custom House, London E16. 30p plus p & p.* ***Ital Rockers*** *from Dougie Thompson, 70 Milton Road West, Edinburgh EM15 1QY*

Reggae *from Mari Toft, Fagerlivn 1, Oslo 5, Norway.*

JOE FRAZIER



Back cover of Small Axe 2

MOONSTOMPING WITH TIN TIN . .

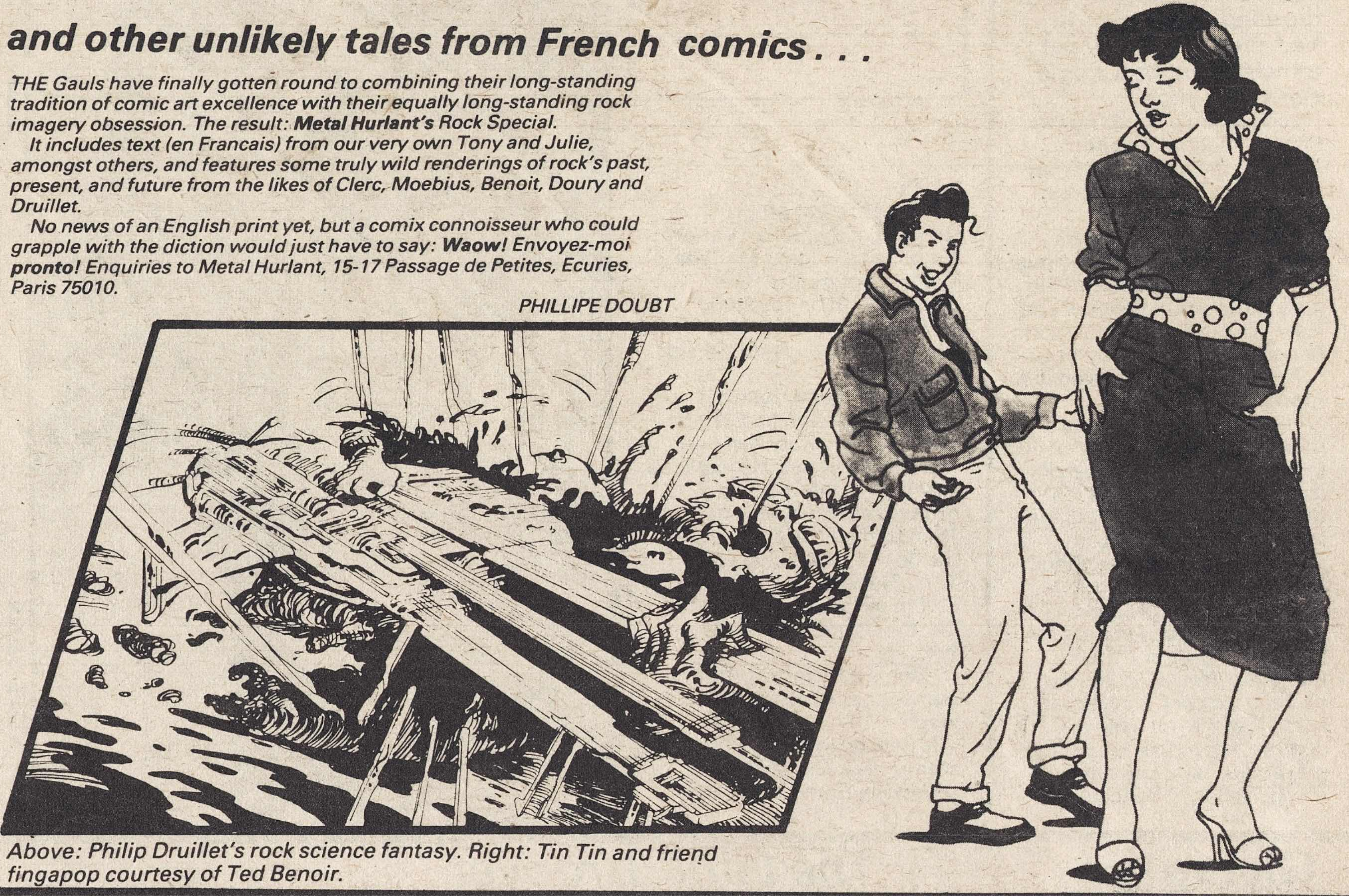
and other unlikely tales from French comics . . .

THE Gauls have finally gotten round to combining their long-standing tradition of comic art excellence with their equally long-standing rock imagery obsession. The result: ***Metal Hurlant's*** *Rock Special.*

It includes text (en Francais) from our very own Tony and Julie, amongst others, and features some truly wild renderings of rock's past, present, and future from the likes of Clerc, Moebius, Benoit, Doury and Druillet.

No news of an English print yet, but a comix connoisseur who could grapple with the diction would just have to say: ***Waow!*** *Envoyez-moi* ***pronto!*** *Enquiries to Metal Hurlant, 15-17 Passage de Petites, Ecuries, Paris 75010.*

PHILLIPE DOUBT



Above: Philip Druillet's rock science fantasy. Right: Tin Tin and friend fingapop courtesy of Ted Benoir.

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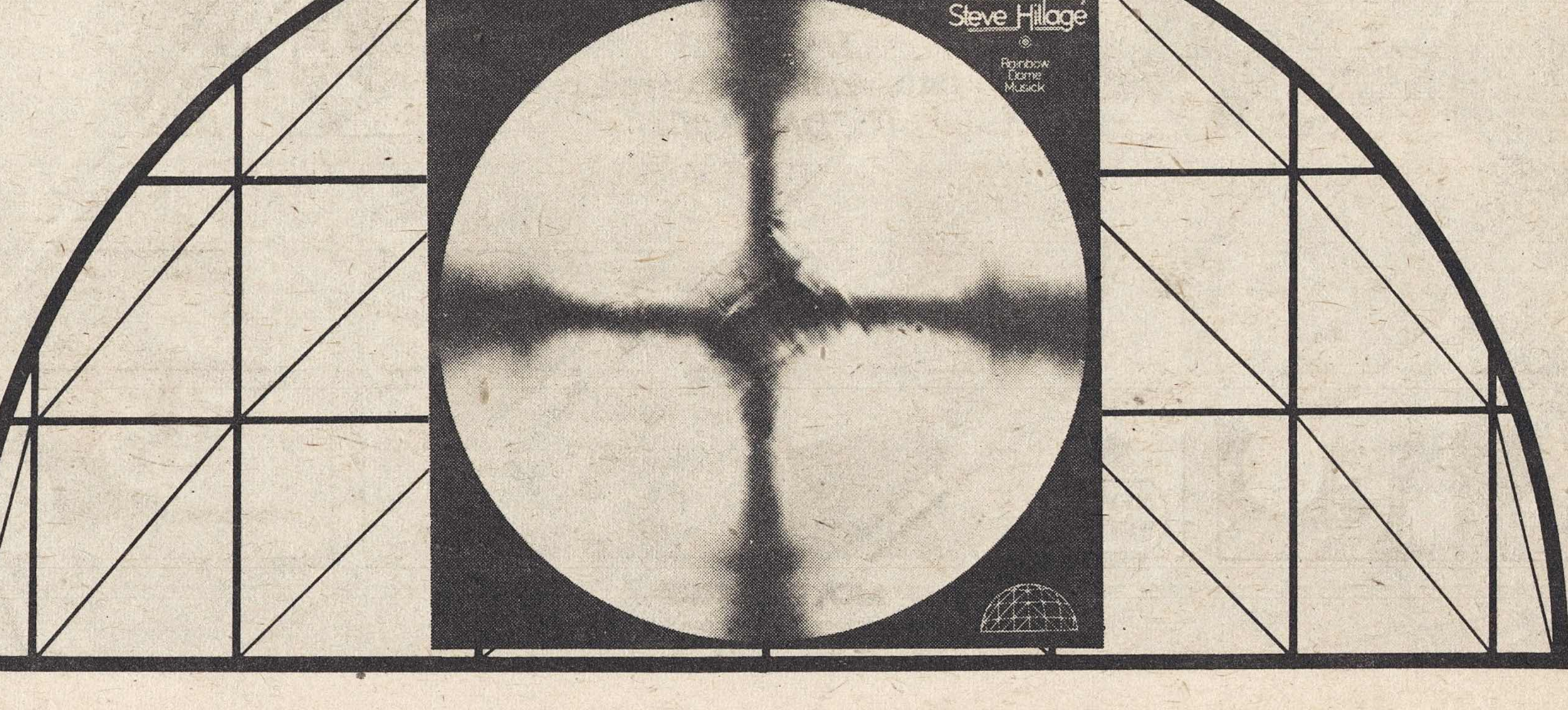


"Boys are good for one thing..."

"Yeah — for spending money on our record!"

RATS (left) and DELICIOUS

Pic: STEVE DIXON

SO THERE I was on a snowswept Wednesday morning, sipping tea in bed, when out of my old transistor bursts a single called 'No Time'.

I crank Radio Leeds up in time to hear the DJ inform listeners that it's by Rats and Delicious. Could that be the Rats and Delicious I remember from two years back — the Rats and Delicious who used to walk around the punk clubs in suspenders and New York Dolls tat, Rats toting her pet, a seven foot python?

At the time Rats worked in a mortician's learning embalming and Delicious modelled. I've still got Delicious' phone number. I ring her and check. Yes it's them singing; she invites me to meet her at Leeds bus station and we go up to Rats' house to hear some stuff they've been recording.

Down at the bus station I'm met by the girls and their manager. We board the bus and start to chat. Like, how come they've got a record contract when they've never played on stage and have no musical ability? Delicious smiles.

"We got a job go-go dancing at the Batley Variety Club. I was singing Marlene Dietrich songs and Rats pogoed with her python. Someone filmed it and Wayne Bickerton saw us and signed us up."

Their manager tells me Wayne Bickerton had 37 hits with Mac and Katy Kissoon and The Rubettes. He explains that Radio One is being broadcast from Leeds next week and he's managed to hustle the girls a chat with Tony Blackburn.

"I'm going to hit 'im on the 'ed, the dummy," says Ms Rats.

"She's only joking," the manager adds with a nervous laugh.

Is Rats taking her python along? "Na, I haven't got it any more. Some drunks nicked it and smashed it to death with a brick. Just as well really, it kept shitting on me when I pogoed."

I mentioned the fact that they don't have a band.

"We're rehearsing with a band called The Naughty Boys but they're dead slow," complains Rats. Mr Managers smooth things over: "The band is made up of professionals. It takes them three minutes to learn a song. Rats gets impatient. She doesn't understand musicians."

It transpires that the drummer is from the Gary Glitter Band and the bassist from FBI. Did they play on the record then?

"Na, it was session men. We 'ad that Clem Cattini, 'im out of the Shadows," ventures Rats. They show me some publicity pix. Blatantly appealing to the beer and titties mentality, it's the suspenders and lace bodices of old. Bit sexist, isn't it?

"What do ya mean! We've always gone around like that!"

I know, Rats but . . .

"Men are good for one thing," Rats insists, And What might that be, I ask. By now the old ladies on the Number 15 have stopped chatting. They strain to hear Rats reply.

"Scrwein', what else?"

The old ladies look suitably shocked. Mr Manager gazes out of the window.

We arrive at Seacroft, one of the biggest council estates in Europe. It's hardly the Kings Road. Rats and Delicious are both 18, still living at home with mum and dad in a council semi.

"Everyone's used to us now. My dad even took our photos to work."

When we arrive the manager plays me 'No Time' again and again. It's great. Totally honest manipulation, glam rock radio pop punk pap.

Ain't technology wonderful?

STEVE DIXON

THRILLS

Giving the image a tweak

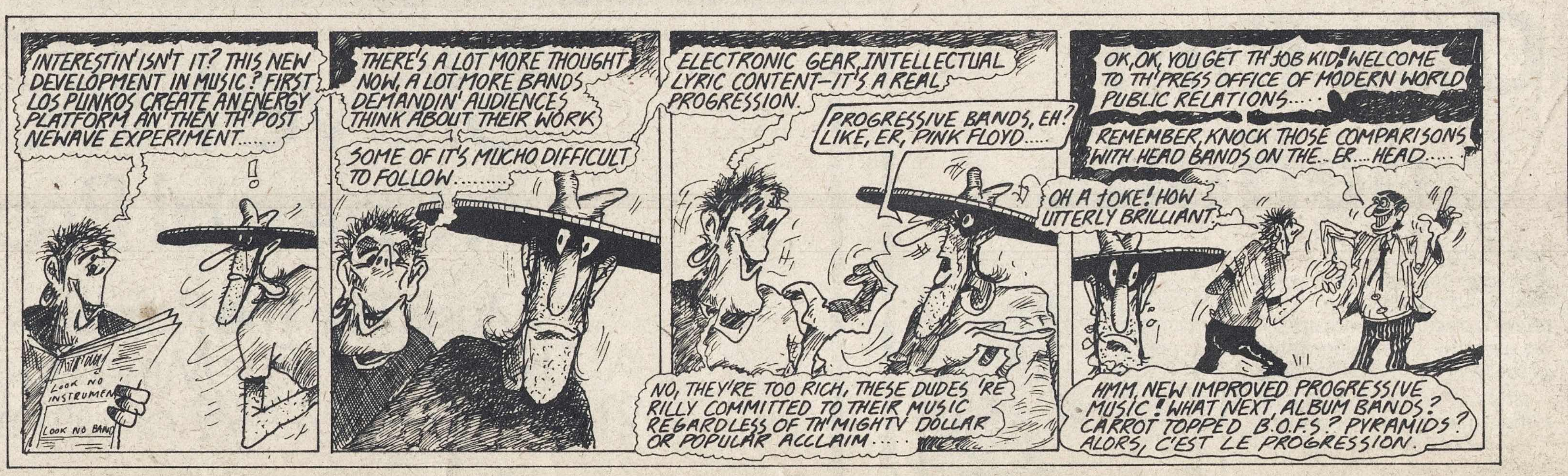
ROCK 'N' ROLL got pregnant and they called the baby . . . Assist-Card. According to *Ms London* magazine, the New York-based concern thrives on helping rock stars and others with more money than sense to get through the great Monopoly Game of Life.

For around £250 p.a., Assist-Card handle day-to-day problems like bail, rescue for the stranded, and medical aid for potentially blush-inducing situations. "There need be no need for adverse publicity," they declare. Members include nobility and, it's said, The Rolling Stones Spokesman Ms S. Purvins anticipates further business from "rock groups and students . . . the kind of people who are always getting in trouble."

HARRY GEORGE

The Lone Groover

BENYON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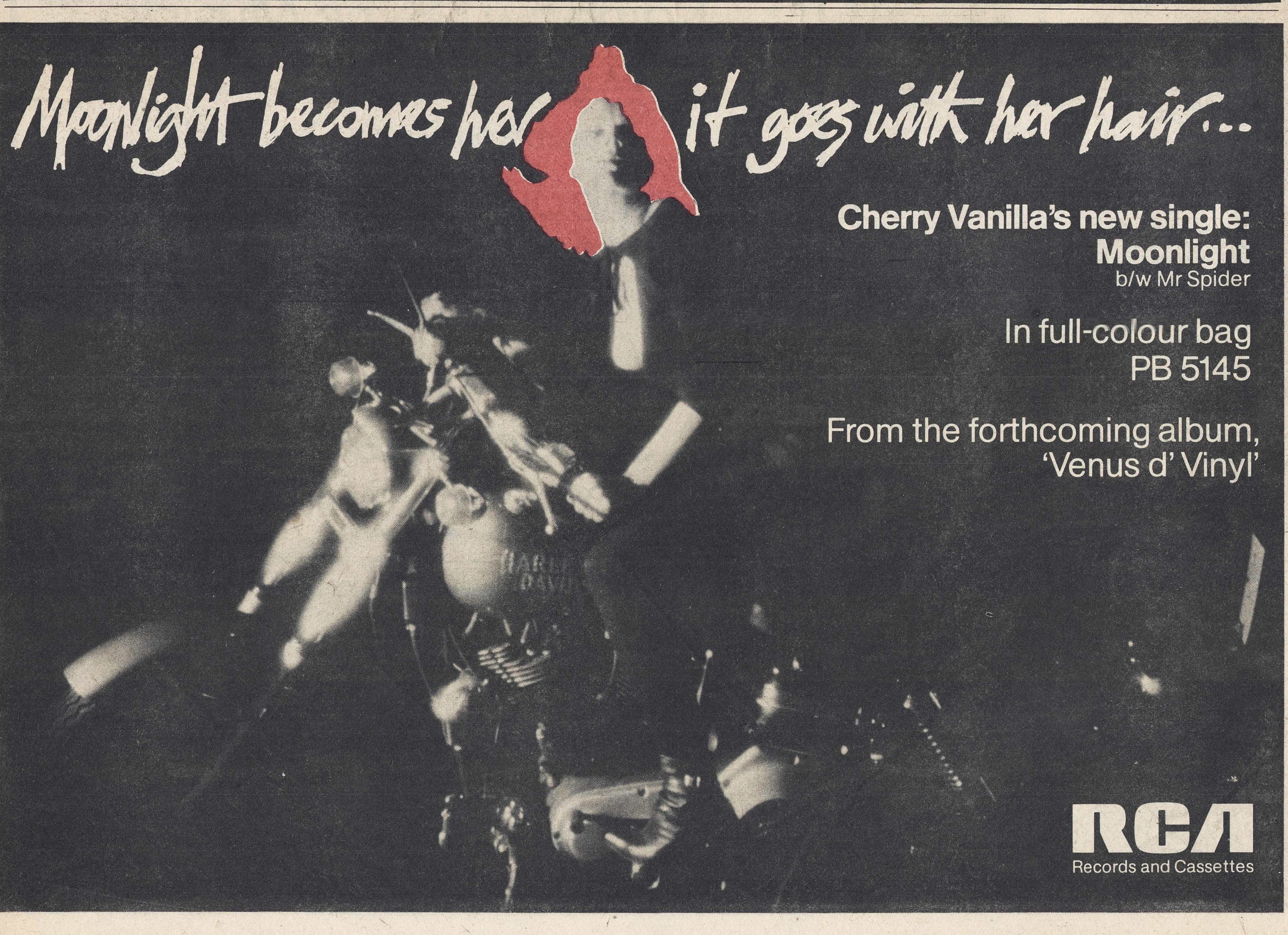
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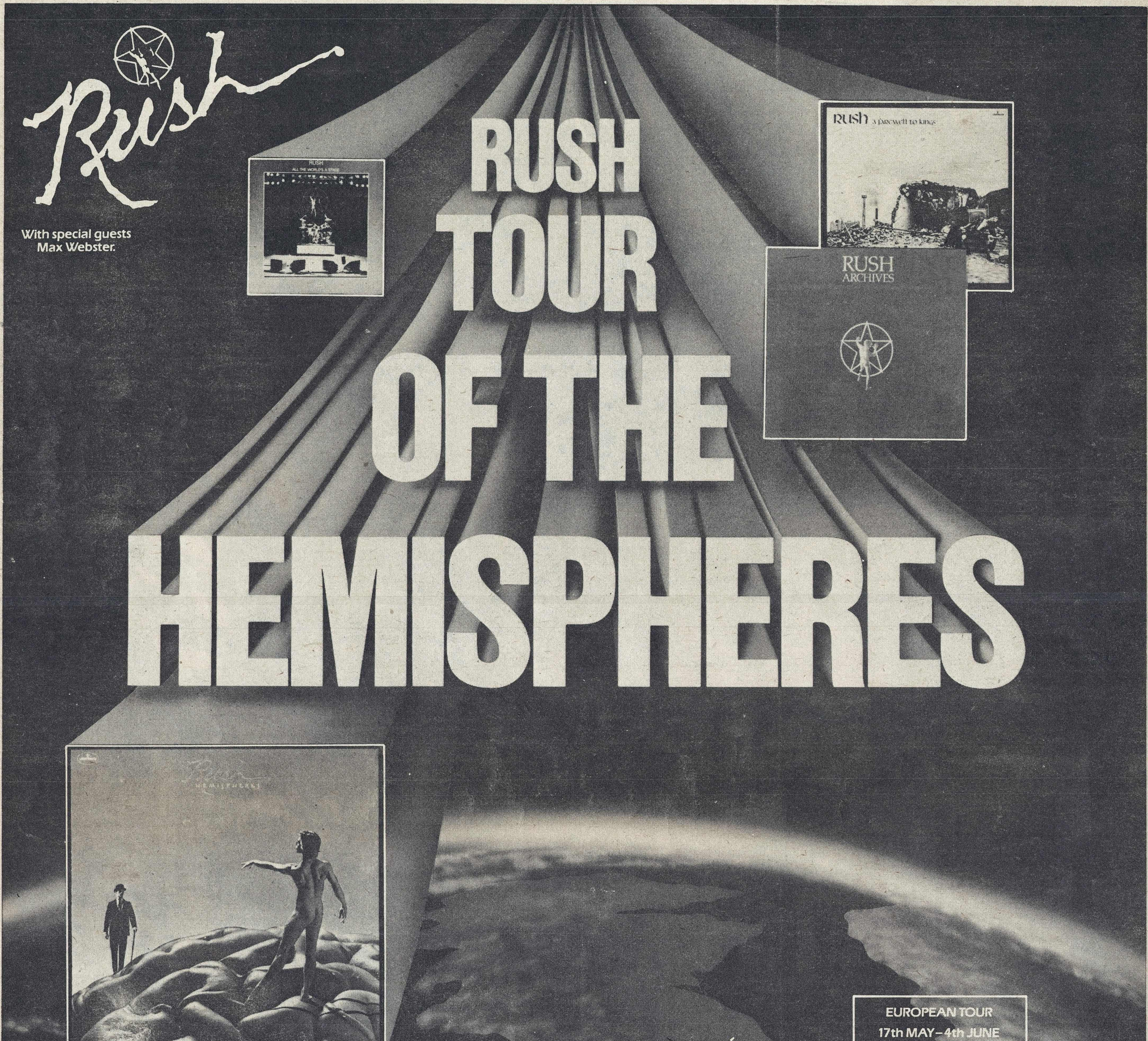
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Monday 30th April MANCHESTER Apollo
Tuesday 1st May LIVERPOOL Empire
Wednesday 2nd May LIVERPOOL Empire
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The Return Of Supermarket Chic

SOMETIME back I wrote a jokey *Thrills* on budget records which, if you have the time to go searching for good music, can be picked up cheaply in your local supermarket.

Pickwick's Star Trax have now made the task even easier. They've just brought out eight albums all costing £1.49 and displaying taste and consideration often lacking in budget compilations.

Each LP contains fifteen titles — which if my pocket calculator isn't faulty works out at 10p per track. Highlights:

Pic: STEVE DIXON

'Disco Frenzy'
Dumb title — it's nothing to do with disco and everything to do with '60s soul. Dobie Gray's 'The In Crowd', Bob and Earl's 'Harlem Shuffle', Sam and Dave's 'Soul Man' and 'Hold On I'm Coming', Eddie Floyd's 'Knock On Wood' rub shoulders with contributions from Mary Wells, The Drifters and Clarence Carter to produce a tasty collection of classics ideal for keeping disco in its proper perspective.

'15 Monster Hits Vol 1 and 2'
Straight pop ranging from Bobby Vee's 'Rubber Ball' through to The Box Tops 'The Letter'. Where else can you pick up The Marcels' 'Blue Moon' or The Kingsmen's 'Louie Louie' for the price of a Mars Bar? I still love it when the singer comes in too soon on 'Louie Louie', dumb as The Ramones could never be.

'15 Mersey Hits'
Well power poppers, I'm no expert on beat music but I can enjoy The Swinging Blue Jeans' 'Hippy Hippy Shake' and 'Good Golly Miss Molly'. The Premiers add a touch of the obscure with 'Farmer John' while Gerry and the Pacemakers and Freddie and the Dreamers, who take up eleven tracks between them, leave me cold. The Troggs' 'Wild Thing' is included, though they had nothing to do with Liverpool, but as it's the best record on the album I'll let that pass.

'15 Heartbreakers'
The early '60s Jilted John, Del Shannon has 'Hats Off To Larry' and the immortal 'Runaway' included but hard-core shmaltz merchants like Gary Puckett and B. J. Thomas make this one a no-no.

'15 Tear Jerkers'
This is better, The Shirelles' 'Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow', The Cascades' 'Rhythm Of The Rain', The Box Tops' 'Cry Like A Baby' and The Fleetwoods' 'Come Softly To Me' will have you crying into your Korn Flakes.

'Memories 15 Golden Hits'
Some nice '50s stuff like The Crew Cuts' 'Sh'boom', The Four Lads' 'Standing On The Corner' and 'Three Coins In The Fountain'. Unfortunately The Coasters triumvirate 'Yakety Yak', 'Poison Ivy' and 'Charlie Brown' are followed by Johnny Ray's 'The Little White Cloud That Cried' — which may have been thrown in as camp bathos but I doubt it.

'Surfin USA'
With summer coming along this is the best buy. I'll list all the tracks as they are all worthy of a mention: Jan and Dean's 'Little Deuce Coupe', 'I Get Around', 'Drag City', 'Fun Fun Fun', 'Ride The Wild Surf', 'Help Me Rhonda', 'Little Old Lady From Pasadena', 'Deadman's Curve', 'Surf City'. The Beach Boy's 'Surfin' Safari', 'Surfin'', 'Surfer Girl', The Hondells' 'Little Honda', The Chantays 'Pipeline', The Surfaris' 'Wipe Out.' Throw open the windows get your skateboard out and ride the wild concrete.

STEVE DIXON

THRILLS

Disco's tallest . .

DISCOMANIA, presently neck and neck in the running with inflation, may be coming to the 110-story World Trade Center in New York. Rising to the occasion, the center management said that the idea of a disco on the 107th floor (Studio 107?) is a possibility.

The numero uno man at the Trade Center a Mr Guy Tozzoli has asked Inhilco, the company that operates the 22 restaurants and bars in the billion dollar complex to check out the disco possibilities. Tozzoli told *Thrills* that a disco there would be a sure bet for raking in the bucks, and at six quid ($12.00) a throw they could gross up to $4 million a year easily.

Windows of the World atop the North Tower is already the world's most successful restaurant grossing a cool $10m p.a.

Mr Tozzoli, picking up *Thrills'* tab for white wine and casaba melon, said, "Studio 54 just couldn't compete with a Trade Center Disco, I mean we'd have to turn away crowds in the middle of a snow storm, don't you think?"

The memo sent by Inhilco to Mr Tozzoli, says that the initial outlay would only be maybe a half million bucks for a sound system, smoke machines and lights with drinks pegged at $2.50 a shot.

When I mentioned *NME's* disco specialist the ineffable Danny Baker the more - than - generous Mr Tozzoli said, "Why not have him come over for the opening? I mean how much would it cost us, a couple of grand? Hey, it would be the kind of publicity we'd want. It would be great! A whole bunch of British people coming over. My aunt's British."

. . . and fastest

SINCE THE demise of the Ally-Pally Rink ten years ago, London has been sorely lacking in facilities for grown-ups to be ten years old again. But that's all changed since the opening of the Global Village Roller Disco, the first of its kind in the capital and only the third in the UK.

The great thing is that even if you're a lousy disco dancer, much less prestige is at stake if you're on wheels.

Most people skid around in a state of mobile nirvana (Cruisers) — although, not surprisingly, the bionic elite is there in full force: Adonis-shaped boys with moustaches and Ali shorts, and smunchy, Blaise-clad nubettes who are called Movers.

Three large stone floor discos, a dozen bars to collide into, plenty of private corners to be precocious in, and a live video screen make this place the most exciting thing since Fortnums dropped its ties only rule.

Is it dangerous? Well, Einstein would suggest that once your skates are on you adjust to a Wheelie - Time Space continuum. Fall over and the chances are that your landing site is moving at the same velocity as yourself.

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THRILLS

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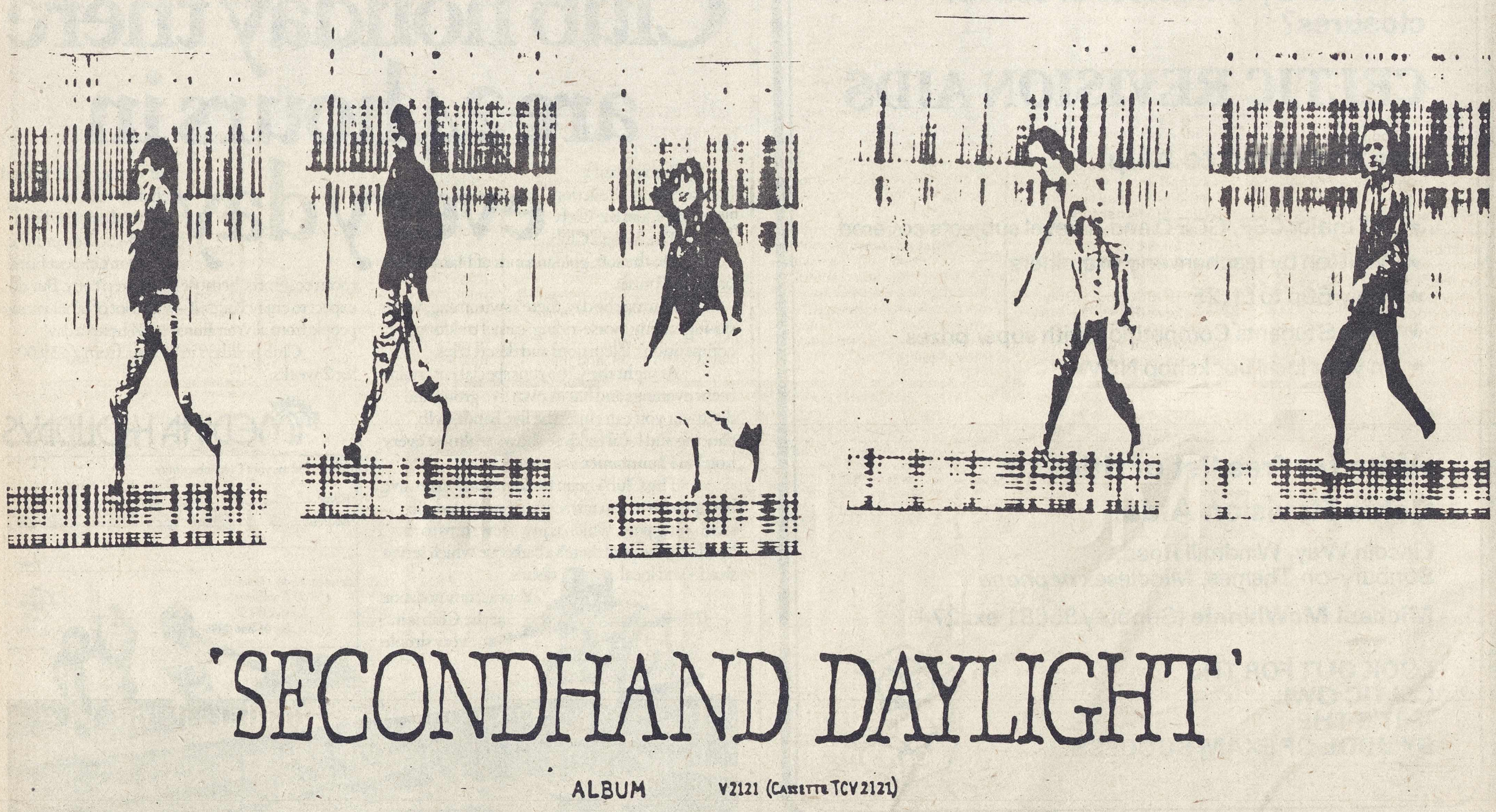


'SECONDHAND DAYLIGHT'

ALBUM V2121 (Cassette TCV 2121)

SINGLES

Invasion Of The Vinyl Snatchers

We have come for your 45s

PLASTIC EPISTLE OF THE WEEK
THE RECORDS: Rock And Roll Love Letter (Virgin). Twelve inches of heaven. The Records take Tim Moore's erudite statement of postal intent and by dint of the Hugh Gower/John Wicks ascloseasthis guitar onslaught actually manage to preserve the author's gist whilst updating his original fury into summat even more potent. The Records lose nothing in translation. They slam into the spirit like men possessed, with all the professional's polish and the passion of pure fans. The Bay City Rollers never did justice to Moore's discovery — *I see an ancient rhythm/In a man's genetic code/Gonna keep on rock and rollin', 'til my genes explode'* — but Birch, Brown and friends are right in there with him.

On the flip there's the bonus of Records favourites, 'Wives And Mothers Of Tomorrow' and 'Starry Eyes (Live)', a 100 per cent success story, a sugary treat for gluttinous pop addicts. Who said there was a postal strike?

AVERAGE WHITE BAND: Walk On By (RCA). Not so much average as plain mediocre. This offering from the former Scottish golden boys — everybody's favourite, tame funk outfit — commits cold blooded slaughter on the cherished Burnel and Cornwell musical hit of yesteryear. Can nothing be done to quell this outrage?

J. J. BURNEL: Freddie Laker (Concorde & Eurobus) (U.A.). Rest assured that J.J.'s blueprint for the new Euroman won't be featuring the kilt. Mind you the Dauphin's paen to cheap transatlantic flights is a trifle difficult to decipher, a bit of a mouthful. To a foreground of heavily treated vocal android neo-Roxy, and a background of Brian James plus a drum machine, J. J. points the finger of scorn at the silly Yanks who *'wouldn't let our Concorde in'*. Obviously we're having none of that; *'Let Boeing-Douglas go and stew'*, ripostes Burnel gamely. Too much j'accuse for my liking.

B side is preferable. Jean Jacques relates the cautionary tale of Ozymandias in his best withering 'Olivier plays Henry V' voice. Mind you, we won hands down at Agincourt. Jolly good show, what? Talking of which . . .

TELEPHONE: Hygiaphone (Pathe). Sacre bleu! Some of Burnel's compatriots putting the lie to the accepted near truth that there's *no such thing* as a decent French rock band. Jean-Louis Aubert and his cronies in Telephone inject a healthy shot of rhythm and blues Chuck-style into this intriguingly christened swipe at English acceptance. I can't understand their gripe — must be a gripe in there somewhere — but the rest of the message is electronically perfect. The Frogs always did love a good, simple rock *et* roll band. With this lot and Shakin' Street they just came up with two of their own. Well done. I still can't believe that a Scotsman invented the telephone.

THE BEE GEES: Love You Inside Out (RSO). And it certainly wasn't an Australian. The Sisters Gibb are in a remarkable hurry to follow 'Tragedy' (you said it) up the charts. The kinky but dreary 'Love You Inside Out' is the usual failsafe formula — chintzy strings, dreary slushy melody you could teach a parrot and the coup de grace, those revolting emasculated shrieks, hammering out their idiot refrains with subliminal frequency. Real insincere, uncool jerks.

MAX BELL has too much to dream this week

GARY GLITTER: Superhero (GTO). This is more like it. The man who single-handed discovered new wave and pioneered avant garde 'new glam'. Yes, the man who insisted on disco's human face is back. We're talking about Gary Glitter, ladies and gentleman, I think you know who I mean. The thin line between Donna Summer and The Human League, the missing link between Clark Kent and a very bad sinus condition. This stalwart never needed no Bullworker and how we flocked to touch him (Parts 1 and 2).

Another immense spoof — with Glitter in better form on the other side, 'Sleeping Beauty'. Mike Leander production. Nuff said.

ROBERT GORDON: It's Only Make Believe (RCA). This was of course a hit for Twitty and Nance (or was it Twitt and Nancey) as far back as 1958 so Robert Gordon can reckon on fooling everyone into believing it's relevant today. The Richard Gottehrer (Blondie) sound means that the effects are all sleek, it's just Gordon's delivery that doesn't work. Simply, the man sounds silly. No offence, Robert, but you make me laugh. The voice is mannered and warped to a level where any feeling is utterly killed. Try 'Rock Billy Boogie' for a real chortler. Heady stuff.

INNER CIRCLE: Stop Breaking My Heart (Island).
TWINKLE BROS: Keep On Trying (Virgin Front Line). Inner Circle remind me of Bachman Turner Overdrive, fat men making tin noise. While it's possible to applaud any effort that attempts to bring reggae to Babylon, there's no excuse for watering the rhythms down so bad that your layman is left unmoved. Inner Circle are sitting on a style but they don't have any. This rudimentary, bass riff disco allied to a steal from 'Everlastin Love' fails to win credibility in any market, least of all my feet.

Twinkle Bros, on the other hand, aren't about to jump on a bandwagon. Their record is seductive and serious, benefits from a swirling Norman Grant production that keeps the beat moody, and whets the appetite for 'Praise Jah', out any time now.

DEADLY TOYS: EP (Bonnaud/Hunt). Two out of four for Deadly Toys. The plusses are for being among the most charming of the English releases this week. 'Dooms Day' is particularly fetching, muted British psychedelia that links evocative lyrics ('bout London during the impending floods) to an unassuming tune; it's growing on me by the minute. 'Don't Mess Around' is similarly engaging, flirts with dub, but hardly so as you'd notice. Deadly Toys keep a low profile throughout, no writing credits and no fancy cover, but they can't hide an intense talent.

GARY NUMAN of Tubeway Army says nail polish is back

GARY RECORDS (all four of 'em) deny it

GARY GLITTER says 'I'm Back!' Wot, again?

NICK PLYTAS: Johnny Runaway (Do It). The ex-Roogalator keyboards man, later to work with Lene Lovich, Clash and TRB, makes his own debut in sprightly fashion assisted by some Sinceros and an ace guitarist, Mark Kjeldsen. Plytas' subject is diametrically opposed to 'David Watts' but the delivery is humorous enough to avoid any other derogatory interpretaiton. White boys play reggae again, and they can, with shades of a nod at J King's 'Johnny Reggae'. I reckon that the Boz Scaggs chorded flip, 'Your Dream Is A Daydream', would have stood a better chance at chart success. Classy record.

BAR-KAYS: Holy Ghost (Stax). Hardly Stax soul as we might like to remember it. The Bar-Kays have become adept at vamping moderate funk but generally forget to add the beat. Fans of Parliament and the Isleys could check on the musical elements while everyone else shuffles off to the bog.

JERRY LEE LEWIS: Hello Josephine (Charly). From the 'Duets' LP on Sun. Rock and roll buffs the world over are at this minute arguing the toss as to whether that really is Elvis singin' along with the 'Killer'. John Hutson from the *East Kent Times* replies in the affirmative and who am I to disagree? Whatever the identity of the masked man, this single dates back to 1960 or '61, a time when Lewis, Presley, Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins recorded as the Million Dollar Quartet (RCA are holding back the tapes). The Fats Domino song is treated to a rebellious, boozy rendition and the B side does better with Ray Charles's 'What'd I Say'. Neither of them are at their peak but fascinating listening if you like solving mysteries.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: I'm An Upstart (WEA). The notorious Angelic Upstarts debut in the big time with a surprisingly feeble slice of manic noise dressed up as the usual I'm bored-I'm a social misfit truism. There's an absolutely heavy metal backing too, Virginia. Jimmy Pursey's attitude to the havoc his charges will undoubtedly cause (have already caused) puts me in mind of the line, 'I love animals . . . that's why I kill them'. Sounds like a pretty antique, rabble rousing din.

THIRD RAIL: It's Over Now (Spoonfed). 'We noticed out there, they all looked the same.' That's Richard Nolan's staggering insight into English rock circa 1979. Having taken offence at Angelic Upstarts brand of hysterical mumbling I must say that this kind of knuckle tapping — from Boston U.S.A. at that — is more irritating. Third Rail are never going to mean a snuffed candle outside the East Coast, and they know it. Chief Car mechanic Ric Ocasek plays the board straight but Nolan and chums aren't going nowhere. Blue vinyl too! We are catching on fast, aren't we!

THE WIMPS: Hamburger Radio EP (Sniff). The Wimps come on like died in the wool reactionary misogynists from Golders Green but a few spins reveal that 'neath their outer covering of cynicism, hatred and clumsy pastiche lies a heart of gold. They love schoolgirls, McDonald's and power pop nostalgia, the little cutie pies. *NME* gets a rather back-handed name-check, as does a girl called Caroline. Alluring stupidity.

1967 OR THEREABOUTS

THE ELECTRIC PRUNES: I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night (Radar).
THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE: White Rabbit (RCA).
ZAGER AND EVANS: In The Year 2525 (Exordium & Terminus) (RCA). The difference between Radar and

■ *Continues over*

ENO MUSIC FOR AIRPORTS
ON AMBIENT RECORDS

Ambient Music must be able to accommodate many levels of listening attention without enforcing one in particular; it must be as ignorable as it is interesting.

Polydor EG ALBUM · CASSETTE

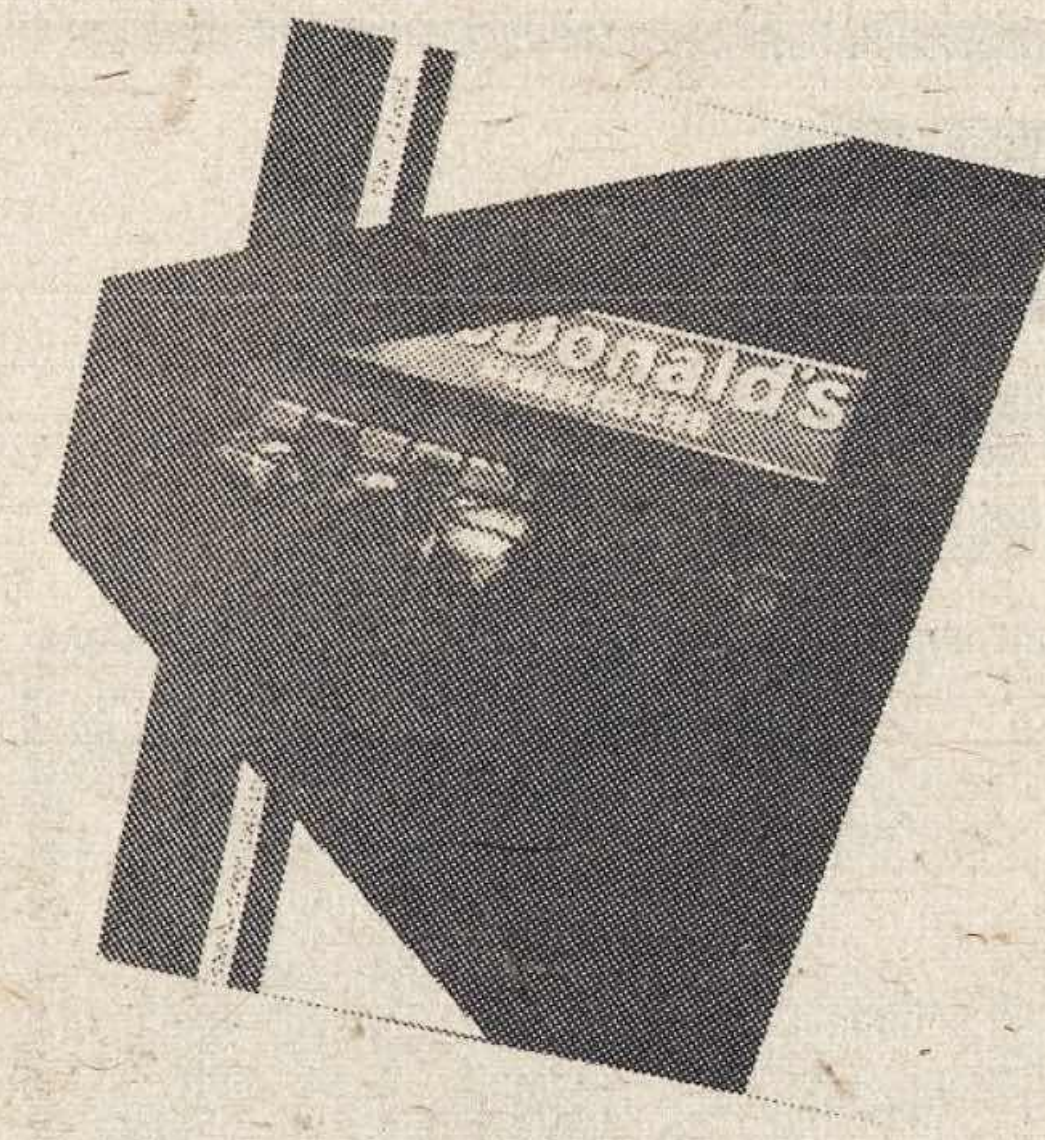
■ *From previous page*

just about every other record company in the world is that the former realise that packaging properly, with artistic flair and taste, is as much a part of record buying as the final vinyl (almost). The re-released Prunes classic is a mouth-watering prospect on all fronts, an acid punk piece de resistance, shimmering from the top of Jim Lowe's autoharp right down to the toes of Kenneth Williams' backwards guitar (immortalised in the film *Carry On Backwards)*. Preston Ritter woke up the turn in one of *the* great psycho drum performances, perfectly attuned to the horrors of sleeping apart from the one you love. Fresh as a daisy.

J.A. are represented in RCA's welcome but drably marketed Golden Oldies series (the title alone puts you off). The two compositions are Grace Slick at an early best.

One is the interpretation of Lewis Carrol so beloved by the genus Hippy i.e. that Alice took a funny little tablet and was thus in 'Wonderland'.

'Somebody To Love' is another Airplane anthem of twelve years vintage. How the mighty have fallen.



Zager and Evans got in on the fag end of psychodelia when everyone was suffering from 'acid casualty' paranoia. They exploited the absence of what we neuro-surgeons call the 'brain' in the same manner that Sonny and Cher exploited folk-rock. It worked, they got rich. Clever sods.

YET MORE SINGLES

ROGER C. REALE & RUE MORGUE: Stop And Go (London)
YANKEES: Take It Like A Man (London)
THE SCRATCH BAND: Rock 'n' Roll Love Letter (London). Decca discover the '70s — at least the American new wave, as represented in London signings from Big Sound, the sound of Connecticut.

Roger C. Reale (geddit?) is the pick of this bunch with a track or two from the commended 'Radio Active' album. He can be equal parts fast, funny, daft and deft, and manages to sound authentically punky but isn't just stopping there. Naturally, London have lifted one of the worst cuts on the LP so I'll say a brief hi! to the B side, a cover of the omnipotent C. Berry's 'Dear Dad' (1.36). Hi!

The Yankees are the Big Sound house band, led by ex-Alex Chilton sidekick and former rock writer Jon Tiven. Their 'High 'n' Inside' long playing disc makes more sense in total than anything taken off at random. This is no exception — an energetic but disappointing thrash. Chilton freaks who can't afford the whole thing could get it for the flip, another version of 'Take Me Home And Make Me Like It' (marginally better than the original).

The Scratch Band are quick off the mark, covering the single of the week even as I was lifting off the needle and heading for the sin-bin. Pity that their version only promises. Still, it remains a great song (you'd hardly expect me to have changed my mind already would you?). The most interesting artist on Big Sound is a geezer called Tommy Hoehn, London haven't taken up his British Option. Just thought I'd tell you.

MANDRAKE ROOTE: Bebop Junkie (Treaclehead). They brought this one into the office themselves, eager lads. As Danny Baker noted last week, there is a problem in reviewing an independently produced artefact which may well be the pride and joy of all involved — especially when you don't happen to like the end result. It's a professional outing but the band seem unsure where their direction lies, using certain R&B flavoured nuances to strained effect on a Bebop song effect. This is more apparent on the B-side, a plodding instrumental which doesn't benefit from a lacklustre mix. Mandrake Roote may have something better inside, but as yet they don't induce strange visions in my cerebral cortex. Will they shriek when they read this?

DWIGHT TWILLEY: Out Of My Hands (Shelter). From the new album, imaginatively called 'Twilley'. I love Dwight's music but he isn't making the commercial headway he deserves. Now vital sidekick Phil Seymour has upped and left via 20/20 and solo prospects. Still, this is prime Twilley, emigmatic, luscious, sexy. The weepy, balladeer strings are fine and the song has the charisma to suggest that Dwight is hoping some established luminary will pick up on his back catalogue and give him the leg up he so badly needs. I urge you to buy this, knowing that you won't. He looks remarkably like Jim Morrison too. Good record. Good image.

BATTERED WIVES: Uganda Stomp (Bomp Idi Bomp) (Bomb).
ROBERT SEGARINI: Don't Believe A Word I Say (Bomb). Two Canadian releases on the Bomb (not Bomp) label. Battered Wives are a fairly undistinguished crossover punk band, in other words they weren't punks until it became mandatory. Idi Amin is an easy target who has already been properly stitched up by Reggie Knighton with his 'VD Got To Idi'. The Wives album is energetically satisfying but this single makes no impression.

Segarini is a curious figure, forever flitting across the hinterland of potential cultdom made good. With Roxy Family Tree, Wackers and Dudes he could be relied upon to titillate, yet his comeback with Bomb, 'Gotta Have Pop', is anything but what it pretends to be. Awful doo-wop is spliced ham-fisted against a heavy-handed attempt at wit that falls flat on its face. The flip side is a passable re-make of 'People Are Strange' (Segarini's chief claim to fame being that he used to drink with Jim). I prefer the original. Several million times in fact.

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS: Xanadu EP (Xanadu). Destroy All Monsters are the infamous Detroit metal band formed from the embers of the Stooges and MC5. This is their second hard-to-find EP. Ron Asheton and Michael Davis have quit since 1977, leaving the original work force somewhat depleted in style and kick. Cary Loren, Larry and Ben Miller roar along alright without 'em however, injecting some Chromesque weirdness into 'Back Out In The City'. The rest is standard sub-Stooges with Iggy circa 1969 vocal inflexion. Not essential but worth hunting out if the mentioned strata of underground Americana appeals.

THE AURORA PUSHUPS: Angels On Runaway 1 (Pop Up). Let's hear it for the San Francisco new wave 'cos it's great. Aurora Pushups have laid claim to name of the week and share curiosity value with Deadly Toys. Their sound is beautifully synthesised Tommy James and Tommy Roe meet The Pop (L.A. band). This lot understand the radio, breathe in hot rock and roll fire. 'Angels' is totally baffling but the flip, 'Victims Of Terrorism' is frighteningly clear, and funny. Mussorgsky with a guitar.

TUBEWAY ARMY: Down In The Park (Beggar's Banquet). Not to be confused with The Clovers' 'Down In The Alley' but just as spooky. Gary Numan's Tubeway Army may be besotted with the eerie subterranean wastelands of Burgess and Bowie but they can keep a spectre alive. If this don't make you look over your shoulder in horrified disbelief then you're a better man than I am gunga din. Waaugh . . .

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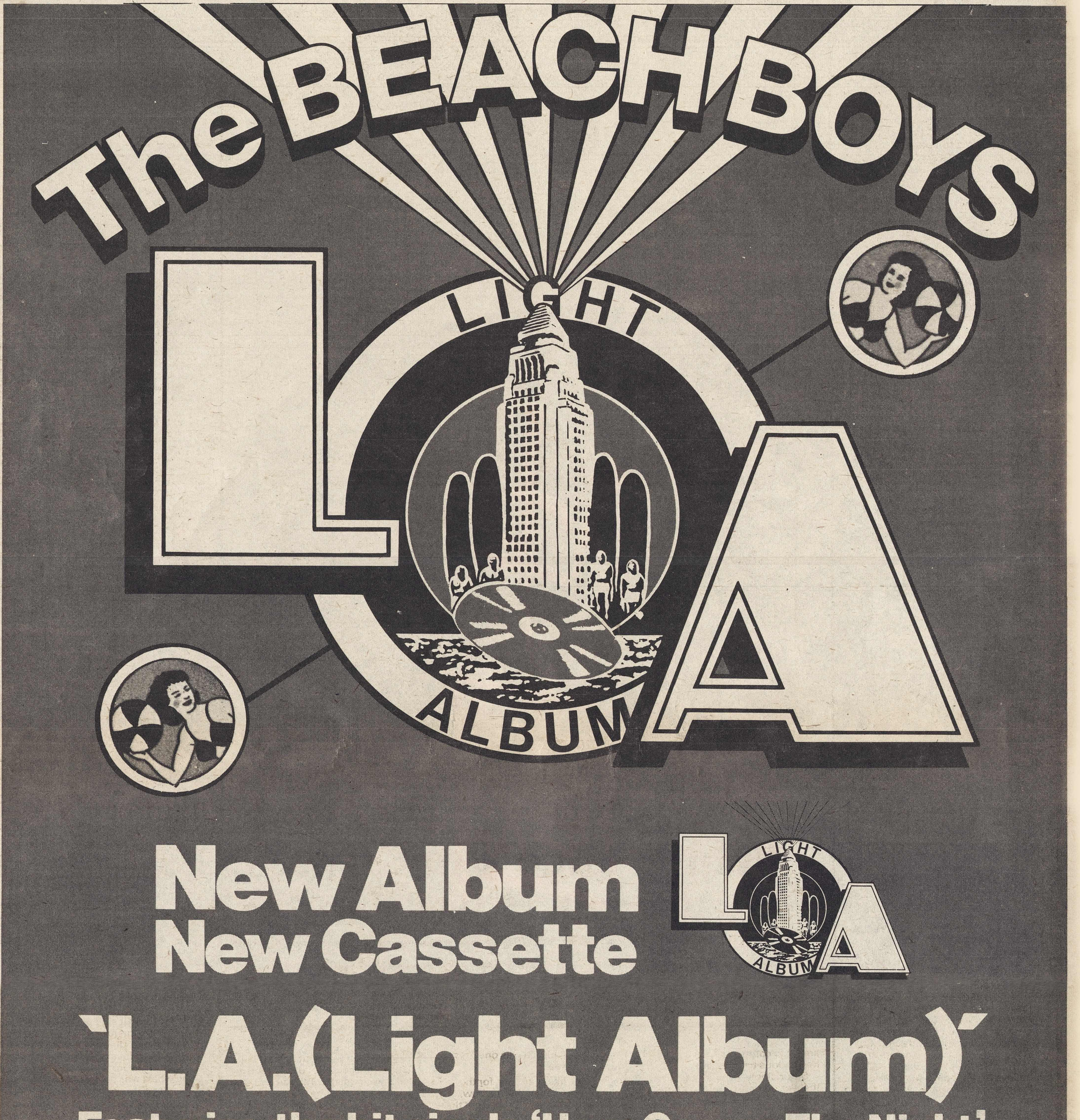
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White Face Pink Eyes White Hair Blues Guitar

. . . Sweet Johnny Winter — from blues to white powders and back to blues again. ROY CARR charts a '70s sob-story with a happy ending

JOHNNY WINTER

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

IT HAS TAKEN Johnny Winter all of ten years to arrive right back where he first started out: blowin' the blues for a living around the clubs.

Winter's present low-key profile shouldn't be misconstrued as a fall from grace. By his own volition Winter has turned his back on the stadiums to return to basics. As a result, he's amused rather than resentful whenever an inquisitive bar-fly shuffles up to him between sets and enquires "Hey, ma'an, didn't you used to be Johnny Winter, huh?".

The club circuit, Winter insists, "is the place that I've always wanted to be all the time. Trouble is, nobody would ever believe me!".

The Winter tale is one of rock's greatest ironies — and only his determination and strength of character have prevented it from degenerating into a tragedy replete with epitaph.

On the strength of just one feature in a 1968 edition of *Rolling Stone,* the Texas-born guitarist was plucked from a decade of working in almost total obscurity and placed upon the auction block. For a time it appeared as though the entire American recording industry was obsessed with out-bidding itself to secure the guitarist's services. CBS eventually shutdown the opposition, making quite a commotion of the fact they'd guaranteed Winter the biggest-ever advance for an unknown signing.

Henceforth Winter was reduced to the status of product, being unscrupulously promoted by his benefactors as America's deterrent to the seemingly unstoppable British guitar-hero axis spearheaded by Clapton, Beck, Page, Lee and token American expatriate Jimi Hendrix.

"I wasn't looking for all that," says Winter, still chilled at the memory. "Sure, I knew I was a damn good guitar player, but all that I was doing was performing my version of regular blues. What all those other guys were doing was blues rock.

"We were just a funky blues trio with a totally different concept. Unfortunately, few people ever realised it."

Bassist Tommy Shannon and drummer John Turner survived two albums before being replaced by the McCoys, a move that coincided with a drastic swing towards a more extreme rock stance and Winter's elevation as a *personality.*

Despite having tried to stay true to his beliefs, Winter now admits that as his first two CBS albums hadn't cut it with the blues crowd, he had no option but to transform himself into a regular guitar-hero stereotype.

"I was just banging my head against a wall, because the rock'n'rollers cared more about what I was doing than the blues fans."

The next couple of years proved to be a nightmare for the kid from Beaumont. The more popular he became, the more he was forced to compromise his values. In the end, he was sacrificing content for style.

"I was made extremely aware that the show was all-important. At first I didn't wanna believe it, but it was proved to me that if I went out there and jumped around and acted real crazy, the crowd would go apeshit.

"It got to the point where I do believe that people thought that as I've got long white hair all I had to do was shake it to make a living. People around me would say, 'See what the kids want, they really don't care if you play good guitar.' It was like the people around me saying, 'And we don't care either, just get out there and drive everyone crazy.

"And all I ever wanted to be was plain ol' Johnny Winter, but nobody would help me."

THE WHOLE bizarre masterplan quickly backfired. Suddenly, Johnny Winter became inaccessible. Even though my long-standing relationship with the guitarist went far beyond a professional level, all attempts to contact him were systematically blocked. Furthermore, the press were informed that all interviews were vetoed unless a cover story / centre spread deal was guaranteed. *NME* was just one of many publications to reject such an ultimatum.

Then it became known that Winter was being overworked to the point where he had no option but to shoot smack to complete the most horrendous tour schedules.

Surprisingly, he is able to discuss that period of his career without becoming over-emotional.

"Well, to begin with, most managers think that artists are expendable, and that they're crazy and temperamental people anyway. Like, they don't know what's good for their career.

"My management didn't want me to take drugs, but it came to the point where I was compelled to take them if I had any hope of getting through a show.

"In one way they cared about my welfare, but at the same time they kept on trying to convince me that I *needed* to be that big, that I *needed* to be a gigantic rock'n'roll star and that I *needed* to work as hard as I was being forced to work.

"Nobody believed me when I complained that it was killing me and that it was making me dreadfully unhappy. All that they would say was 'we're working for your best interests'. Well, you don't feel like some big rock star when you've got your head stuck down the toilet."

Within two years of his being thrust into the limelight, enough was enough. Winter had come to the realisation that, at the age of 27, not only his carrer, but even more important, his life was one great disaster area.

"It was like searching for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, only to discover that when you get there, it's full of shit."

He prepared himself for what seemed the inevitable escape clause.

"I'd reached the state where I was either gonna die or I'd have to kill myself. I was that unhappy. In fact, I actually went back to Texas to see my parents and tell them goodbye.

"I was so unhappy and so messed up on drugs that I couldn't see no other way to make things better. I didn't wanna die, but I couldn't continue to live the way I was . . . people telling me 'Johnny, it was to be this way!' — when all along I *knew* it didn't have to be this way, but nobody was prepared to help me except myself."

Attempts to go cold turkey would fail within a couple of weeks.

"I'd feel so ill, I'd take something just to feel fine for a few hours."

Nevertheless, the idea of being addicted for the rest of his life disgusted him and in one last desperate effort he checked into the River Oaks Clinic in New Orleans.

"I decided to stay there until I either felt better about the whole thing or until I decided that it was never gonna work out right. If the latter was the case, I'd check out and kill myself quietly. Take an O.D. and hope it would be better later."

For the next twelve months, Winter remained under the strict supervision of the River Oaks medical staff. His self-imposed isolation makes *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* look like *The Good Life.*

"There were kids who had absolutely no right being in there in the first place," states the former inmate. "Kids who'd either just smoked a couple of joints or some 16-year-old runaway who'd got herself pregnant and been shoved in there by their rich parents as being problem kids. At the other extreme, there were the total basket-cases who didn't know where the hell they were and just shit all over the floor."

Fortunately Winter kicked his habit and, against all odds, retained his sanity through the help of a sympathetic doctor who also taught him to become self-sufficient.

"At the time I checked into River Oaks, I had been totally dehumanised by the music business. I was a human jukebox — just stick a quarter in my ear. Nobody wanted to know me for myself, I was just some money-making product called Johnny Winter.

"Nevertheless, I showed both myself and other people that I was capable of doing other things than just play guitar and therefore I wasn't scared that I might have to take a job outside of music."

IF UPON his recovery, Winter's career needed renovating, so did that of legendary blues avatar Muddy Waters.

Having been with Chess Records for the best part of 30 years, the great man had more or less been put out to graze when the label was bought out by All-Platinum.

From the outset, both parties were aware that they were placing their mutual careers on the line.

Most people had assumed that Muddy Waters had long since called his best shots, whilst Winter knew that as his first two CBS albums had failed to gain him the patronage of the blues purists, there was a distinct possibility that this partnership could just as easily alienate those who still held an image of him as the Rock'n'Roll Hoochie Koo Man.

"Not only that," he points out, "the blues people could have hated it as well. Though perhaps not too many people realise it, it was as much a gamble for me as it was for Muddy."

However, both artists had instilled one another with such confidence and sense of purpose that, had the enterprise flopped, there would have been no recriminations on either side.

Recorded live in Dan Hartman's studio in just two and a half days, their initial collaboration 'Hard Again' not only proved to be both a critical and commercial success, but earned the participants a coveted Grammy Award: a feat Waters was to repeat upon the release of his second Winter-produced album, 'I'm Ready'.

At a time when the blues were distinctly unfashionable , not only had Waters 'n' Winter demonstrated the power of the blues as a contemporary force but the project had also enabled Winter to fulfil his ambition and invest in his future.

"People told me that going back into the clubs and playing blues was not only unpractical but commercial suicide. Well, I saw that it worked for Muddy and as such wasn't impossible. See, it depends upon how badly you wanna do something."

For the first time in his professional career Johnny Winter is fuelled with natural, as opposed to artificial, energy.

"You know, working with Muddy has changed my entire outlook on life. See, I'm doing what I want to do without anyone putting pressures on me to conform to an image people expect.

"It's a real nice feeling to realise that your career no longer stands on the success of your last record. As far as I'm concerned, a hit record is just the icing on the cake.

"For so many musicians, it's super-important to be the biggest, and that was never my main priority. I've tried it and it ain't glamorous. It ain't nothing but hard work and the only thing that can ever make it worthwhile is loving what you're doing. Well, I sure as hell didn't enjoy what I was doing and I wouldn't go through that trip again for anything.

"I would have had it like this ten years ago, if only those people who claimed they were working in my interest had been prepared to listen. The only thing that counts is your happiness and your self-respect and only now have I been able to achieve this.

"Before that, it was like, this whole thing ain't working out the way we planned . . . maybe we're all supposed to self-destruct after five years like Jimi and Janis. I was the lucky one, I found out that this was not true.

"I only wish Jimi and Janis and, in particular, Al Wilson had realised that. Yer know, I hate that sonovabitch Al Wilson for dying, 'cause he was the real blues pioneer of the '60s . . . the one guy I really wanted in my group. I really needed him."

Johnny Winter brings his new, white hot and blue blues to London for the entire first week in May, sporting a new trio consisting of Bobby Torello (drums) and Jon Paris (bass) and that crazy cross-eyed Albino boy from Beaumont Texas on guitar and vocals. Don't miss out.

This weekend's the time for a bit of heart-searching.

Bob Welch

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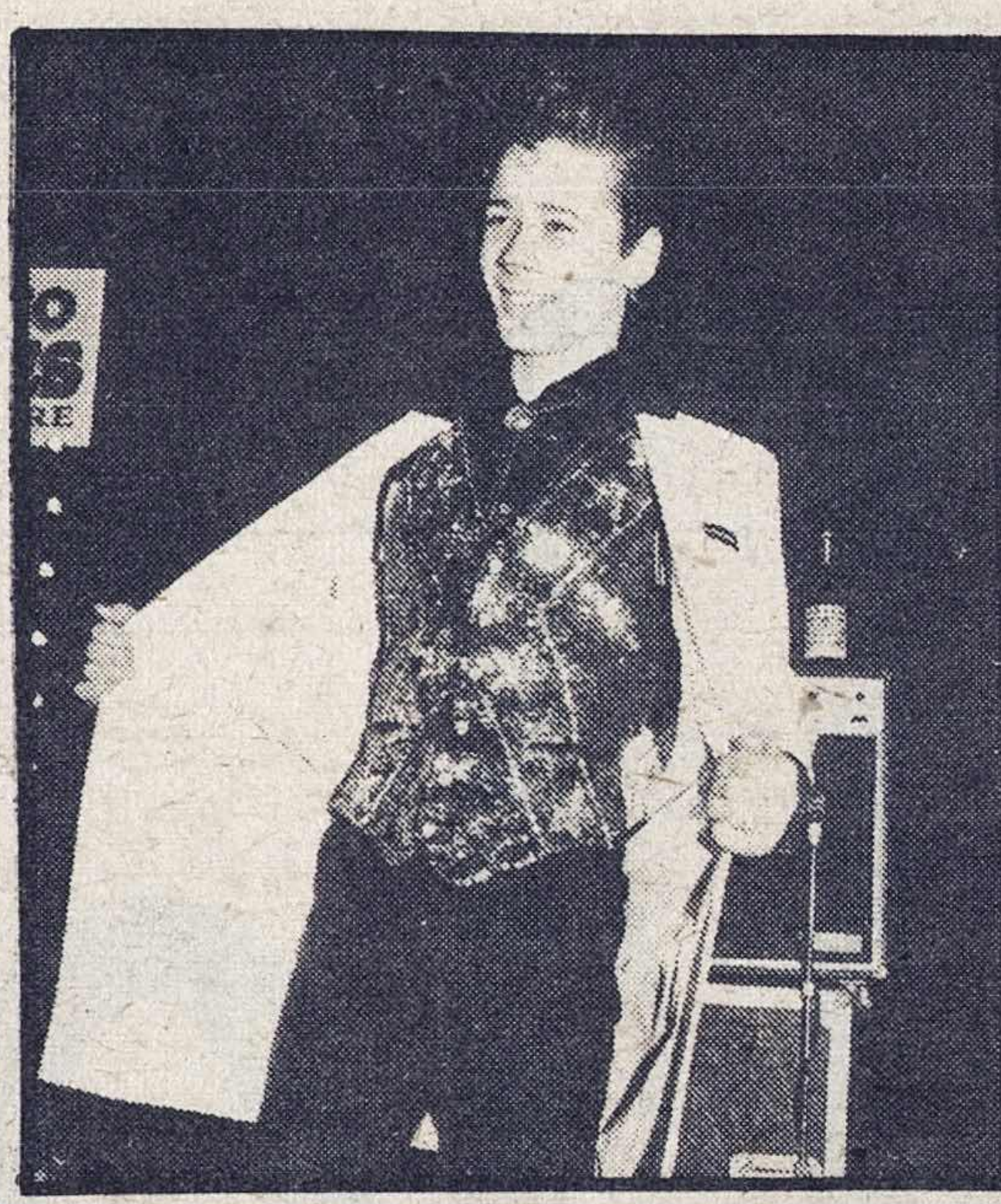
on Capitol records and tapes

Above: SHADES. Below: Jerry Sikorski of THE ROCKABILLY REBELS and Graham Fenton of MATCHBOX.



Left: The Best Dressed Ted. Below: more Teds. Centre: billtopper RAY CAMPI. All pix by GRAHAM BARKER

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME?

CLIFF WHITE checks out a new concept in festivals

TELL ME about a weekend music festival in Britain that was all fun and frolic on a sun-kissed hillside and I'll tell you you've been dead lucky. Coz most festivals I've attended have been three days of purgatory in a sea of mud and rancid yoghurt, peering through driving sleet at a distant stage where the muscial efforts of anonymous specks were blown out to sea by unforecast gales.

Not for nothing has the 10-year-old cry "Wally!" become synonymous with the ultimate in numbscullery.

Dunno why it's taken so long for some bright spark to come up with the next best thing to a controllable climate but, in case it's escaped your attention, 1979 is turning out to be the year of the weekend music festival without pneumonia.

The answer? Those relics of the pre-cheap-flight-to-Majorca days, the hostels of many a teenage deflowerment: holidays camps. Or to be precise, at the time of writing, one particular camp: Caister Holiday Centre, Great Yarmouth.

Last month this chalet town precariously strewn about the edge of one of our most exposed coastal plains housed the very first encamped music fest, when 3,000 cats bopped the blues to the tune of nine live acts and three rock 'n' roll discos simultaneously alternating (think about it) in two on-site venues for the best part of three days. In short, 'A Rock 'n' Roll Weekend Hop'.

In a couple of weeks there'll be a second music orgy at the same camp, this one for the disco/soul clan, and so successful was the first effort that another rock 'n' roll weekend has already been booked for after the regular holiday period in November. I can readily testify that the first rock 'n' roll weekend was a helluva fine party — if only by the fact that it's taken me this long to recover and write about it.

The wild weekenders have been organised by Showstopper Promotions (Adrian Webb, John Morris, Roger Dance) in conjuction with Ladbrokes, who own the holiday camp. Torn between the welcome prospect of some unexpected off-peak trade and the possible folly of allowing drunken, rock-crazed hordes on to their property, several camp owners dithered or turned the idea down flat until Ladbrokes, appropriately, decided to take a chance.

As it turned out they're well chuffed by events, as were the camp staff ("These rockers are generally better behaved than the people we get here in the summer," said a matronly bar lady), the local police (conspicuous by their absence), the small squad of hired security bods (an uncommonly civil crew) and, of course, the promoters — who'd never before attempted anything quite so grand, although they've been promoting rock 'n' roll gigs a while now, most notably at the Southgate Royalty.

They'd originally planned the Caister R&R Hop as a low-key, trial-run for the forthcoming soul weekend, deliberately restricting advertising about the event to circulars in rock 'n' roll clubs and magazines with the idea of attracting about 1,000 punters, "just to get the feel of the thing."

They misjudged the response by a long chalk. Within five or six weeks of the first announcements going out the camp was all but fully booked (save for an emergency reserve block), not only from all over Britain but from pockets of rockers around Europe and even including, so rumour had it, a couple who flew over from The States.

Any road, what of the gig itself?

First, for the scandal mongers, the final score on the shock-horror sheet: two brief punch-ups in the main dance hall on Saturday evening; two chalets trashed in the early hours of Sunday morning. No more friction that you usually get when a couple of hundred bloods rub egos for a few hours, let alone when 3,000 party hearty for three days.

The entertainment took place in two contrasting venues at opposite ends of the camp: The Holiday Inn, a low-ceilinged, dimly-lit bar-cum-club-room with a small dance floor and a couple of temporary stages — a funky dive — and Neptune's Palace, a largish Mecca-style dance hall with a permanent stage, bars and perimeter seating — a hop ballroom that couldn't have been bettered for rock 'n' roll.

By devious quirks of fate / time / disorganisation on my part I never did get to see Gina And The Rockin' Rebels, The Riot Rockers or Freddy 'Fingers' Lee. But of the rest, Flying Saucers and Ray Campi And His Rockabilly Rebels played solid, unsensational sets, Shades and Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers peaked highest on the yell-o-meter (both groups attracting large mobs of staunch supporters to the event), while Jets and Matchbox were, for me, the most interesting groups — for exactly opposite reasons.

No chickens, Matchbox are in danger of getting trapped within the faithful but limited rock 'n' roll circuit if they don't soon break out, but of all the contenders their polished versatility currently makes them The Band Most Likely To.

Jets, on the other hand, are youthfully ragged, a little light-weight and rather too fond of the 'authentic' slap-bass sound (which only works well when appropriately miked) to yet make a big impression, but they're remarkably able for 13-16 year olds. Time is on their side.

American Campi was naturally billed as the star attraction. An English teacher by trade, he once cut some country / rockabilly sides about 20 years ago and has now 'come back' with a much younger band for vacational gigs and new recordings. CSM summed them up about right in *On The Town* recently: hard workers with a sharp sense of rockin' theatrics (that occasionally borders on pastiche), they're musically comparable with most of the British bands.

Shades look as if they've been kicking around since Hank Marvin was ousting Bert Weedon from top rating as World's Leading Guitarist and suddenly find themselves back in fashion. Their version of 'Apache' was faithfully detailed, right down to the footwork. Still, they're not all twang and shuffle. With a musically more varied repertoire then most (pop to rock to rockabilly) and a raunchy sax player in their line-up, they went down a treat with flagon or two of ale.

That's the main thing about all these groups; about rock 'n' roll in general. The fact of the matter is, YA SHOULDA BIN THERE.

No better example than Crazy Cavan and the boyos. They're unattractive as a wet night in Wigan and well past the point in their career when they might have broken big, yet one of the most memorable hours of a memorable weekend was down at The Holday Inn dive with Cavan's crew breaking their balls for a hopped-up mob of boppers and stompers. It may have partly been the beer. It may have partly been the sense of occasion. But it sure as hell was rock 'n' roll.

The disco / soul fraternity who'll be descending on Caister on April 20 will have to go some to have as much fun as the rockers WITH A MINIMUM AMOUNT OF AGGRO. Is that a challenge or is that a challenge???

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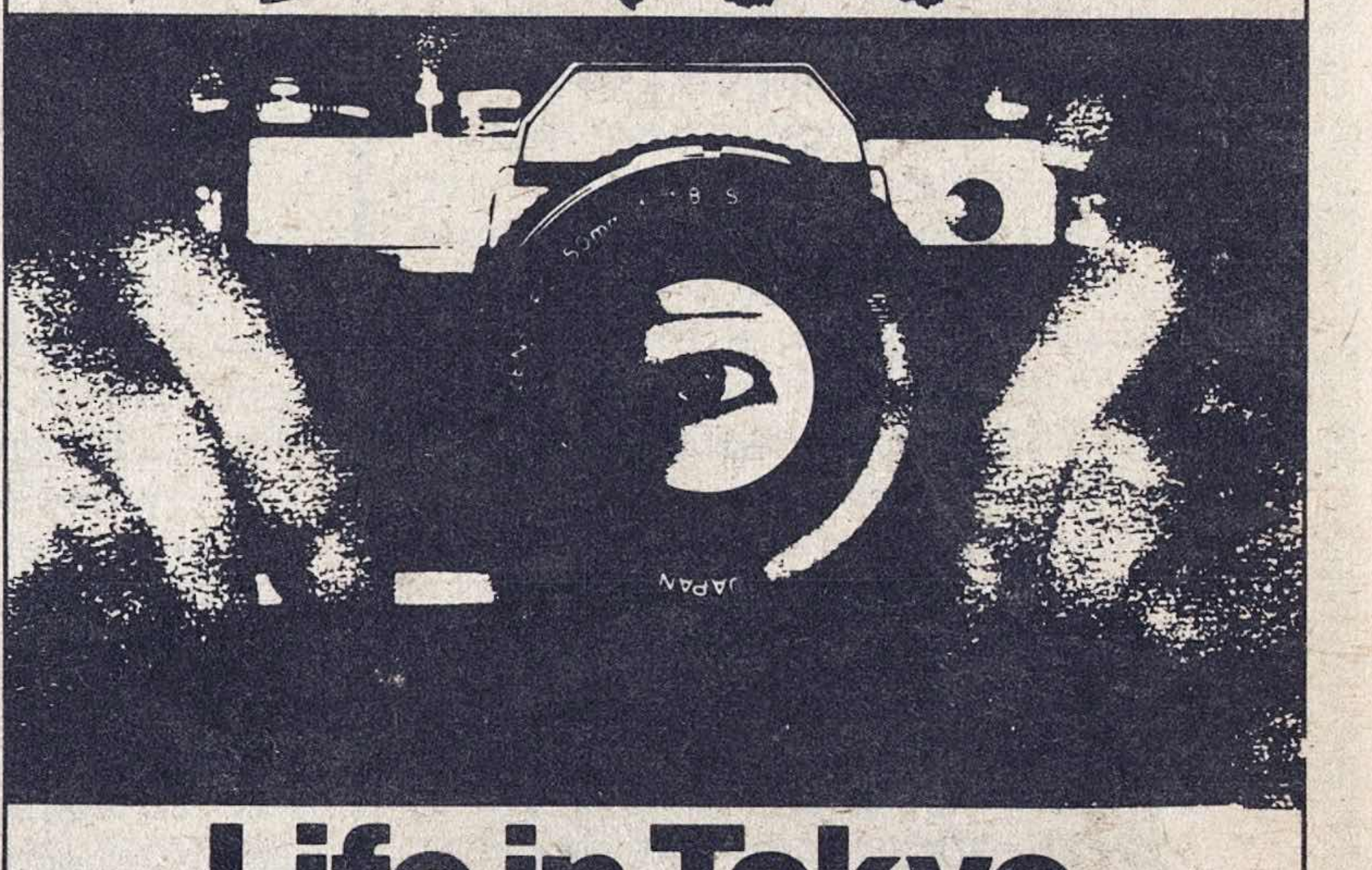
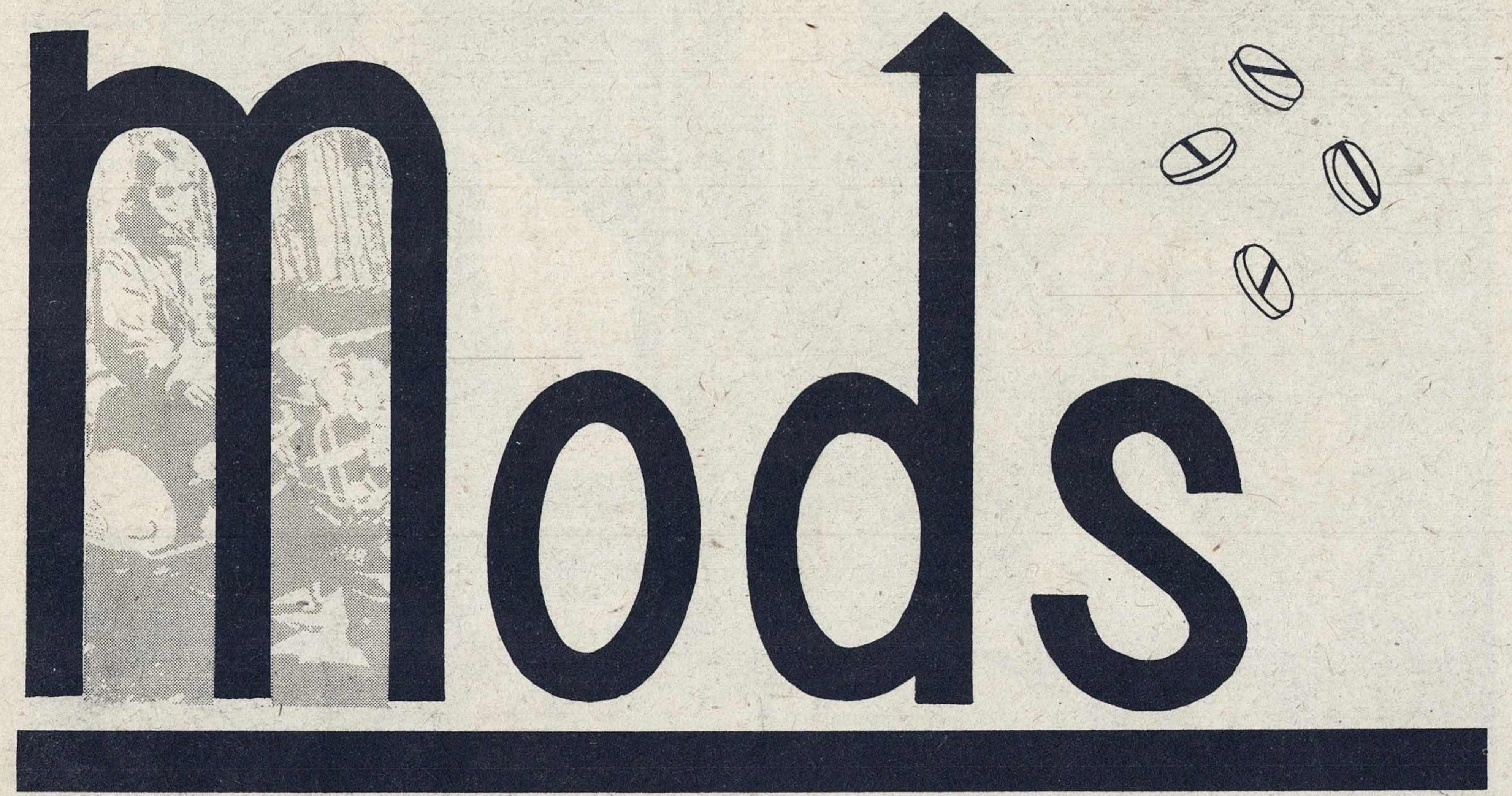
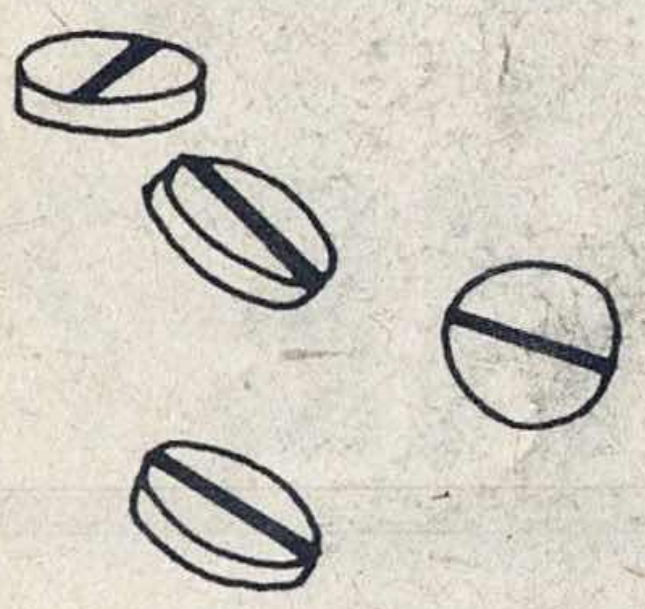




Mods

1.The Young Mod's Forgotten Story



By PENNY REEL

IN THE BEGINNING — or so the story goes — there are only three *real* mods, and one of these is flecking Lea Davis's brother.

Mind you, it is Lea Davis himself who first puts this about in general currency, which means it is not necessarily true, as it is known locally and wide that Lea Davis is more than somewhat fond of his brother, whose name is Wayne, and who is said to have the best collection of Jimmy Witherspoon records in London.

Personally, I always consider that Lea Davis is a real mod, but he assures me this is not the case, so I reserve judgement and buy a collarless brown cord Pierre Cardin jacket in Harry Fentons and wear it on a Saturday afternoon idling expedition along Whitechapel Road, which is where I run into Charlie Steiger and Yonker Malcolm Chiswick out searching for this Ben E King LP that is supposedly on sale in some shop in Mile End — this being around the time when Ben E King LPs are as rare as albino negroes in this man's town, or even rarer.

Well, I stand there with Charlie Steiger and Yonker Malcolm Chiswick for some time, talking of this and that, until Charlie Steiger suggests that the three of us might just as agreeably carry our conversation to Tower Hill and at the same time amuse ourselves in the extraction of enjoyment out of the pariahs and prophets, nomads, seers, racing tipsters and other *lusus naturae* who regularly and often congregate there, such as Derrick and Pilgrim, Fascist Frankie, Moshe Bagels, Prince Honolulu, Big Jesus, Born Again, and many other wondrous and colourful characters, this being a long-established favourite pastime of Charlie Steiger and Yonker Malcolm Chiswick, and indeed of many other citizens as well.

So here am I standing on Tower Hill in the company of Charlie Steiger and Yonker Malcolm Chiswick, discussing the relative merits of Shep and The Limelites, heckling Fascist Frankie, and joining the evangelist Born Again in a loud, lusty rendition of 'Whilst I Was Sleeping Somebody Touched My Soul', when who should come into view brushing an imaginary speck of dust from his mohair and doing the Continental Walk, but flecking Lennie Tyler.

Now this Lennie Tyler is probably the most clothes conscious guy I ever meet in my whole life, although you wouldn't really be aware of it just to look at him, as he is conservative to the extreme in his mode of dress. In fact, Lennie Tyler is a very conservative guy all round.

Unlike most of the guys you see about in these times, Lennie Tyler shuns the sartorial fripperies of fashionable emporiums such as Conicks Young Esq. in the Kingsland Waist and Gaylords of Shaftesbury Avenue, preferring instead to cultivate business acquaintance with old-fashioned gents outfitters in the City and arcane tailors along Pentonville Road for his wardrobe, or at least so he always claims. Personally, I walk down Pentonville Road on many occasions, but I never see any tailors down there, arcane or otherwise.

Furthermore, Lennie Tyler is a very intense and temperamental character, much disposed to extended bouts of broody, sulky silence, even in gay, lively places like Tottenham Lido and The Royal and especially in the latter. The general consensus of opinion is that Lennie Tyler is somewhat neurotic, and probably more than somewhat.

On this occasion of which I am speaking, he is dressed casually in a simple midnight blue mohair suit, a dazzling white Fred Perry jersey shirt and wearing narrow fitting black Chelsea shoes with a slight suggestion of a chisel point on his feet.

Now Lennie Tyler is an old friend of mine, and in fact I sometimes go around to his house to listen to his Jack Jones records and ogle his younger sister, Lennie Tyler having a very pretty younger sister, so I give him a big hello, and he stops and the following conversation ensues:

"How is it going with you, Len?" I say to Lennie Tyler, although of course I do not really care one sou how it is going with him, "It's not too often we see you down Tower Hill of a Saturday afternoon."

"So who flecking reckons himself in his new collarless brown cord Pierre Cardin jacket that he more than likely bought in Harry Fentons?" Lennie Tyler says, referring to me in the third person, such as is a common mannerism of his. "And who flecking reckons himself in his matelot flares and Gaylords tab collar shirt? Who's a little mod boy, then?"

"But, Len", I say, "You are also a mod."

"Listen son," Lennie Tyler says, "there are only three *real* mods, and one of these is flecking Lea Davis's brother."

I NEVER get to personally meet Lea Davis's brother, although I do see him on one occasion, hanging out by the pinball tables in the *Schtip* on Stamford Hill and listening to Fats Domino records. *Schtip* being a more than somewhat yiddish word used to describe the prodigal waste of money, and with its rows upon rows of gleaming pinball machines, one arm bandits, and a juke box containing some 50 rhythm and blues records, the *Schtip* offering more than ample opportunity for Lea Davis's brother to do as much, in spite of the fact that Lea Davis's brother is not in the least bit yiddish at all.

Nevertheless, although I cannot honestly claim any acquaintanceship with Lea Davis's brother, I am on reasonably chatty terms with Lea Davis himself, and in fact one time recommend a hair lotion to him, Lea Davis being slightly obsessed with fears of premature baldness, and seeking my counsel on the subject. Seeing as Lea Davis never shows any sign of premature baldness in all the time I know him, I assume that he takes my advice about the hair lotion. Whatever, Lea Davis always gives me a large hello whenever we meet, and I am extremely careful to respond in a like manner.

Now Lea Davis is very modernistic in his outlook and dress, and is in fact the first person to turn up in Dalston's *Chez Don* club wearing a brown bri-nylon mackintosh, although he discards it the following week when Grocer Peter Bendon arrives wearing a raiment of identical design.

Furthermore, Lea Davis hangs around Wolverton Mountain, west of the Wall in Morning Lane, an area of local infamy, where even the Courtney brothers tread warily, and where he keeps the company of some very dangerous parties indeed. Some of these parties, such as Crazy Danny Rushton and Buster Boulter, are from Shoreditch, and several are from Hoxton, including Stanley Churchill and Big Sandra O'Sullivan, who even though a girl is at least as formidable a fighting proposition as any of her companions, especially when she starts scratching, and others are from Hackney Wick and London Fields and Haggerston, and none of these parties are any concession at any time.

Of all Lea Davis's regular associates, however, there is one who achieves singular notoriety in this town, and this is a guy by the name of Beardy Pegley.

Standing less than five feet tall in his high heel Chelsea Boots, Beardy Pegley is a brawny, red-complexioned youth with gingerish hair and beard, shaggy red eyebrows, heavily-freckled face and hands, bronze-green eyes, a full sensuous mouth, and an all-round generally hirsute appearance. He lives in a turning off Victoria Park Road and is only slightly less well-respected in the district than the Krays, this being at the peak of the twins' East End rule.

Around 1965, Beardy Pegley gets his mug in the national dailies when he leads a gang of mods to the amusement arcade in Mare Street, draws a John Roscoe on rockers autocrat Buttons Walsh, and shoots at him three times in the chest, apparently as retribution for Buttons Walsh's superior winning ways with the female sex.

The upshot of this is that Buttons Walsh gets a free ride to Hackney Hospital, where he wakes up close to death, and Beardy Pegley is sent to prison to repent his evil ways. Later, a fully-recovered Buttons Walsh goes on to become commander-in-chief of the UK Hells Angels, and ends up alongside Flann O'Brien, Damon Runyon, and Anita Loos in Picador Books, who publish his autobiography *Buttons* in the '70s.

When I know him, Beardy Pegley is already fully embarked on his profligate and primrose path, though at this time he doesn't possess a gun, but gets by fine with a flick knife, a rubber cosh, and one of the most exquisite collections of knuckle-dusters I ever see.

Moreover, Bready Pegley is celebrated among the leading lights of the local modernist movement, and indeed is one of its most progressive and original elements. Unlike Lennie Tyler and Lea Davis, however, Beardy Pegley positively revels in his role as mod notability, and conducts himself in a manner that would even have put Dion DiMucci's lady love Donna in the shade.

Not only is he the first guy I ever see wear hair lacquer and lipstick, but he is also the earliest on the scene with a pink tab-collar shirt, a grey crew neck jersey, knitted tie, scarlet suede jacket with matching leather collar, navy blue crombie overcoat, white half-mast flares, and candy-stripe socks, as well as being the first mod to sing the praises of Laurel Aitken, James Brown, The Pretty Things, the Flamingo Club in Wardour Street, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and marijuana, insult Eden Kane in the *Chez Don,* and is still the only guy I ever meet who owns a pair of bright emerald green fur booties, all this circa 1962.

Now I am a guy that keeps pretty much his own counsel, and rarely talks to anyone at all, so even though I see Beardy Pegley around and about for some considerable while, and recognise him at that, I do not feel any particular compunction to introduce myself, and besides I figure he shares a similar attitude, since we never get around the exchanging even the most perfunctory of nods, until one night I am sitting in Stamford Hill bowling-alley sipping a Pepsi-Cola and thinking about slightly less than nothing when Beardy Pegley comes over to where I am sitting, orders a coffee, and says to me like this:

"I hear you reckon Solomon Burke as being keen," says Beardy Pegley. "So do I."

Now, of course, I do not feel inclined to ask Beardy Pegley how he comes by this information of my feelings for Solomon Burke, as he will probably think I want to know, so I merely nod my assent and say I think 'Cry To Me' is one of the best records I ever hear.

"Furthermore," I say, "I think Solomon Burke is the best rhythm and blues singer I have heard since Chuck Jackson."

"You check Chuck Jackson?" Beardy Pegley exclaims. "Have you heard 'The Breaking Point' by any chance?"

"Yes," I say, "but I don't rate it nearly as highly as 'I Don't Wanna Cry', which is currently my favourite record on Top Rank, although Ulysses Samuel Bonds' 'Quarter To Three' runs it a close second."

"I like 'New Orleans' best of his," Beardy Pegley says, "although 'Not Me' was pretty keen, too. You ever heard of The Pastel Six?"

"Of 'Cinnamon Cinder' fame," I

Young dudes exhibit Madras, Levis, hand-made vents, pose.

say. "How about The Desifinadoes?"

"You mean 'Mister Dillon' on HMV," says Beardy Pegley. "Same label as 'Imagination' by The Quotations."

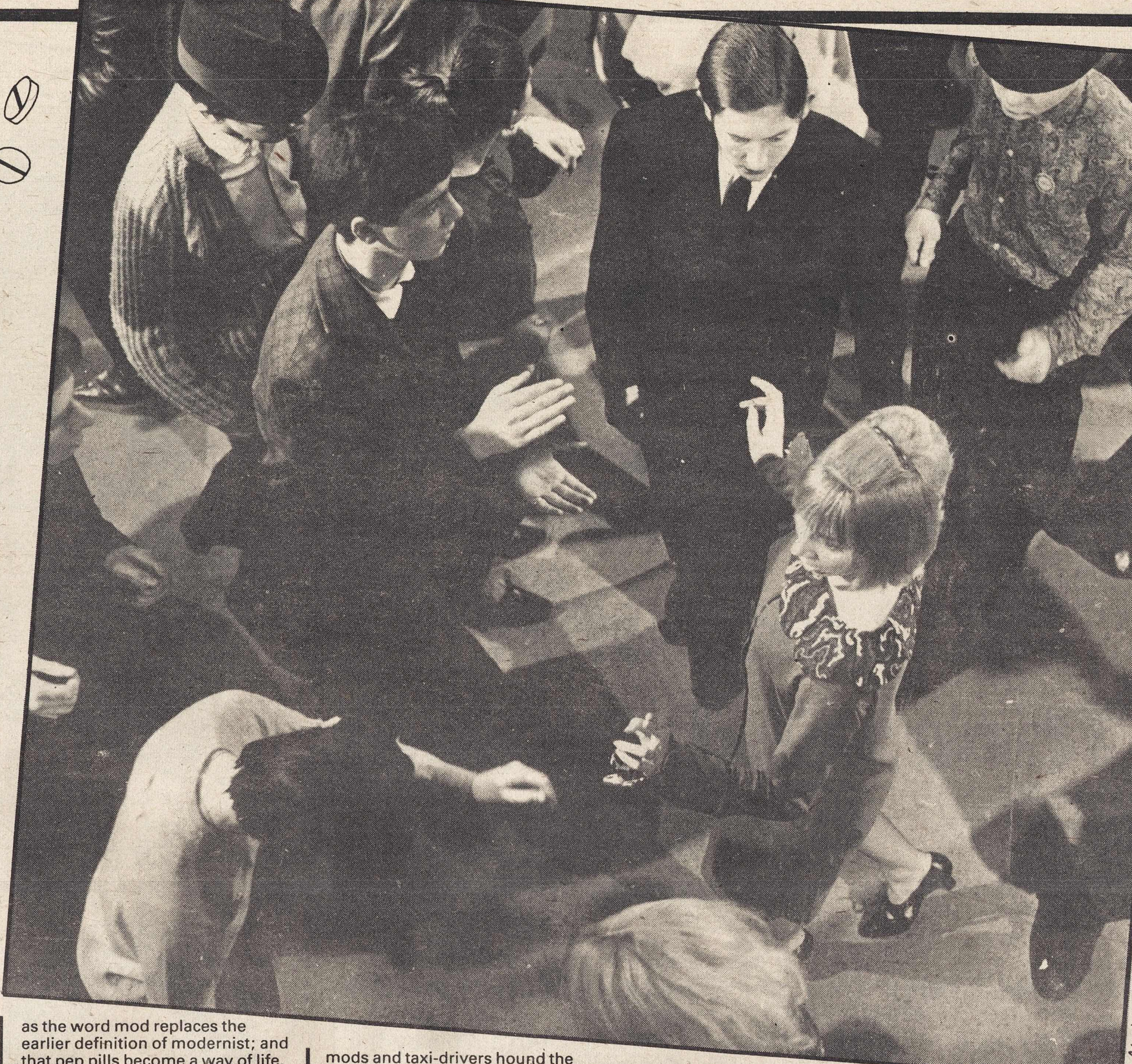
"Bit too second-rate Marcels for my liking," I say. "How about proper rhythm and blues, Bo Diddley, Hank Ballard . . ."

"Little Walter, Jimmy McCracklin, Howling Wolf," Beardy Pegley says. "Tell me one more thing, do you know about Blue Beat?"

"I've got 'Too Much Whisky' by Errol Dixon," I say, "and also 'Gypsy Woman' by Derrick and Patsy, which is on this new Blue Beat label called Island. But I don't really know very much about it — I mean one of them are American hits or *Record Mirror* new releases or anything."

"Yeah," Beardy Pegley says, "I know. I've also got this record on Island, 'King Of Kings' by Jimmy Cliff. I don't know what it's all about, but it's great. You know something," he adds, "Lea Davis is right about you, you're a clever little bastard, and too cocky for your own good, but you're an okay guy.

"I mean, you reckon Solomon Burke," Beardy Pegley says.



At the disc-o-tay: note blue beat hats, high neck tabbers, paisley, hush puppies, granny shoes, shift etc.

THE maiden wave of modernist youth emerges out of the East End and Essex some time around 1960, as reaction in style against the coffee-bar cowboy definition of check shirts, striped drainpipe trousers, winklepicker shoes, Tony Curtis hair styles, Marino Marini records on the Durium label, and Old Compton Street in Soho. In short, against all things that men like Jack Good and Tommy Steele hold dearest to their hearts — men like Jack Good and Tommy Steele representing total anathema to the emergent mod movement.

Precursors of the new look wear their hair cut short in the French style, back-combed, and with a centre parting. They dress in severe, clerical shirts of simple design, with detachable stiff white collars, navy-blue or grey terylene trousers tapered to a baggy 14 inches *sans* turn-ups, black round-toed shoes, preferably with a patent leather tip, carry umbrellas and LPs of the soundtrack from *On The Waterfront,* smoke Sobranie cigarettes, and put their hands in their back-pockets, Bette Davis style.

At first, these are very rare and wonderful people, such as you might see no more than half a dozen, and probably not even that, on a Sunday morning saunter along Middlesex Street and Club Row markets, mods having an unusual predilection for Middlesex Street and Club Row markets, and later Berwick Street market in the West End.

By late 1962, the ranks of the modernist has swelled considerably to embrace the greater element of stylish working class youth in London and the suburbs, some still at school, but the majority of them ensconced as City clerks; working in shipping and insurance offices for the most part, for reasons that are never entirely clear.

It is around this same time that the more marked and outrageous constituents generally associated with the movement come into clearer focus, including the wearing of anoraks, crombie overcoats and G-macs, paisley and polka-dot giraffe neck shirts and pink tab-collar ones, the baseball jerseys and the inevitable crew necks, Blue Beat hats and leather trilbys, suede jackets, suede ties, suede cardigans and suede shoes, brightly coloured pants worn at half mast to display scarlet socks to their fullest advantage, the obscure blues albums, Prince Buster singles, and modern French literature. It is also the same time as the word mod replaces the earlier definition of modernist; and that pep pills become a way of life, of endless night. And it is also the same time that The Beatles break into the hit parade with 'Love Me Do'.

MOD boys hate Beatle boys. Mod boys hate Beatle boys almost as much as they hate Rockers, and they positively detest The Rolling Stones.

Mod boys hate The Beatles because John, Paul, George and Ringo replace themselves in mod girls' affections, and also because the group are from Liverpool, and therefore rate as provincial louts. They detest The Rolling Stones because The Rolling Stones are dirty, undesirable, long-haired art school beatniks who rip off riffs from mod heroes such as Benny Spellman and Arthur Alexander, because Mick Jagger has a pair of lips that just begs a mod fist, and because Brian Jones looks like a woman, or even worse an aesthete, but most of all mods detest The Rolling Stones because the Stones are mirror images of themselves, but who seem to be doing something with their lives that the majority of mods wish they had thought of first.

On one memorable occasion a crowd of over one hundred mods on scooters arrive at the television studios of *Ready, Steady, Go* with the declared intention of sorting out the four Beatles, who are at the time recording a session inside, and it is only the quick-witted presence of a policeman on a white horse . . .

Sometimes mod aggression is put to positive use, like when Sir Oswald Moseley attempts a comeback speech in the East End and sets up a meeting in Ridley Road market on the platform of Jewish landlordism and black vermin overunning the country, whereby a united front of local mods and taxi-drivers hound the former Cabinet minister and his attendant pusillanimous blackshirts from the streets, never to return henceforth.

Mostly, however, a considerable part of the inclusive mod lifestyle is determined in the pursuit of aimless recklessness, occasionally of a violent nature, eventually culminating in the clashes with Rocker youth at Clacton over Easter Bank Holiday weekend in 1964, and the subsequent Whitsun re-runs at Brighton and Margate.

Four years from its inception, the national press finally encounters the mod phenomenon with its teeth bared, and the general public wakes up to find its very existence threatened by the menace of "polluted hordes of long-haired, mentally unstable, petty little hoodlums, these sawdust Caesars who can only find courage like rats, in hunting in packs" — as the magistrate at Margate modestly puts it — only to be eclipsed in turn by the subsequent menace of hippies, skinheads, Hells Angels, football hooligans, Rastafarians and punks.

WHAT IS never explained in the national press, or anywhere else for that matter, is that what Easter Sunday 1964 most properly signifies is the spiritual death of the mod fraternity in this man's town, even though the term lingers on for a number of years afterwards, mostly as an exploitative term for the more gullible of its adherents by commercial enterprises such as the rag trade centred about Carnaby Street, pop groups like The Small Faces and The Who, discotheques such as Tiles and *Le Poubelle* of Frith Street. and manufacturers of dexedrine tablets in the back streets of Earls Court — reaching its zenith with the totally spurious fabrication of Swingin London by *Time-Life* journalists.

From conception, the modernists are a self-generating body of single-minded individuals, to whom any glib categorisation is of fatal error. After Clacton, a great number of the original mods are quick to disassociate themselves from the stigmatisation thrust on them by sensation-seeking apologists dealing in the medium of mass hysteria, even to the point of discarding their wardrobes in favour of black corduroy jackets, Levi jeans, and hanging around the London folk scene drinking endless cups of coffee and discussing Art with a capital A. A few even cross the Channel to France, where they disapear into the oblivion of unknown Paris bistros in search of the lost horizons of the Existentialists, all of whom have long departed to Mexico.

Nevertheless, there does remain some activity in London to excite the less critical mods of the period, and these include the Wednesday night ska and Friday night Georgie Fame sessions at the Flamingo, an ever-growing exodus of *bona-fide* rhythm and blues artists to these shores, and the fact that Monday morning brings about the inevitable prospect of Fenchurch Street small death perspicuity.

The Scene Club in Ham Yard is justly recognised as the mecca for second-generation mods during this time, and even though the innovative serendipity and edgy frenzy of pre-Clacton days is gone forever, Guy Stevens' forward disco of R&B, Motown, and ska classics provides some defiant solace in the declining twilight of the era.

Down the scene, a disillusioned mod has-been of 16 can still witness the kaleidoscopic vagaries of fashion as they change from week to week, check the familiar faces as they flit past his vision in unceasing parade, and keep in step with all the latest dances imported from the US and Jamaica, in fine style.

Even though most mods do not dance as such, preferring to stand in small, sullen groups twitching from side to side, there are always some uncool people who will dance anywhere, at any time, and particularly to Baba Brooks shuffle instrumentals.

One such couple is a regular attraction at the Scene, and excite much comment and admiration in the club for their urbane ability to maintain an impressive track record of always being one step ahead of everybody else in their clothes and dancing, which they always contrive to practice with cosmopolitan expertise.

When everydoby else is still struggling to learn the correct way of doing the Locomotion, this couple are already mastering the Fish, and by the time the rest of London finally catches up with the Swim, they are already well advanced in accomplishment ot the Watusi Wobble.

ONE memorable night in 1965 this same pair arrive at the Scene Club both dressed in exotic Tibetan smocks, with Indian silk scarves affixed to their wrists, sandals on their bare feet, wooden beads around their necks, daisies in their hair, and looking for all the world like, as one observer puts it, two flecking gypsies.

They proceed to tell anyone who will listen that love is all what really matters, although of course Marvin Gaye has already got the first premium on this sentiment, and then proceed to ask the gathered congregation whether or not they have assimilated the psychedelic experience.

Mind you, Lennie Tyler anticipates all this a few years previous. One time I ask him the direction in which he thinks the mod movement is likely to go, and he replies that everybody is going to be dressing like flecking beatniks in the not too distant future.

"Although, personally," Lennie Tyler says, "I'm just gonna get myself an immaculate black mac and white shirt, and stand around on street corners looking smart."

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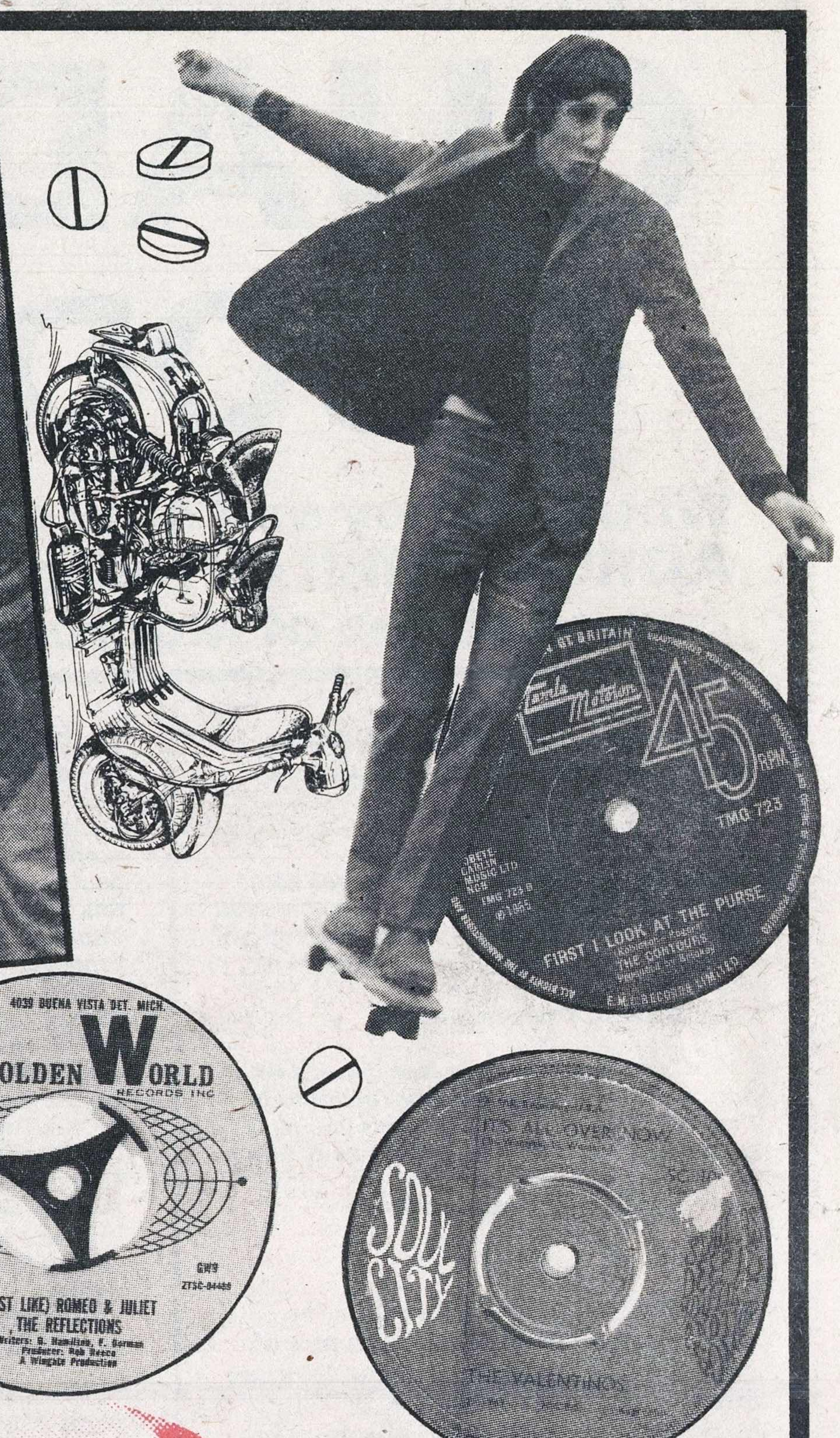

Go

r Clacton . . a new battlefield

LD ONES
MARGATE

40 arrested in all-day clashes

THE Wild Ones — self-styled Mods and Rockers —picked the Kent resort of Margate to beat up for Whitsun.

MIRROR REPORTER

Blood

Girls behind the Wild Ones— Page 4. Charge of the Mods at Margate—Centre Pages

lately become aware that there was something outside the front door besides games of cowboys and indians.

Then the pieces started coming together. Somebody knew somebody else who had a scooter. Someone had been to a place where they played all these amazing dance records that he'd never heard before. He'd met Keith through his cousin, and Keith had been 'up west' and was only too pleased to tell him about it.

Keith had also been to the Olive Tree. It had been open about three or four months — a coffee bar open late at night, with all the attendant thrills that Billy was soon to discover. He went down there one night and couldn't believe it: birds, pills, music . . . it was all happening. And it was still only mid-week. The atmosphere was fairly leisurely because the patrons had got over their come-down from the weekend. They were just starting to think about the next weekend.

And the weekends were what it was all about. The rest was just planning in between. Your money came at the weekend, and your clothes were for the weekend. Billy used to earn about £12 a week working for the Southern Railways printers as an apprentice cum tea-boy. A quarter or perhaps a third went on pills and coffees and that, and the rest on clothes and records. He was invariably broke by Monday.

Within a week Billy had been able to rattle off the names of half a dozen Prince Buster records, and had already bought his copy of 'Bonanza Ska'. He could tell you what colour the Formica was on the Olive Tree's tables, how the coffee tasted, who the top faces were and what they were wearing, everything.

Within two weeks he'd met a bloke called Ralph and taken his first pills. He was with Del when Ralph asked if they wanted to buy some. He and Del were wearing the Parkas they'd bought that weekend, and they already knew they were going to say yeah because wasn't that what it was all about?

Billy took four double Blues. Ralph said it would be okay to take more, so he did. He found himself rabbiting away and *he was up*, suddenly digging the music more than ever, digging everything that was happening, and it all was.

The next thing he knew it was two o'clock in the morning and he was still there . . .

Every Friday night after that a bloke from the West end would turn up in a mini and park about 200 yards away from the Olive Tree. Ralph and his partner Binky would go out and do the business, walk back to Ralph's house to sort out the quantity and sample the goods, then come back and give everybody their orders.

You'd see Ralph coming down the road already up, laughing and clicking his fingers, and at that point you could almost feel the change from expectation to anticipation. It was then, when Ralph went from table to table, talking and joking with the cool assurance that hid his business transactions even better than the tables underneath which they were conducted, that the weekend began. And from Friday night on through to Sunday night it was like you had to *be* places. It was no good sitting around watching the telly — there were other angles. You had to be somewhere doing something.

NO WONDER people like Dr Death just burnt themselves out, thought Billy. What's the bleedin' point of it?

He was going to ask Keith, who had just returned with his snack, then realised it was no good asking. Keith was one of those blokes who acted first and thought later (if he thought at all).

So he just said: "I'm going to flog my scooter."

"How come?"

"Same reason everyone else is getting shot of theirs, I suppose . . ." Which was true, except Billy *didn't know* why everybody else was selling their scooters.

Billy had been through two scooters already: an LD 125 which he'd had to hide up an alley whenever he went to the Orchid Ballroom because everyone took the piss out of it; an LI 150 which Laurie Gibbons had written off on a particularly dangerous downhill right-hander. And he had only recently had the panels chromed on his TV 175 . . .

"I want to spend the money on clothes an' that."

The clothes came and went . . . the white Levi's, the hipsters, the wide white belts, the maroon trousers, button-down collars, the serge reefer jackets, the loud, outrageous checks and stripes; all that bright, leery clobber that you had to have but couldn't afford so you bought *something* every week and then did your best to juggle it around.

And jackets . . . you couldn't wander into Burtons and get one off the peg. You *had* to have them made to get the vents and lapels and pockets and fancy silk lining right . . . Billy would have liked to get a job at one of the advertising agencies in the West End. That was where the top face mods were at, wearing imported hand-made gear, driving Minis — the best passport to pull birds a bloke could have.

Keith laughed when he heard this — not maliciously mind, because the ideal Billy had just described held it's attraction for him too — but he didn't tell Billy that he was going for an interview with one of the big insurance companies in the city in four days time; £19 a week to start if he got the job.

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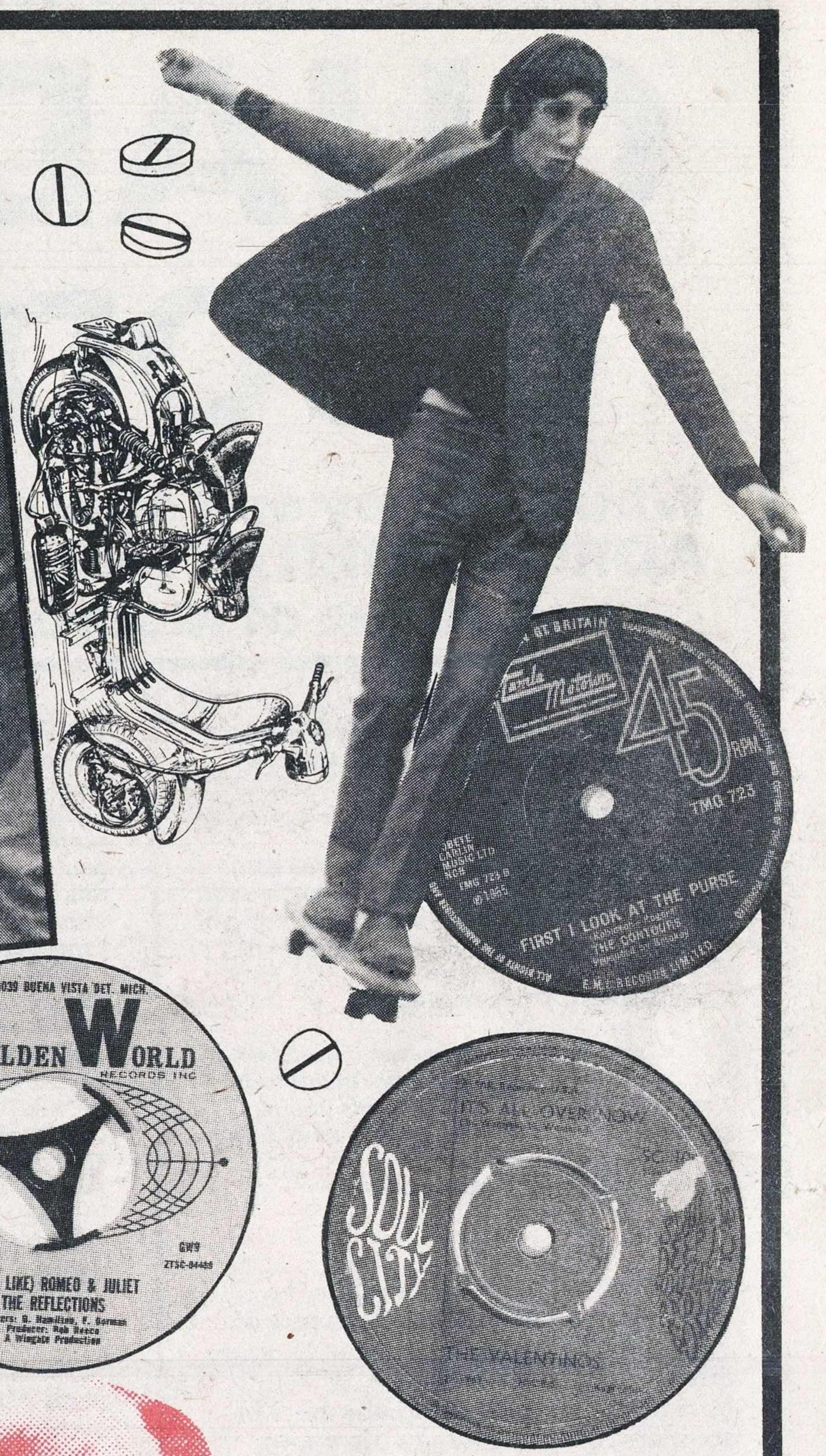
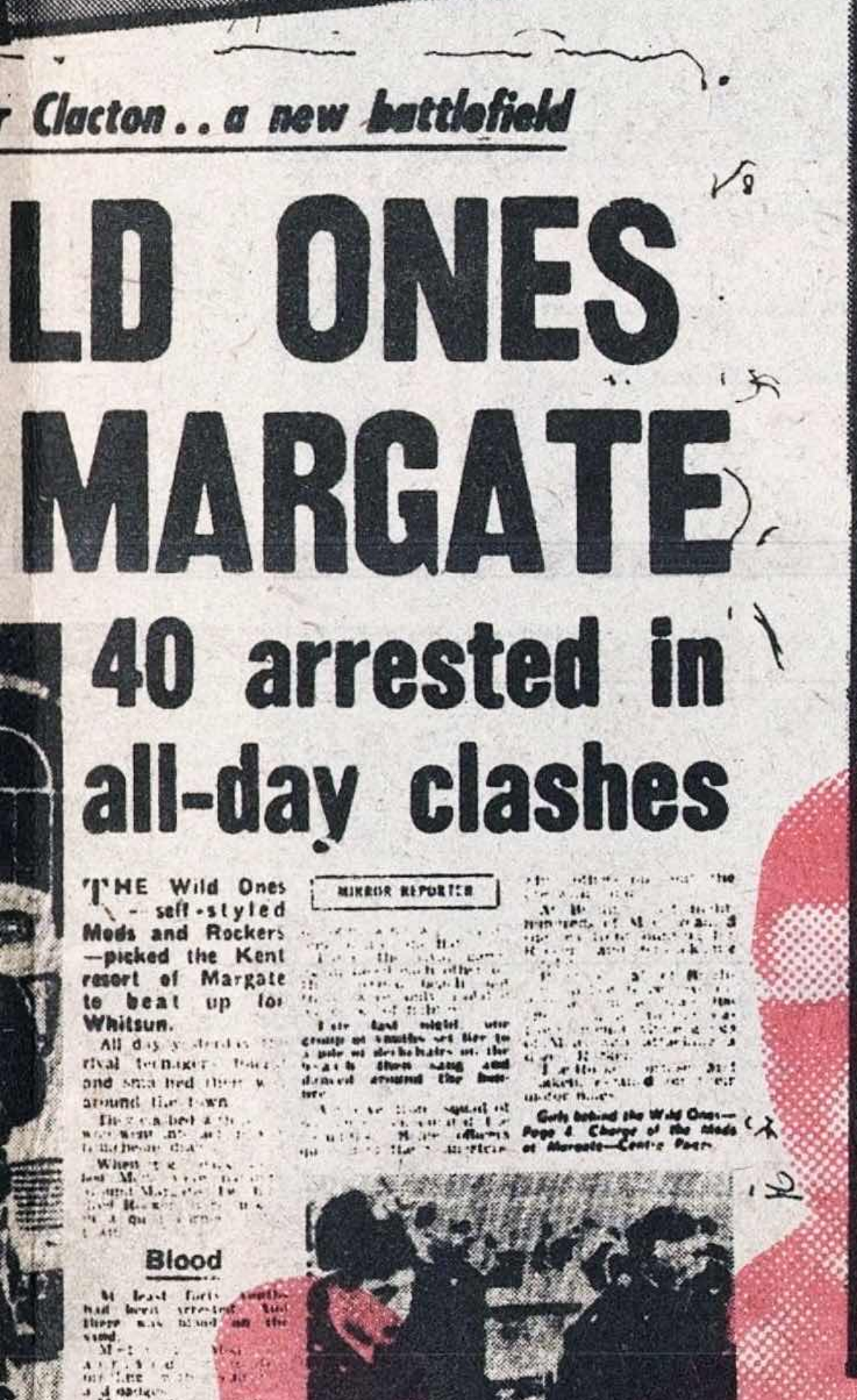



Clacton .. a new battlefield

LD ONES
MARGATE

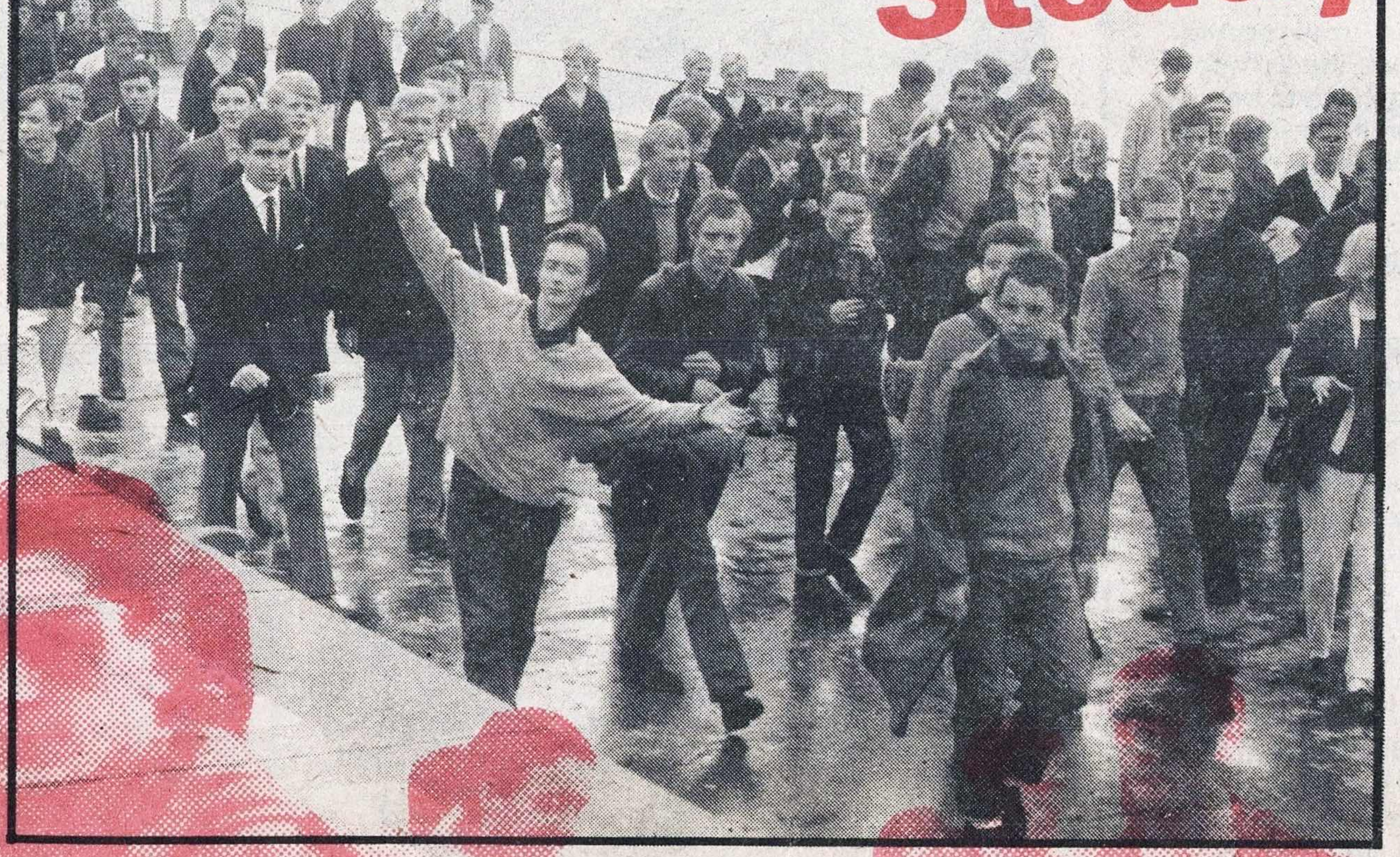
40 arrested in all-day clashes

THE Wild Ones — self-styled Mods and Rockers —picked the Kent resort of Margate to beat up for Whitsun.

MIRROR REPORTER

Blood

Girls behind the Wild Ones— Page 4 Charge of the Mods at Margate—Centre Page



lately become aware that there was something outside the front door besides games of cowboys and indians.

Then the pieces started coming together. Somebody knew somebody else who had a scooter. Someone had been to a place where they played all these amazing dance records that he'd never heard before. He'd met Keith through his cousin, and Keith had been 'up west' and was only too pleased to tell him about it.

Keith had also been to the Olive Tree. It had been open about three or four months — a coffee bar open late at night, with all the attendant thrills that Billy was soon to discover. He went down there one night and couldn't believe it: birds, pills, music . . . it was all happening. And it was still only mid-week. The atmosphere was fairly leisurely because the patrons had got over their come-down from the weekend. They were just starting to think about the next weekend.

And the weekends were what it was all about. The rest was just planning in between. Your money came at the weekend, and your clothes were for the weekend. Billy used to earn about £12 a week working for the Southern Railways printers as an apprentice cum tea-boy. A quarter or perhaps a third went on pills and coffees and that, and the rest on clothes and records. He was invariably broke by Monday.

Within a week Billy had been able to rattle off the names of half a dozen Prince Buster records, and had already bought his copy of 'Bonanza Ska'. He could tell you what colour the Formica was on the Olive Tree's tables, how the coffee tasted, who the top faces were and what they were wearing, everything.

Within two weeks he'd met a bloke called Ralph and taken his first pills. He was with Del when Ralph asked if they wanted to buy some. He and Del were wearing the Parkas they'd bought that weekend, and they already knew they were going to say yeah because wasn't that what it was all about?

Billy took four double Blues. Ralph said it would be okay to take more, so he did. He found himself rabbiting away and *he was up*, suddenly digging the music more than ever, digging everything that was happening, and it all was.

The next thing he knew it was two o'clock in the morning and he was still there . . .

Every Friday night after that a bloke from the West end would turn up in a mini and park about 200 yards away from the Olive Tree. Ralph and his partner Binky would go out and do the business, walk back to Ralph's house to sort out the quantity and sample the goods, then come back and give everybody their orders.

You'd see Ralph coming down the road already up, laughing and clicking his fingers, and at that point you could almost feel the change from expectation to anticipation. It was then, when Ralph went from table to table, talking and joking with the cool assurance that hid his business transactions even better than the tables underneath which they were conducted, that the weekend began. And from Friday night on through to Sunday night it was like you had to *be* places. It was no good sitting around watching the telly — there were other angles. You had to be somewhere doing something.

NO WONDER people like Dr Death just burnt themselves out, thought Billy. What's the bleedin' point of it?

He was going to ask Keith, who had just returned with his snack, then realised it was no good asking. Keith was one of those blokes who acted first and thought later (if he thought at all).

So he just said: "I'm going to flog my scooter."

"How come?"

"Same reason everyone else is getting shot of theirs, I suppose . . ." Which was true, except Billy *didn't know* why everybody else was selling their scooters.

Billy had been through two scooters already: an LD 125 which he'd had to hide up an alley whenever he went to the Orchid Ballroom because everyone took the piss out of it; an LI 150 which Laurie Gibbons had written off on a particularly dangerous downhill right-hander. And he had only recently had the panels chromed on his TV 175 . . .

"I want to spend the money on clothes an' that."

The clothes came and went . . . the white Levi's, the hipsters, the wide white belts, the maroon trousers, button-down collars, the serge reefer jackets, the loud, outrageous checks and stripes; all that bright, leery clobber that you had to have but couldn't afford so you bought *something* every week and then did your best to juggle it around.

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QUADS? QUODS?

Who are they and how do you spell it? ADRIAN THRILLS looks at the sounds and styles of Modrophenia '79

"Every time you walk down Oxford Street these days, you see one more bloke wearing a parka."
Billy H, The Chords.

"In the last few years, everything has come back — skins, teds, rockabilly — and the mod thing is the last to make a real comeback. So it's got to be the one with a real chance of staying."
Bob, 18, Bethnal Green mod.

"Mod is not just what you look like. It's what goes on in your head. It's more an attitude than anything else. But the mods you're getting now are '79 mods. They're not trying to revive anything."
Clive, Enfield mod fanzine editor.

YOU SEE them at Jam gigs, or maybe just sniffing out a pair of Doctor Marten's or some ex-army threads in a surplus store. You'll soon be noting the multiplying numbers of scooters on runs down to the south coast resorts: check the loafers, white socks, sta-prests, two-button jackets, Fred Perry and Slazenger shirts ...

All of a sudden — over the past 12 months — there seem to be all these sharply-dressed, short-haired kids in baggy dark green parkas, more often than not carpeted in badges, stickers, tassles, patches, iron-on transfers, or chalked-on slogans.

This time last year we were in the middle of a small-scale grass-roots rockabilly revival. This year: M-O-D!

Just what we needed, eh? Another revival, another movement with all the blinkered narrow-mindedness and gang battles that Another Movement usually entails ...

However, something — as they say — is most definitely in the air.

No-one seems to know precisely what it signifies. Few people seem to have any idea of what is going to become of it. But it *is* happening, albeit on a minor scale as yet.

And — unlike the powerpop hype of 12 months back which was generated in the minds of the media and the sweaty palms of cash-hungry A&R men — this year's t'ing (oops!) is coming from the roots upwards.

There haven't been as many gigs advertised almost solely by word of mouth or — at best — a couple of hundred Xeroxed handbills since the embryonic days of punk.

The effectiveness of the rootsy DIY enthusiasm that characterises Mod '79 was illustrated recently when The Chords — one of the capital's leading noveau mod groups — played their fortnightly Saturday residency at The Wellington, in Waterloo.

The tiny bar was sardined to the light fittings by parka-clad hordes.

Which brings us to the bands, a rough list of which is as long as Brighton beach itself. There's Purple Hearts and The Cobras from Romford, the aforementioned Chords from Deptford, The Fixations from Holloway, The Merton Parkas from — oh yes! — Merton Park, Captain Scarlet And The Mysterons from Elm Park, The Scooters from Enfield / Coventry / Southend (take your pick), Long Tall Shorty and Chicane from Brighton, The Low Numbers from Camden Town, The Estimators from Tottenham, Secret Affair from Ilford, The Ricky Tics from Nottingham, The Vespas from Watford, The Points, French Blues, The Teenbeats, Detours, Back To Zero, The Golden Faces ...

Most are unknown quantities. A fair number are doomed to obscurity. But the best — three of which are featured later on in this piece — are definitely worthy of your attention as good bands in their own right, irrespective of 'the mod thing'.

Many of them are prone to continually changing those wonderfully evocative names, the trouble with mod monikers being that demand is already starting to outstrip the limited supply.

Thus The Low Numbers were until recently The Two Tones, and before thet The Camden Town Action. Long Tall Shorty used to be The Indicators. Captain Scarlet etc were formerly The Sharp Set, and Secret Affair sprang from the ashes of the dreaded New Hearts.

Get the picture? Don't bother. It's probably already changed!

"It's a neat scene at the moment, but that's partly 'cos it's on a really small scale. Once it gets big you won't know where you are.

"At the moment most of the kids we know are mods. Like, if you see someone at a gig and they're a mod you'll go up and talk to them because of that.

"There's a type of comradeship like in the early days of punk."
Paul, 17, Swiss Cottage mod.

THE FIRST thing you need to know about what could all-too-easily get tagged as no more than just The New Mod Sound is that, strictly speaking, there isn't one.

There is nothing that'll change the world or revolutionise rock as we know it. There are no extravagant claims made, and none to fulfil.

That said, the current mod scenario is more than an unnecessary anachronism — it fits as healthily into the late '70s scheme as The Gang Of Four, The Members and Public Image Ltd.

Just realise that and we should be okay.

What does exist, here and now, is a plethora of bands each identifying themselves to some degree with various aspects of '60s youth culture.

The current crop of groups will readily doff their titfers and acknowledge their respect for the flavour of '60s mod. Just as vigorously they will emphasise their hard-headed, post-punk characteristics. But to assume that none of the bands listed above have any individual character or anything original and contemporary to offer would be cynical and inaccurate.

Indeed, The Chords, say, are as different from The Purple Hearts as the Sex Pistols were from The Clash 30 months ago.

Naturally, there is intense rivalry — always a healthy sign — and this often spills over into bitchiness: The Fixations claim The Scooters are trying too hard to revive the 'arty' aspects of '60s modism and The Chords stupidly slag off The Purple Hearts for occasionally doing 'London's Burning' as an encore.

In the main, however, there's a spirit of camaraderie that again harks back to the halcyon 100 Club days of The Clash and Pistols.

But the bands are not having it all their own way.

Already the first fanzine of the modwave has emerged: *Maximum Speed.*

Run by three Enfield mods and edited by Clive — one of the fans whose comments form the framework of this article — *Maximum Speed* features band reviews plus a collage of old pictures, including the inevitable beach fights.

Interestingly, the three scribblers who produce it have also started promoting their own gigs, the first of which was a mini-festival in Enfield boasting four groups — The Purple Hearts, The Fixations, The Scooters and Back To Zero — backed by a bluebeat, ska and motown disco. And all for 50 pence!

A clear-cut case of someone doing the right deed for the right reasons at the right price.

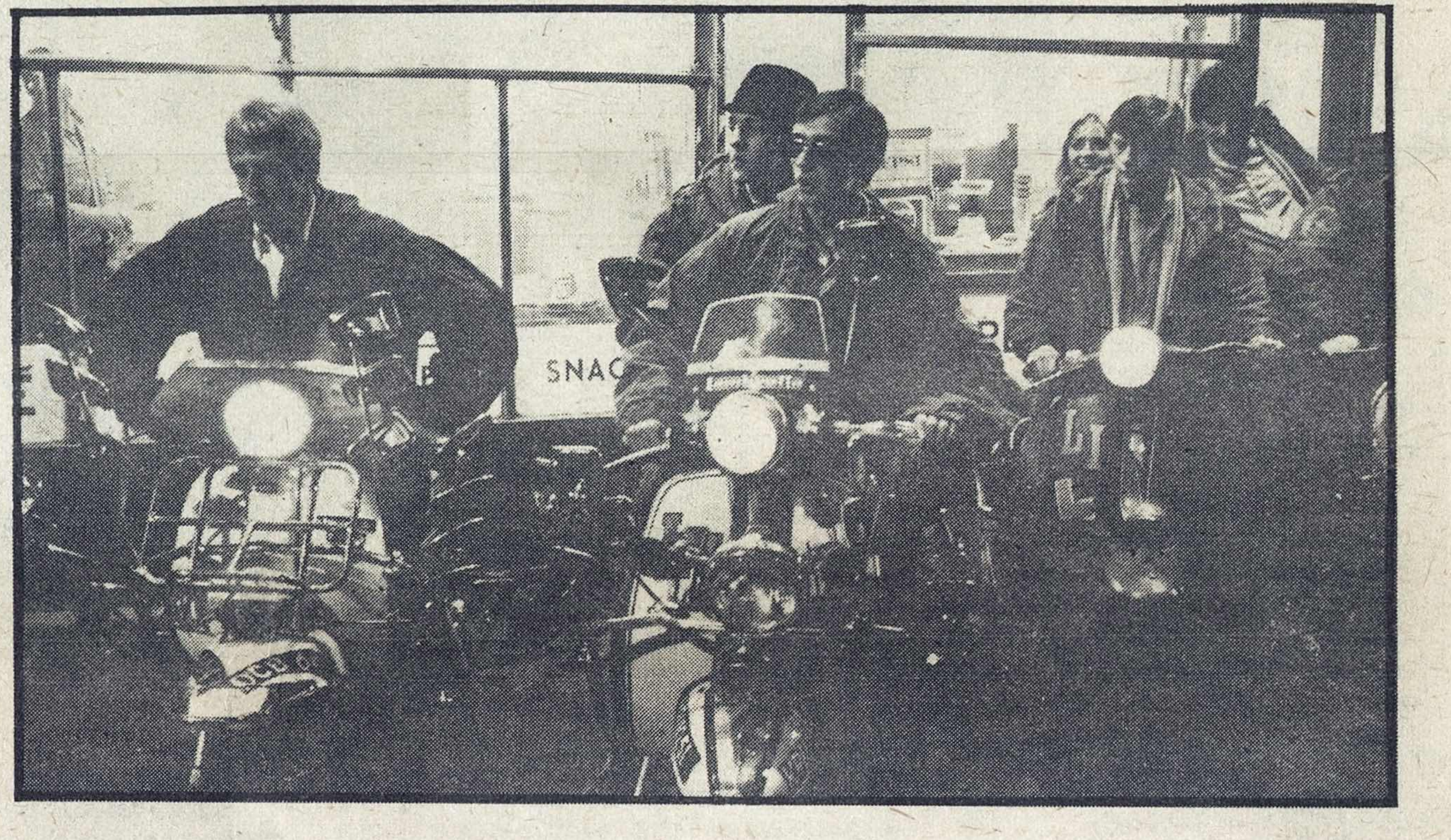
Inevitably, entrepreneurs are beginning to get hip to the trip that there's lucre in dem dere loafers and exploiting this healthy, refreshingly rootsy, naive confused 'scene' for what they can.

'Jam' jackets are already selling at £35 a throw in the Carnaby Cavern around the corner from *NME* Central, sta-pres are avilable at £18 in the Kings Road and the classified pages of the music papers are steadily filling with ads for ex-NATO parkas.

And just try counting the A&R men at the bar should you happen to chance upon a Purple Hearts gig. So it goes.

Just where it's heading we should know by summer, with the general release of the *Quadrophenia* film and mod centre page spreads in all the tabloids.

CRAWDADDY
SATURDAY 28th MARCH
THE YARDBIRDS
CRAWDADDY
SATURDAY 28th MARCH
THE YARDBIRDS
THE PRETTY THINGS
ZOOT MONEY'S BIG ROLL BAND
MARQUEE



Reconstructions of the mod lifestyle from The Who's forthcoming 'Quadrophenia' movie. Above: blood and bluebeat hats. Below Life on an LI.

"Most of the girls who go to the mod gigs with us wear pretty much the same clothes as the blokes. The main reason you don't see many girls dressed as mods is just that there's been no publicity about what they're supposed to wear.

"Unlike the blokes, they've had no-one to model themselves on. I suppose the only person in the last few years has been Faye Fife really . . . she dressed it although she never actually came out and said that she was a mod.

"Another thing is that most of the bands in London are too concerned with trying to look right as mods in terms of dress.

"Most of the best bands are from the suburbs — places like Enfield and Romford."
Tony, 19, Wembley mod.

THE PURPLE HEARTS, regarded by many as the best, hail from Romford in Essex.

They formed in 1977 playing spirited punk as Robbie Ratchett — not Jack Plug! — And The Sockets, before heisting their present name from the back of a Small Faces album.

Bob Manton, their restive, volatile vocalist, says the mod affiliation came about through their disillusionment with what had become of punk.

"We just wanted to do something other than punk. We didn't ever quite fit into the punk thing and I personally got disillusioned with it pretty quickly.

The Chords from Deptford. *Pic: Mike Laye*

The Fixations from North London. *Pic: Stevenson*

The Purple Hearts from Romford. *Pic: Mike Laye*

"We were naive enough to think punk was going to change the world.

"At one stage we just knocked the band on the head for about a month or so 'cos we got so fed up. But then we reckoned that if we did give up it would just be admitting defeat.

"The thing is, when we got back together, we didn't have to radically change any of our ideas. We always did want to play this type of music.

"It was just that we hadn't been technically able to play it up until now. No-one's going to believe us, but we've been into the mod thing for five years.

"Even when we played The Roxy as The Sockets, we were doing 'Whatcha Gonna Do About It'.

"To us there's much more to it than just mod and the mod revival. We are playing this sort of music at the moment and we'll still be playing it this time next year when the present mod revival thing has blown over.

"Personally, I can only see this current mod thing lasting six months. Maybe a year. The trouble is there are too many people trying to revive it exactly as it was then, going out and buying scooters and all that."

If The Sockets were, in Bob's words, "punk taken to its logical conclusion — no song had more than three chords", then the Hearts are never anything less than competent and classy, with guitarist Simon Stebbing's feedback-ridden haywire raunch well to the fore.

They cover three oldies — The Monkees' 'Steppin' Stone', David Bowie And The Lower Third's 'Can't Help Thinking About Me' and wicked Wilson Pickett's gut-wrenching 'If You Need Me.' But it's the eight originals that make up the bulk of their live set that leave no doubts as to what decade Purple Hearts are living in.

"It's a fact that none of our songs could have been written in 1965," emphasises drummer Gary Sparks.

"It would be narrowminded of us to say that we're a mod band, fullstop, and that we only play mod music. We get a total mixture at our gigs. There's punks, skins and mods.

"Our music is pop music. We're a pop group. My influences are obviously Stax stuff and '60s pop. But even now we're still influenced by punk, especially early Clash and things like that.

"On the first Clash album they were talking about things that actually meant something in the everyday lives of people like us. On the second album, it's all this world politics shit.

"We don't want to recreate and revive the '60s mod thing. The spirit of the original punk bands is living on in groups like us."

The Purple Hearts, still in their late teens like most of their contemporaries, are also quite a wacky bunch, particularly prone to extravagantly verbose, tongue - in - cheek classifications of their music.

Bassist Jeff (year, just Jeff) describes their epic single-to-be, 'Jimmy', thus:

"It's not about *Quadrophenia* for a start, which is what everyone's going to say. It's just about the frustrations of a kid who gets pushed around at school.

"It's a Pop - Art - Teen - Confusion - Anthem!"

The last word goes to Bob Manton:

"The Purple Hearts are the gap between Newton's Third Law and Einstein's Theory of the toilet seat!"

"I got into The Jam, I used to wear a suit when I first started going to see them and I just took it from there."
Gary, 17 Paddington mod.

THE CHORDS are perhaps more readily indentifiable as A Mod Band than The Purple Hearts. Visually they look the part — all Rickenbackers, neat suits and '60s flash. My main musical reservation is the similarity of some of their songs to pieces on The Jam's first album.

But there are plenty of London mods prepared to vouch that they're far and away the best, technically, of the bands to emerge in the past year or so.

The Chords talk passionately and articulately, particularly when faced with criticism. Vocalist Billy H — who plays exactly the same guitar as Paul Weller — puts it this way.

"If there is a similarity in the sound, it's not because I'm trying to copy Weller. I just find the Rickenbacker very easy to play. My fingers are really small and that guitar has a really slim neck. It's as simple as that.

"Our music comes from the same roots as The Jam — blues and soul — but we don't want to end up sounding like them

"We don't look like them. Lyrically, we're nothing like them."

The Chords got together in Deptford last August when Billy H met lead guitarist Chris Pope and bassist Martin Mason. Drummer Brett Ascot is a more recent recruit.

They rehearsed for months on a diet consisting largely of old Sam And Dave classics, but only started gigging seriously this year.

Their current set still features Sam And Dave's 'Hold On I'm Coming' alongside the obligatory Who, Small Faces and Beatles numbers as well as half-a-dozen originals penned by Pope.

"We're likely to get labelled as no more than just another mod band," opines the guitarist, realistically aware of the backlash that's always just around the corner.

"But if we're strong enough we'll pull through. If we're good enough to play strong gigs and produce strong records, then we'll be able to stand up after this current mod thing, no matter what image we portray.

"If not then we deserve to die.

"The mod thing is like a natural progression from punk. Hopefully it's strong enough to progress on into the '80s. We want to do something better than mod achieved in the '60s. It died a death before it ever reached its natural conclusion."

So how will The Chords develop it?

"Well, being a four-piece we've got more of a chance to do exactly what we want live than, say, The Jam. Onstage The Jam always do numbers exactly the same way as on record. It's perfect and it's cold.

"What we want onstage and on record is a much more improvised sound. Something that gives us more of a chance to be more versatile visually and muscially, gives our individual personalities more of a chance to shine through.

"I think that the mod bands coming out now are actually better technically than the bands that were forming in 1976."

The Chords were last seen recording demos of their three best songs — 'Now It's Gone', 'Maybe Tomorrow', and 'Dream Dolls' — for JP Records.

"Mod is the sort of thing that should be accessible to everyone. Even the disco kids. The soul boys will be into it for the smooth image."
Bob, 18 Bethnal Green mod.

THE FIXATIONS, unlike both The Chords and The Purple Hearts, play all their own material — yet were not as impressive when I saw them recently supporting Berni Torme and The Nips at Acklam Hall.

I admired their spirit — it takes guts to play wittily and with enthusiasm in front of two dozen disinterested faces — but any appreciation of their musical finesse was jaundiced by a truly dire sound and the instrumental shambles that resulted.

However, as singer Paul Cattin points out, "what the mod bands need at the moment is the chance to grow. The scene is healthy — although we all know that it wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for the new wave."

Cattin was turned on to mod by an elder brother, claims not to have missed a Who gig in London since 1970, but sees himself and the band categorically in post-punk terms.

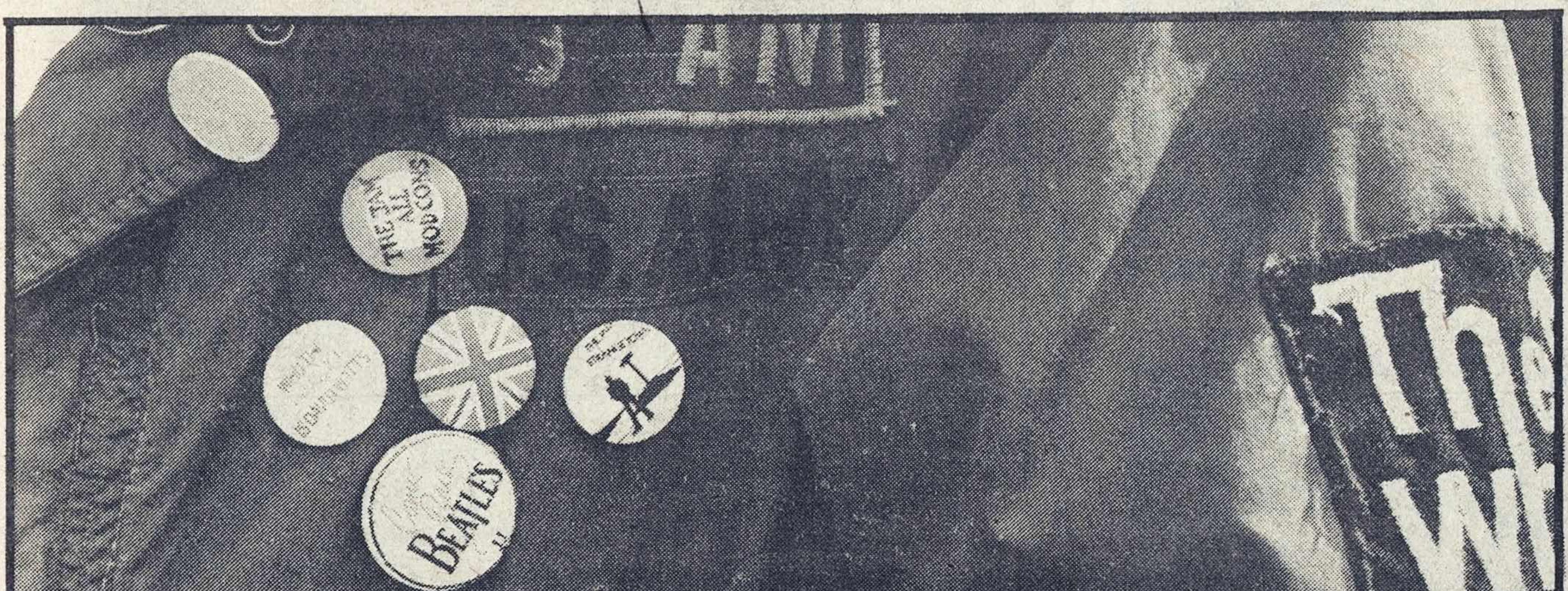
He formed The Fixations with guitarist Paul Cathcart, drummer Ken Gamby and Bassist Richard Sharpe over two years ago in North London, although they have only been playing consistently for the last six months.

"The real equivalent of the '60s mods in today's youth culture are the soul boys," he tells me after the Acklam debacle. "It's important to realise that the mods of today are all '79 mods.

"I'm not into it for the fighting. It's the smartness, the camaraderie, the fact that the mods were the first youth group ever to actually start thinking about things in the '60s, start questioning things."

I turn to guitarist Cathcart — obviously the thinker of the band — and enquire innocently what mod means to him. His reply is short, instant and sweet.

"We're arguing about exactly what it means all the time."



The New Tribalism, part 17: a Chord fan's Parka. *Pic: Mike Laye*

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SILVER SCREEN

It's The Wiz. It's The Wazz. It's The School Holidays Razzamatazz

Spiderman's coming to getcha — again and again

Easter means fun for everyone — even for Mrs Whitehouse

The Wiz

Directed by Sidney Lumet
Starring Diana Ross, Michael Jackson and Richard Pryor
(CIC)

The most expensive musical ever, *The Wiz* must also be one of the least satisfactory. The millions of dollars it cost (provided mostly by Motown) have been lavished on peripheral production values, leaving a gaping void at the centre. Why, one wonders, did anyone ever consider this such a good idea in the first place?

It's a film version of a Broadway show, which shifted the original *Wizard Of Oz* (which I've never seen) from Kansas to New York. In movie terms, this means that when Dorothy (Diana Ross) is swept up from the stability of her home environment by a white tornado and deposited in a huge bowl of cornflakes in Munchkinland, she finds herself in a steely, urbanised desert. She proceeds to gather her companions — the Scarecrow (Michael Jackson), the Tin Man (Nipsey Russell) and the Cowardly Lion (Ted Ross, no relation) — and all go off together to meet the Wiz (Richard Pryor).

In fairness, it would be wrong to suggest that the inflated expenditure had been a complete waste of time. The costumes are dazzling and inventive, while the sets are lavish and spacious, providing the cast of thousands with ample room for manoeuvre. There is, in short, usually something on which to feast the eye.

Neither is there any particular problem with the casting. There was much fuss over the choice of Ms Ross (actually she chose herself), who is a generation older than Judy Garland had been when she made the part famous. But Diana always was waif-like, and with her hair cut short *au naturel,* can practically pass as a teenager.

Although the innocence of the part is something she is hardly able to convey, she does approach the role with uncharacteristic restraint. Not a single costume change in the entire two-and-a-quarter hours — surely an act of forebearance that deserves a Jimmy Carter award for conserving resources in the face of monumental ostentatiousness.

Michael Jackson is superb, giving a performance of charm and exuberance. He was only 19 at the time of filming, and is almost unrecognisable underneath what must have been a particularly unpleasant make-up job (more like plastic surgery), but he's clearly the one person whose career *The Wiz* looks set to enhance.

The rest is bad news. I suppose the greatest let-down, this being a musical an' all, is the music. Well orchestrated by Quincy Jones and expertly played by all the usual famous session-names, undoubtedly, but what about the songs? That slice of barely-memorable routine boogie called 'Ease On Down The Road' hardly cut a swathe through the charts, and yet that's the show's standout number; everything else is instantly forgettable. Perhaps it illustrates only too well the current impoverishment of that genre we used to call 'soul'.

Joel Schumacher's screenplay is relentlessly dull. The language oscillates uncomfortably between black jive talkin' of the kind Pryor usually handles brilliantly (though he gets scant opportunity here) and the mundane stuff we whiteys can understand.

It's that sort of miscegenation that's the root of the problem. There's one subway scene where the urban paranoia and the fairy-tale successfully mesh. Otherwise, the general distaste of uncontrollable urbanisation that *The Wiz* seems to want to communicate is never properly reconciled with the sentimental homilies of the original.

Sidney Lumet has directed some of my favourite films *(Dog Day Afternoon,* sure), but here he never gives the impression that he clearly understood what he was trying to achieve.

Bob Woffinden

The Thief Of Baghdad

Starring Roddy McDowall, Kabir Bedi and Peter Ustinov
Directed by Clive Donner
(Columbia)

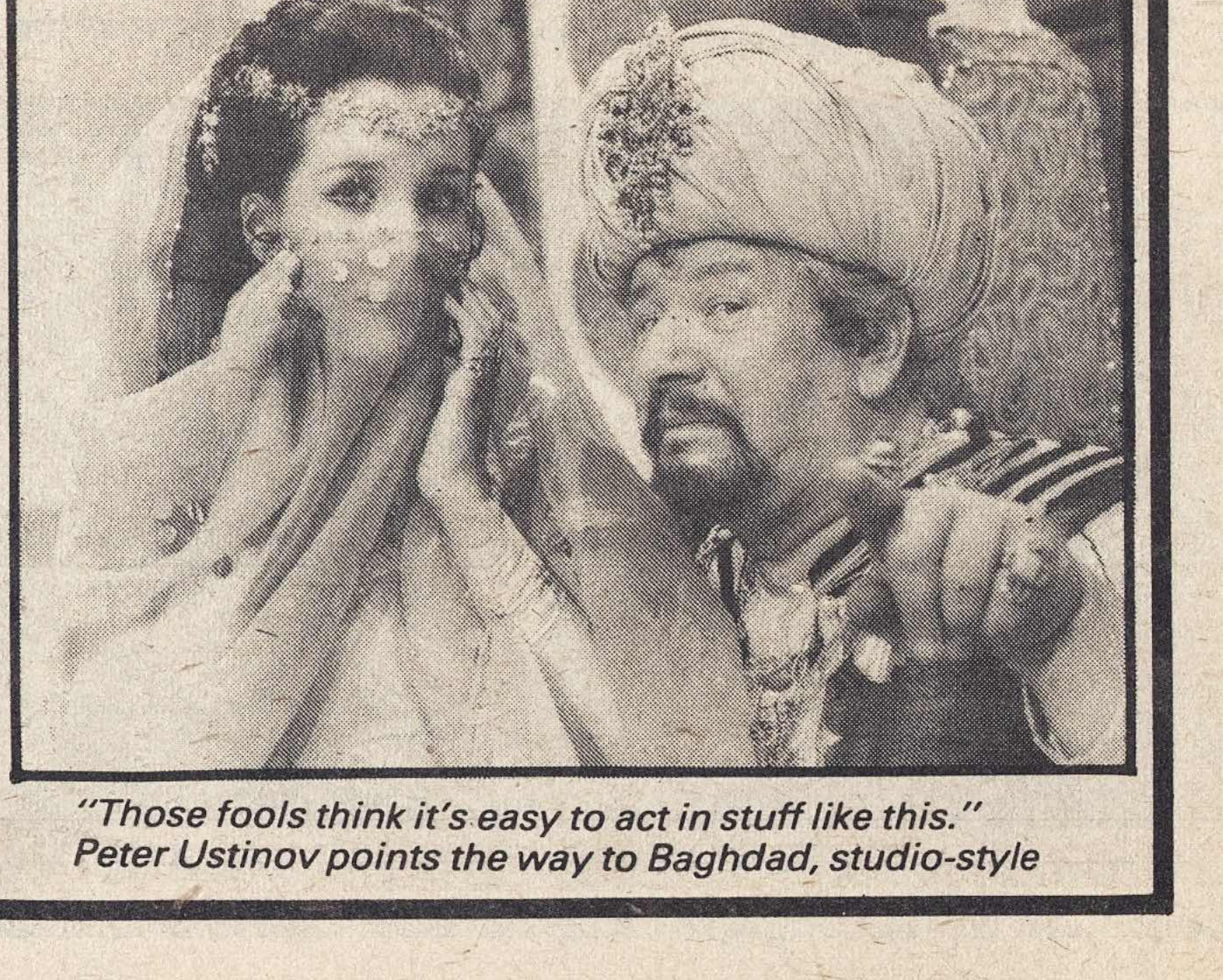
Spider-Man Strikes Back

Starring Nicholas Hammond
Directed by Ron Satlof
(Columbia)

You'll believe a carpet can fly. Battered by *Blue Collar,* disoriented by *Eraserhead,* wanting to feel like a kid again and enmeshed in a Turkish delight of an Arabian Nights-style fantasy-farce like *The Thief Of Baghdad* paired up with an awful made-for-TV Spider-Man movie that makes the old *Batman* TV show look like a more expensive version of the *Superman* movie . . . on a rainy Saturday afternoon, all the pieces fall into place.

The Thief Of Baghdad is stolen by a trio of Old Masters and a sparing but excellent use of special effects. Terence Stamp's stone-faced, even-voiced Wazir is as quietly sinister a villain as any imaginative child could desire, Peter Ustinov's pompous, bumbling Caliph is a charming *tour de force* and Frank Finlay's stoical holy man just screams moral courage.

Genies pop out of bottles, the heroes get high on rugs (you'll love the travelling matte, dear) and the whole thing is set in a glowing fantasy landscape that could almost house Conan and Red Sonja. Soft-core mysticism, sword-fights, a wimpy but



"Those fools think it's easy to act in stuff like this." Peter Ustinov points the way to Baghdad, studio-style

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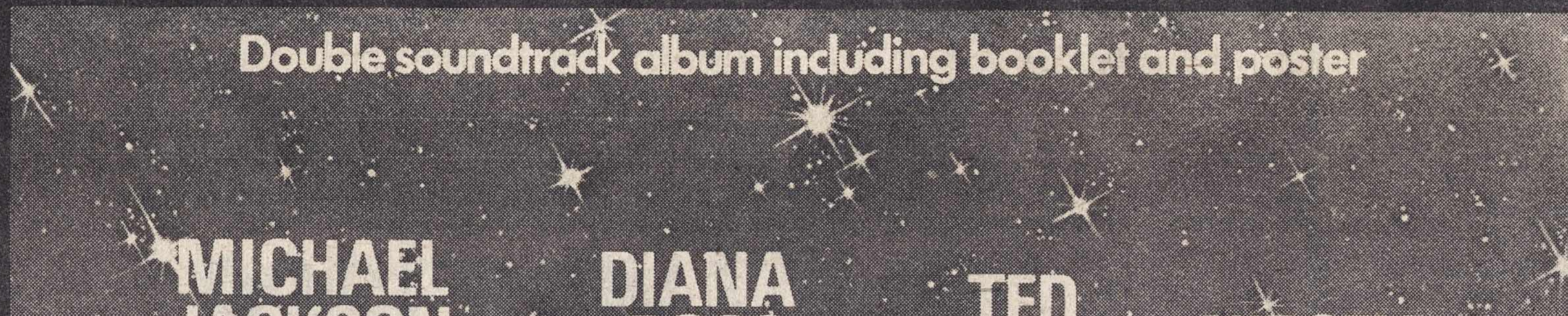

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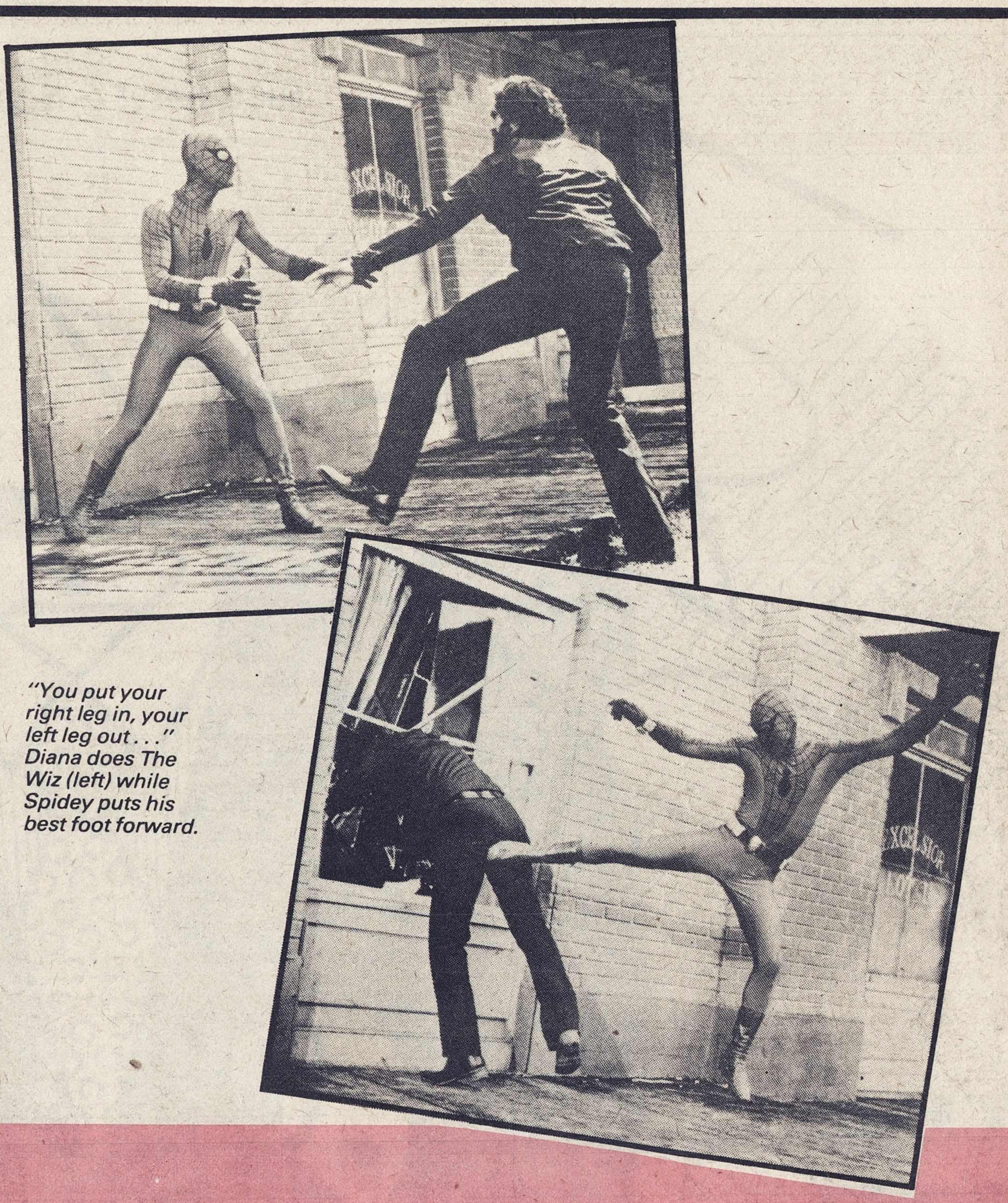

"You put your right leg in, your left leg out . . ." Diana does The Wiz (left) while Spidey puts his best foot forward.

indomitable hero with a charmingly corrupt aide . . . it's been a long time since anybody made a movie more suited to watching while eating ice-cream.

Spider-Man Strikes Back could fool the unwary into thinking that it was written by a committee consisting of two gorillas, a chimpanzee and a stuffed elk, whereas the script was in fact the work of something called a Robert Janes.

It's still fun to see Spidey running up and down walls, but I don't recognise these people impersonating my childhood companions Peter Parker and J. Jonah Jameson (Parker's too stupid and Jameson's too nice).

A piece of fluff involving stolen plutonium and a newspaperwoman seeking an interview with Spider-Man, the best moments are a ludicrous parody of a chase sequence and JoAnne Cameron looking stunning in a white bikini *(Where do you think you are? Time Out? — Ed.).*

Made on a budget of almost fourpence by people who obviously don't care about the special magic that made the Spider-Man comic book so successful and influential, this only emphasises the amount of love (as well as money) that went into the *Superman* movie. It's sad that Stan Lee is prepared to allow Marvel's flagship character to be debased in such a tacky movie.

If Spider-Man really *does* strike back, Janes and director Ron Satlof will find themselves suspended over a pondful of piranhas by slowly dissolving strands of thin but unbelievably strong webbing.

Charles Shaar Murray

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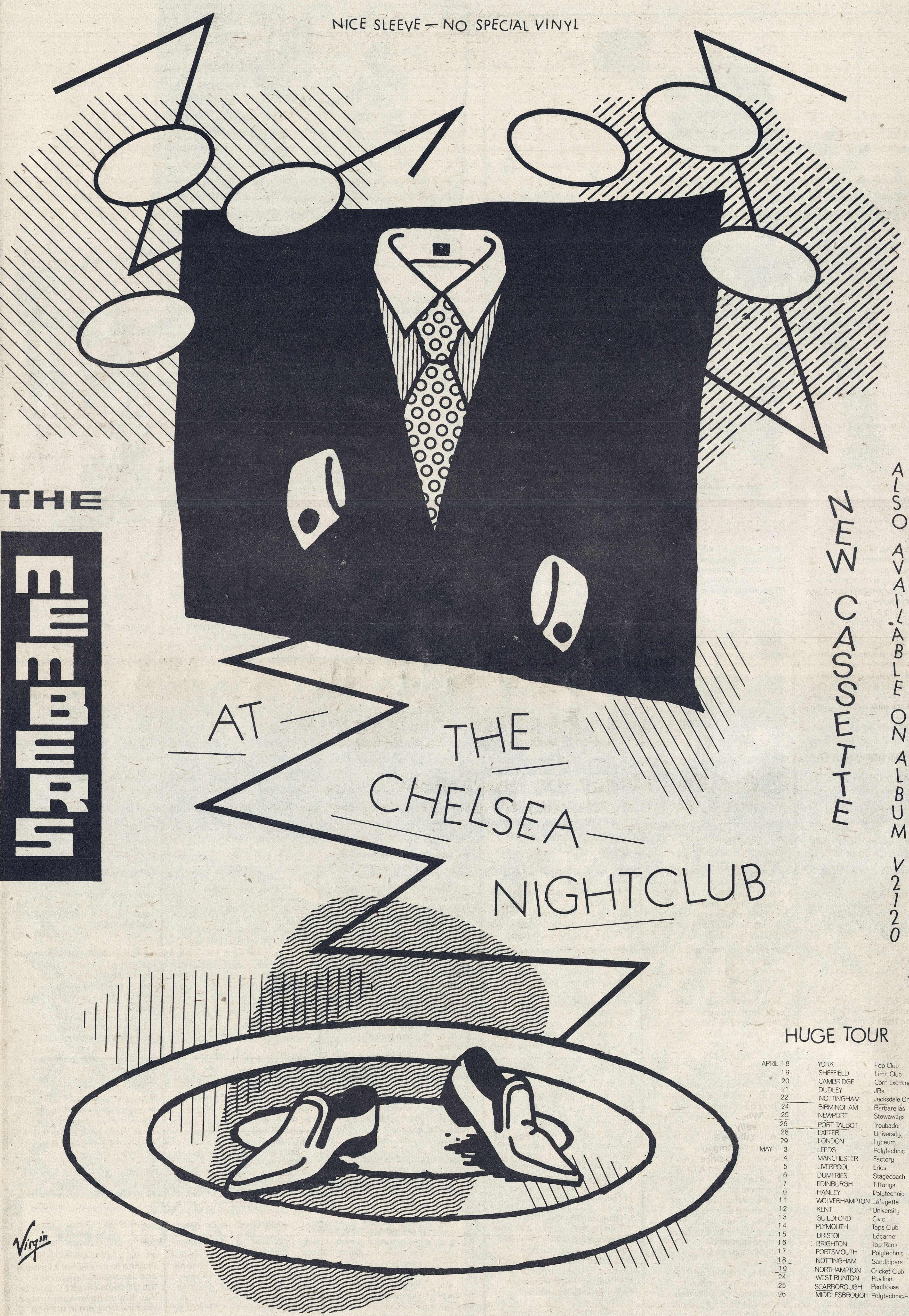
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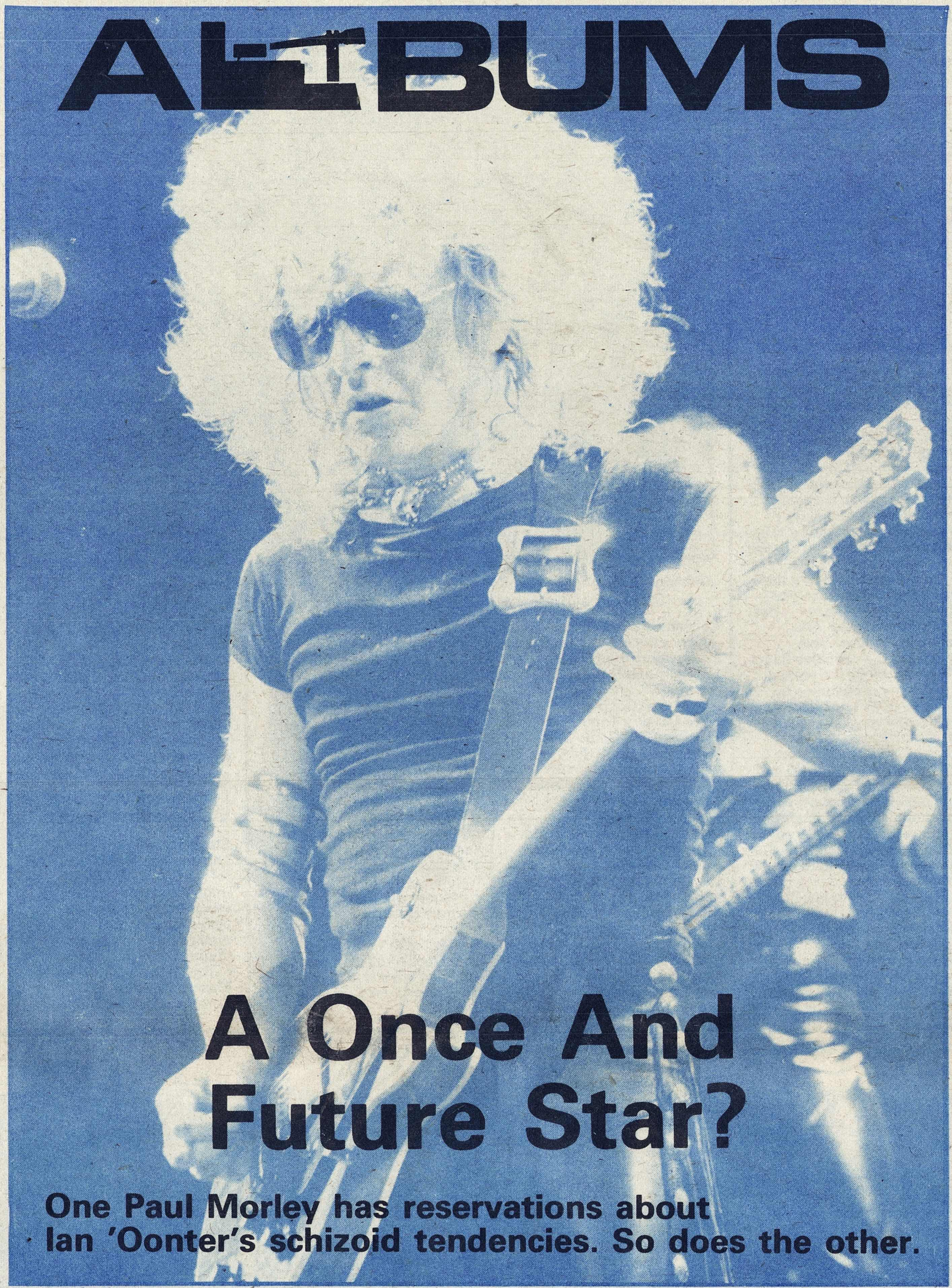


A Once And Future Star?

One Paul Morley has reservations about Ian 'Oonter's schizoid tendencies. So does the other.

Pic: CHRIS HORLER

IAN HUNTER
You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic *(Chrysalis)*

'ALLO ...

Here's Ian Hunter's fourth solo album in four years, a label switch from CBS to Chrysalis, a renewal of the Ronson partnership and a pitifully pathetic example of a hero straining and waning in comfortable isolation.

Clothed in warm sweaters, soothed by a deserved but well worn reputation, Hunter has lost his bite, bitterness or motivation. His batteries have faded. At best 'You're Never Alone . . ." is a charming, specious self parody of his solo grazing and mannered Hoople bits; at worst it's a celebration of nothing, for nothing. Ian Hunter has always celebrated. But no longer.

IT'S A MIGHTY LONG WAY DOWN . . .

Hunter's first two solo albums were produced pre-punk, when times were hard and you had to take what you were given.

Naah, actually they were good — 'All American Alien Boy' was superb, the best things Hunter has done — but in these streamlined positive times such vain, defective if attractive romanticism is something of an unstable anachronism. And with this album, where he's got nothing new to say or wonder about, where the music is merely competently arranged — certainly there's nothing approaching the imagination and inspiration of the songs on 'Alien Boy' — well, it just doesn't belong.

It's about as relevant and fresh as Dana's new single. This is a travesty. The nine plain, plodding songs on this album are from someone who three years ago wrote 'Apathy 83', a rock'n'roll classic.

"There ain't no rock'n'roll no more, just the music of the rich!"

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DIGNITY?

Hunter's third Mottless album, the Roy Thomas-Baker produced 'Overnite Angels', was so indistinguishable I can't even remember its release, which emphasises Hunter's irrelevance and how much fun we were having without him.

I'm assured, though, by an expert that this record, which sounds like Hunter yawning before doing something positive about following up 'Alien Boy', is actually a 'step in the right direction.' Something to get excited about, I suppose.

Hunter was probably in a predicament concerning the form of this record — whether to adapt to the directives of the times (which could have been interesting but he would probably have been shot to pieces) or to continue his way.

He's continued his own way, ignoring the obvious obstacle that he long ago exhausted the tricks of his musical trade. Theoretically, he's played safe/bold, whichever way you want to look at it, tried to go for the throat as well as the mind. By using Bruce Springsteen's rhythm section Roy Bittan (piano), Gary Tallant (bass), Max Weinberg (drums) plus people like Ronson and John Cale — to strengthen the music, to give it 'contemporary' penetration.

But, of course, no fire, no smoke. It doesn't work. How could it? The songs are played clean and carefully — not even a hint of power or depth.

IT AIN'T EASY WHEN YOU FALL

There's nothing intrinsically terrible about the record. It has unintentional appeal.

But just a glance at the song titles (and the album title!) clues you to the creative redundancy: 'Just Another Night' (written with Ronson and the corniest, Dylaniest and best cut on the record by default), 'Wild East', 'Cleveland Rocks', 'Ship', 'When The Daylight Comes', 'Life After Death', 'Standin' In My Light', 'Bastard', and 'The Outsider'. All these songs are shockingly ordinary and obvious.

Only from Hunter is there any belief in what is going on, and even he more often than not sounds like he's cleaning his nails.

It was when I got to 'Life After Death' — Hunter stupidly whimpering at the beginning and end *"Is there life, is there life after death . . .'* like he's poorly parodying Perry or something — that the full extent of the damage hit me. Ian Hunter has lost sense of his own reality — any reality — and spends the entire record wandering about playing what he hopes are the expected games.

Every moment of every song echoes something he's already done, the lyrics clumsy caricatures of his past flirtatious, fun moralising.

Is it possible not to smile at the Dylanisms, the Mottisms, the old classic lurch and bounce — reduced here to a limp and a raise of the eyebrows — that demand to be taken seriously? The slow, sorrowful ballads? Almost, but not quite.

'Ships' repeats the appalling line *"When two ships pass in the night"* and sounds like John Lydon singing Elton John. *"Death be my mistress . . ."* is the first line of 'The Outsider', which is unfortunately closer to the pomp of David Essex than the pride of 'The Journey' or the honesty of 'Ballad Of Mott'. There's no sign of a self-mocking grin. No longer can you smile with Hunter — not even *at* him. Just at . . . memories.

Oh bloody memories . . . I tell you, a few years ago when I felt down I always used to play 'Sea Diver' *("And I'm just a sea diver lost in space")*, but these days I play 'Helter Skelter' *("When I get to the bottom I go back to the top")*.

At the end of the '70s Ian Hunter is surplus to requirements, where once he was crucial. It doesn't have to be that way.

Paul Morley

THE VILLAGE PEOPLE
Go West *(Casablanca Import)*

'Go West' is the most patriotic album since John Wayne wiped the back of his hand across his jaw and from deep within his heart drawled "America, I love you."

Indeed, Village People mentor Jacques Morali wasn't shooting the breeze when he claimed that his boys represented a large cross-section of red-blooded all-American manhood.

Over the last year such stirring, chest-beating anthems as 'Macho Man', 'YMCA' and 'In The Navy' demonstrate beyond doubt that The Village People are a credit to both flag and country.

It's at times like this when, once again, America is being called upon to defend the cause of liberty, mom and apple pie, that it can heed the call-to-arms to the proud marching beat of 'In The Navy' — the greatest incentive to enlist since Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra linked arms to sing 'Anchors Aweigh'. And it is this inimitable sense of patriotic pride that dominates this album of hope and optimism.

Another time, another place, both the title track and 'Citizens Of The World' would have inspired Busby Berkeley to create his most meaningful stars 'n' stripes routines, whilst the equally regimented skin-slappin' singalong 'I Wanna Shake Your Hand' — with its heartfelt declaration *"Don't be shy, go up and say hello/When you see someone you'd really like to know"* — could easily be adopted as the most captivating international youth anthem since 'I'd Like To Buy The World A Coke'.

Pure in mind/pure in body is the message of 'Get Away Holiday'. Whilst the background singers join together in harmony, lead vocalist Victor Willis steps forward with all the confidence of an Odour-Eaters salesman.

Finally, The Village People pay tribute to American womanhood. 'Manhattan Woman' is their answer to 'California Girls'. The difference is that, as the lyric points out: *"I know that money, honey, always makes you smile/You like to eat out, meet out, party for awhile."* The American woman knows her place.

It's albums like this and citizens like The Village People who have made America what it is today.

Roy Carr

INNER CIRCLE
Everything Is Great *(Island)*

Can Jamaicans sing the Discos? Is cross-over reggae a sell-out, or at least a flop-out? How big can Jacob Miller and the Lewis brothers get before they burst?

Answers in order: yes, sometimes, and a bit more yet.

Question the first: Third World have produced a bunch of finely executed singles that have cleaned up the dance floors and pop charts by virtue of the way they combine elements of black American music (crystal sharp production, cooing harmonies, disco drumming) and reggae (bass line, strong yet unorthodox melodies). More important, the fusion is relatively organic — there's nothing forced. Of course, there are people like me who'll say Third World's music is mostly bland and tedious but then that's another matter . . .

Question the second: there's a crucial difference between roots reggae that makes the pop/disco charts on the strength of its inbuilt excellence — Dennis Brown's 'Money In My Pocket' and The Royal Rasses' 'Unconventional People' being the two recent prime examples — and reggae which deliberately compromises its character to achieve widespread commercial success, Inner Circle being the prime culprits here I'm afraid. Scores of records that should come in the first category here are ignored by the media every month. Gregory Isaacs for *Top Of The Pops*, you no see't.

Question the third: back home in Jamdown Jacob and his big ital belly are recognised as a bit of a lad and more and are enjoyed appropriately. As a solo artist he's had a lot of success with his stutter, infectious personality and rousing singalongs like 'Natty No Live In A Tenement Yard', 'Tired Fe Lick Weed In A Bush', 'All Night Till Day Light' and others. Besides, Jacob and Inner Circle are one of the few working road bands on the island; you can always rely on rude boy Miller to pull a stunt (Peter Tosh wasn't the only one to smoke a spliff in front of the Prime Minister at last year's Peace Concert), and cho', *the man can sing.*

But still, the Jamaican music biz have watched through three years and two Capitol albums as Inner Circle have reached frantically for acceptance in the rock market and seen them achieve little artistically or commercially.

Enter Disco and Third World's success, enter Island Records, enter 'Everything Is Great', a walloping disco tune with reggae bass hook that only clods can ignore but the more discerning can still not like. Enter album of the same name: title cut plus seven tracks of the most slickly produced, most gruesome rock/disco/reggae fusion t'ing yet to reach these ears, all wrapped in a perfectly yukky cover.

This is ugly, self-conscious music, contrived, false. 'Mary Mary is a dumb attempt to sing the herb's praises to American metal audiences. 'Roots Rock Symphony' — where none of the title's words describe the confused mishmash offered. 'Playing It' — fantasies about 'Dreads on the corner playing that disco beat' with nothing real to say to anyone. Did some jester mention 'Too Much Commercialisation of Rastafari', one of Jacob's better solo outings (for Augustus-Pablo)? Do I have to go on describing how awful this record is?

So what have Inner Circle got out of this album? Musical satisfaction? I hope not, they can do better. Dunza? I dunno. Playing to a deserted Marquee and Jacob pleading to play the UK roots circuit? Certainly. You should never have turned your back on 'em in the first place, skip.

Neil Spencer

HOLLY NEVER FADES AWAY. OFFICIAL.

Buddy — no sparing the dimes (or dollars)

BUDDY HOLLY
The Complete Buddy Holly *(MCA)*

I suppose there's a good case to be made for living fast, dying young.

It's the stuff of all great legends.

Like James Dean, Buddy Holly established his legend the hard way. Nevertheless, they were never called upon to follow themselves. In Dean's case, it took just three movies — two of which were screened posthumously. Holly (with and without The Crickets) achieved immortality with just 47 sides, 35 of which were made during an 18 month period following the success of the second recording of 'That'll Be The Day'. The remainder of Holly's recorded legacy was issued after his death on February 3rd 1959, at the age of 22.

Buddy Holly produced a series of remarkable recordings, the standard of which few artists have ever equalled. The undeniable fact is that, 20 years on they have lost none of their original vitality, which makes them much more than nostalgic curios.

As both performer and tunesmith Buddy Holly was so ahead of his time as to completely transcend vogue. If, as can be ascertained from the recent success of a TV-promoted hits compilation, his recordings possess unlimited mileage, then the actual songs themselves — in the care of other artists — regularly demonstrate that they can be successfully re-cycled on their own merits.

Practically everything that can be written about Holly — the man and his music — has been documented. And, following innumerable re-issues, the definitive Buddy Holly anthology is a reality. Painstakingly compiled by John Beecher and Malcolm Jones, the way in which this six album boxed set (accompanied by lavishly illustrated 64 page book) has been annotated, presented and packaged amounts to the most meticulously detailed tribute ever afforded a rock artist's entire work. It's by this standard that all future works *must* be measured.

The first five albums (complete with session details) document Buddy Holly and The Crickets' entire Decca/Brunswick / Coral output, plus the Bob Montgomery tapes. However, it's the sixth LP — 'The Collector's Buddy Holly' — which is the ace up the sleeve: seven home-made demos ('Slippin' and Slidin'', 'Dearest', 'Love Is Strange', 'Peggy Sue Got Married', 'That Makes It Tough', 'Learning The Game' and 'You're The One') Holly cut with just his guitar in his New York apartment only weeks before his death — tracks which were later instrumentally over-dubbed for commercial consumption.

Elvis and The Attractions debut on the Ed Sullivan TV show, ratings soar etc.

Next, three production jobs upon which he also participated: Ivan's (Jerry Allison) 'Real Wild Child' and 'Oh, You Beautiful Doll', Waylon Jennings' 'Jole Blon' and 'When Sin Stops' and two rare tracks Holly co-produced with Phil Everly of singer Lou Giordano warbling a Holly composition, 'Stay Close To Me' (recently covered by Mike Berry) plus Phil Everly's 'Don't Cha Know'. The remainder of the album includes Buddy beating out 'That'll Be The Day' and 'Peggy Sue' live on *The Ed Sullivan Show* Dec 1st 1957 — plus four interviews, including chats with Alan Freed and Dick Clark.

Never before has one been afforded the opportunity of putting any artist's entire career into such perspective. Yet, despite the (welcome) trimmings and the myth that surrounds his very name, it's the music that stands the test of time.

Elvis Presley may have given rock'n'roll it's orignial imagery, but it was Buddy Holly and Chuck Berry that gave the music much of it's durable style.

Like I said, Holly was never asked to compete with himself, whereas Chuck and Elvis did — with disastrous results.

Roy Carr

STEVE SOLAMAR
Indiscreet Music / Dubious Collaborations *(Object)*

Steve Solamar's thoughtful and imaginative Object Label (of the Spherical type) is undoubtedly one of the healthiest and selective of the active independent labels. The quality of their releases is unquestionable.

The bemusing 'Indiscreet Music / Dubious Collaborations', sub-titled 'A collage of improvisations in full frequency claustrophobic sound', is a questionable, indulgent assemblage of fractured, distracting fracas improvised in private moments by Steve Solamar with a variety of friends — Steve Miro, Chris Gribble, Martin Fruhstuck, Alan Robinson and Keith Davis.

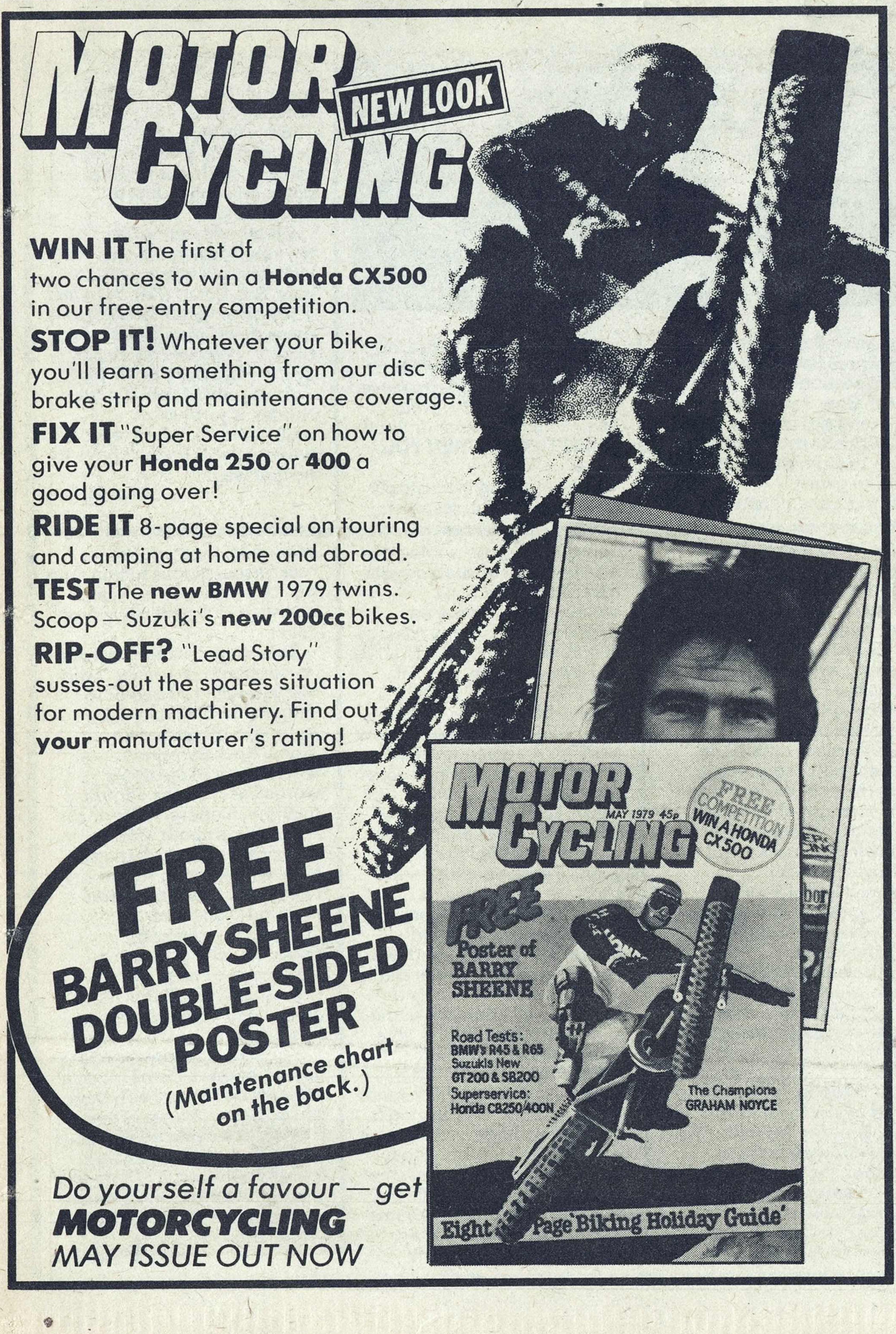
There's 23 fumbling, rummaging, tentative and crudely trimmed selections of noise, predominately created by two or three musicians — Solamar ever present — using acoustic guitars, violins, mandolins, harmonicas, percussion, cisterns, pianos, jawharps, phono-fiddles and voices. These swift snatches of spontaneity and playful probing, these intimate musical discussions, these unrefined doodlings were recorded on tap from 1971 to 1976, and are often oddly, endearingly folk based — there's constant melody and whimsy, albeit clipped and unqualified.

The value and justification of selling such abrasively insular music is — as the title cheekily implies — dubious. But it's certainly not a cynical or contemptuous ploy by the honest and objective Solamar. More, it's an innocous, mildly irritating indulgent experiment to see how people respond — actually listenable and enjoyable enough to transcend vigorous resent.

There is a perverse pleasure in what is nothing more than eavesdropping on a group of friends fiddling about. There is also a paradoxical idiocy in the casual audacity of a bunch af anonymous musicians releasing a record of extremely personal and rudimentary improvisations that were taped more than

Don't expect anything remotely resembling the sound of the Spherical Objects — but, maybe, continue the correspondence?

Paul Morley



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SCORPIONS
Lovedrive *(Harvest)*
Tokyo Tapes *(RCA)*

Those who refuse to bang their heads will be taken outside and shot.

Since "blitzkrieg" is one of the most favoured metaphors used by heavy metal reviewers, it's surprising that the Germans have taken so long to assert themselves in the HM stakes.

The Scorpions are going to be the next monster metal band. It's as pre-destined as their riffs. There's nothing in the least original about their music, and that's bound to work in their favour with the nation's metallurgists.

What they do possess is the energy and confidence of an act that realises its hour of glory has finally arrived. They do their Deep Purple pastiches with great confidence, as though they'd stumbled upon some entirely new musical form and were proudly showing it off.

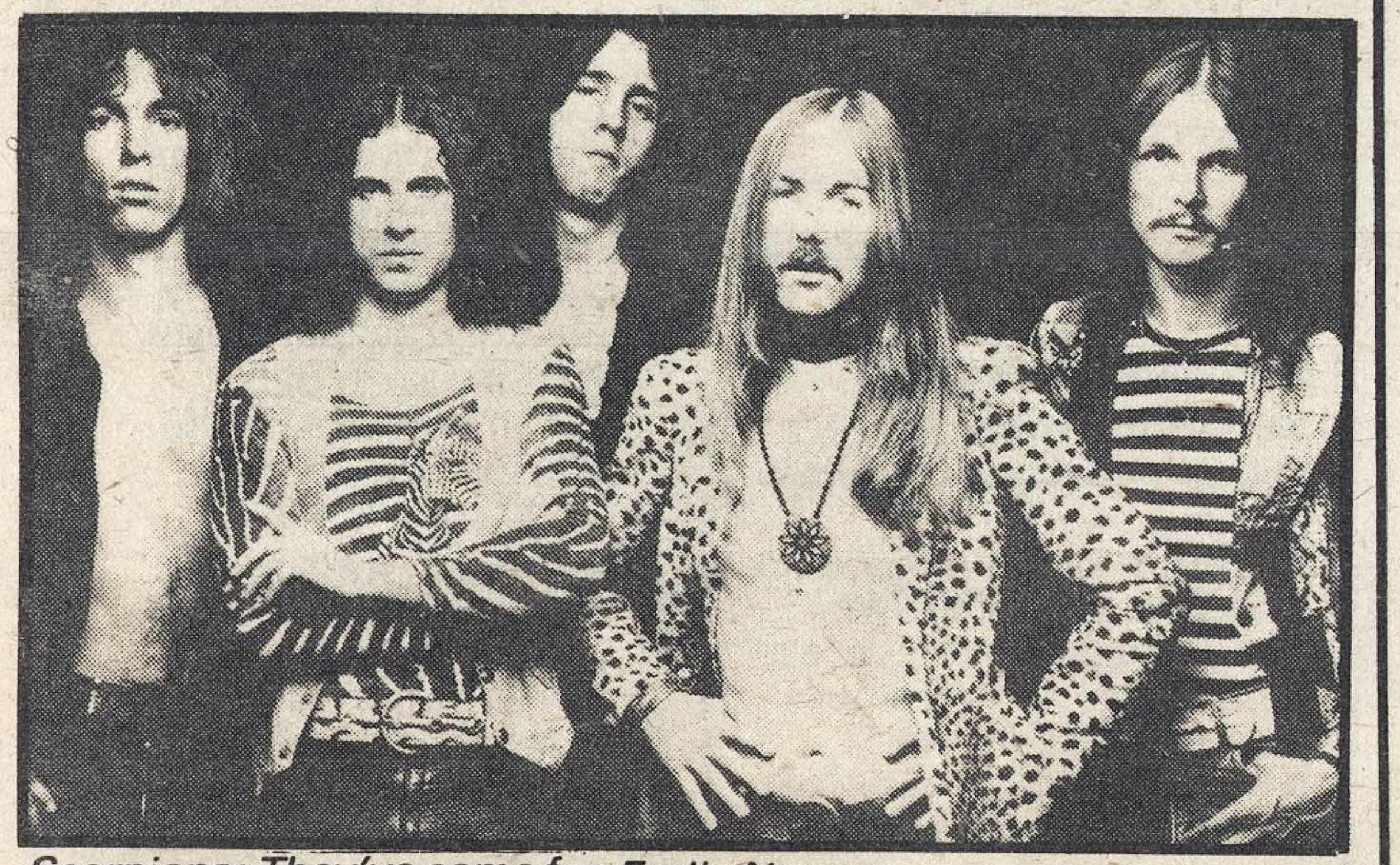
The 'Lovedrive' album's number one cranium crusher is 'Can't Get Enough', the side two opener, so fierce it makes Ted Nugent sound like his namesake Emily.

The HM hordes will turn out to see the Scorpions when they tour over here, partly because of their pedigree. Rhythm guitarist Rudolf Schenker is the brother of Michel of that ilk, until recently with UFO. Michel was originally a Scorpions member, and he's back with them for a few cuts on this album. Not that he's particularly needed.

If you want to cop a cheap sample of the band's style you'd do well to invest in the earlier 'Tokyo Tapes' double. Michel was nowhere in earshot on that one, but tracks like 'We'll Burn The Sky' and 'Suspender Love' (intellectual sort of band) are prime HM.

These guys make Generation X look like beginners.

Bob Edmands



Scorpions: They've come for Emily Nugent

CAFE JACQUES
International *(Epic)*

Two years in the wake of their impressive debut album 'Round The Back' (they laughed in the face of fashion) comes this assertive but less distinguished offering from the luminaries of Tiffany's, Edinburgh.

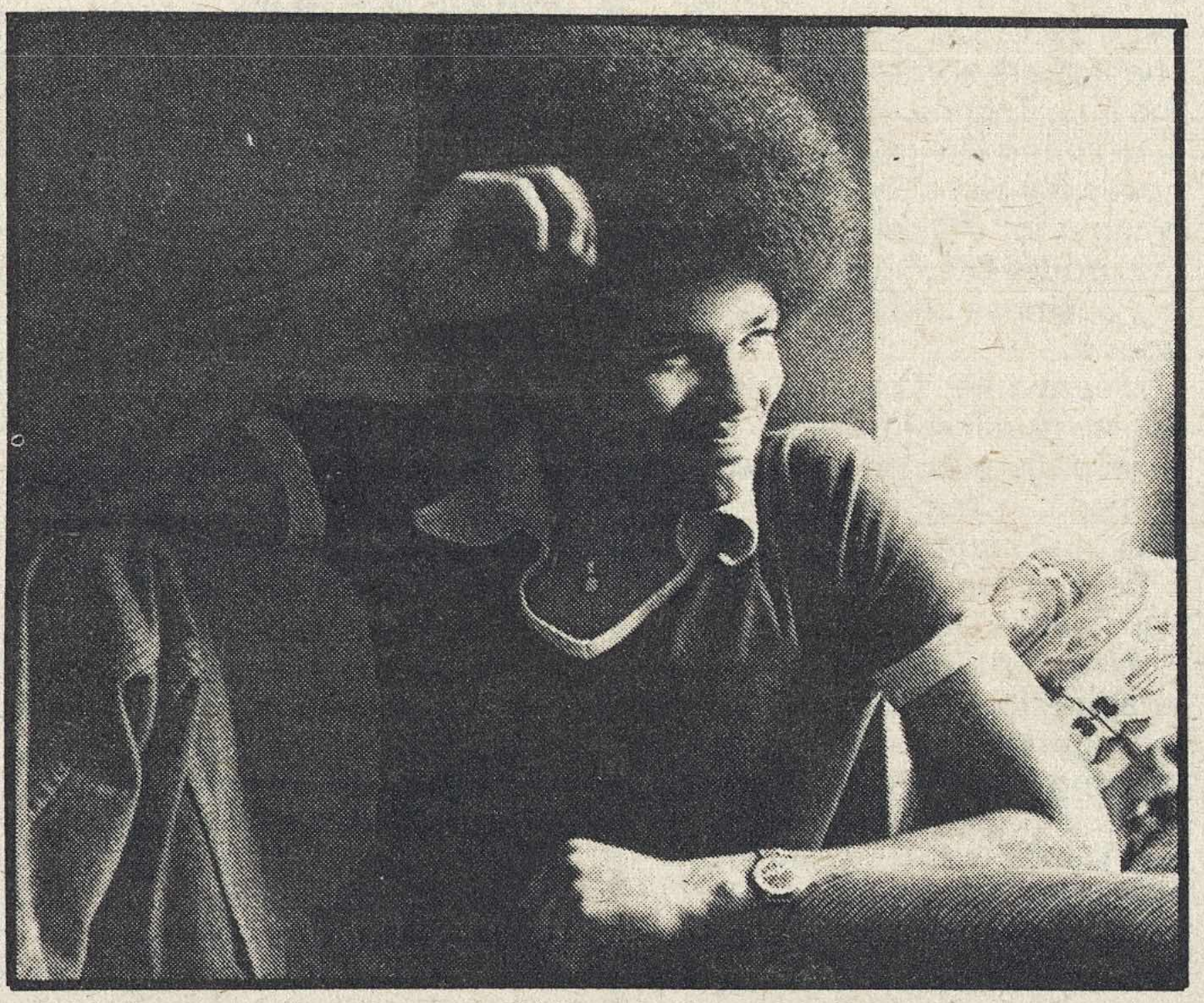
Conflicting forces swarm around a slightly modified direction. Had they decided solely to consolidate the first album's individual sound — a deceptively smooth, restrained funk/rock, intense without being overbearingly complex — the narrowness of scope would have been unavoidably bland. Instead they aim for a harder-hitting, emphatically rhythmic approach, losing an appealling air of detachment (despite more suitably mystical titles) and, at times, falling foul of the pitfalls that, originally, they'd so tastefully managed to sidestep.

The lavish, layered textures of 'Station Of Dreams' and 'Knife Edge' are less an atmospheric sheen than a disguise for the songs' listless and uncommonly plain structures. All too often — as in their most up-beat track, 'Can't Stand Still' — the measured, precise funk element leaves their dance rhythms sounding canned and static. Perversely, it's the fact that the band never let rip that's both their most distinctive quality and their greatest limitation.

With the exception of the seductive shuffle 'How Easy', the extravagant 'Boulevard Of Broken Dreams', and the unique 'Man In The Meadow' — one of the most sensual, mesmerising songs I've heard in a long while — the rest is uneven, and keeps to the thinly attractive side of unconvincing.

Cafe Jacques fit in that 'inventive, discursive and destined to be overlooked' bracket. The album that dropkicks them into another league will not be this one.

Mark Ellen



Mike O from Cafe Jacques: "What do they think of it so far, Joe?"

JOE SAMPLE
Carmel *(ABC)*

Joe Sample, perhaps best known as a member of elite group The Crusaders, is to be congratulated for continuing to create sophisticated modern jazz — non avant garde cadre — in a field populated by bubblegum charlatans and whoreson funk pseuds.

'Carmel',Sample's follow up to '78's hypnotic 'Rainbow Seeker', centres around a suite of seven pieces dedicated to that stretch of Californian coastline immortalised by John Steinbeck and the producers of avacado pears. Some of the numbers were previewed by Sample as a preface to The Crusaders' patchy tour of England last autumn. The suggestion then of a relative stalemate in the group's performance — and the fairly dire Wilton Felder solo album — has not detracted from 'Carmel', which is as different to its predecessor as a bona fide Crusaders disc usually is to its ancestors.

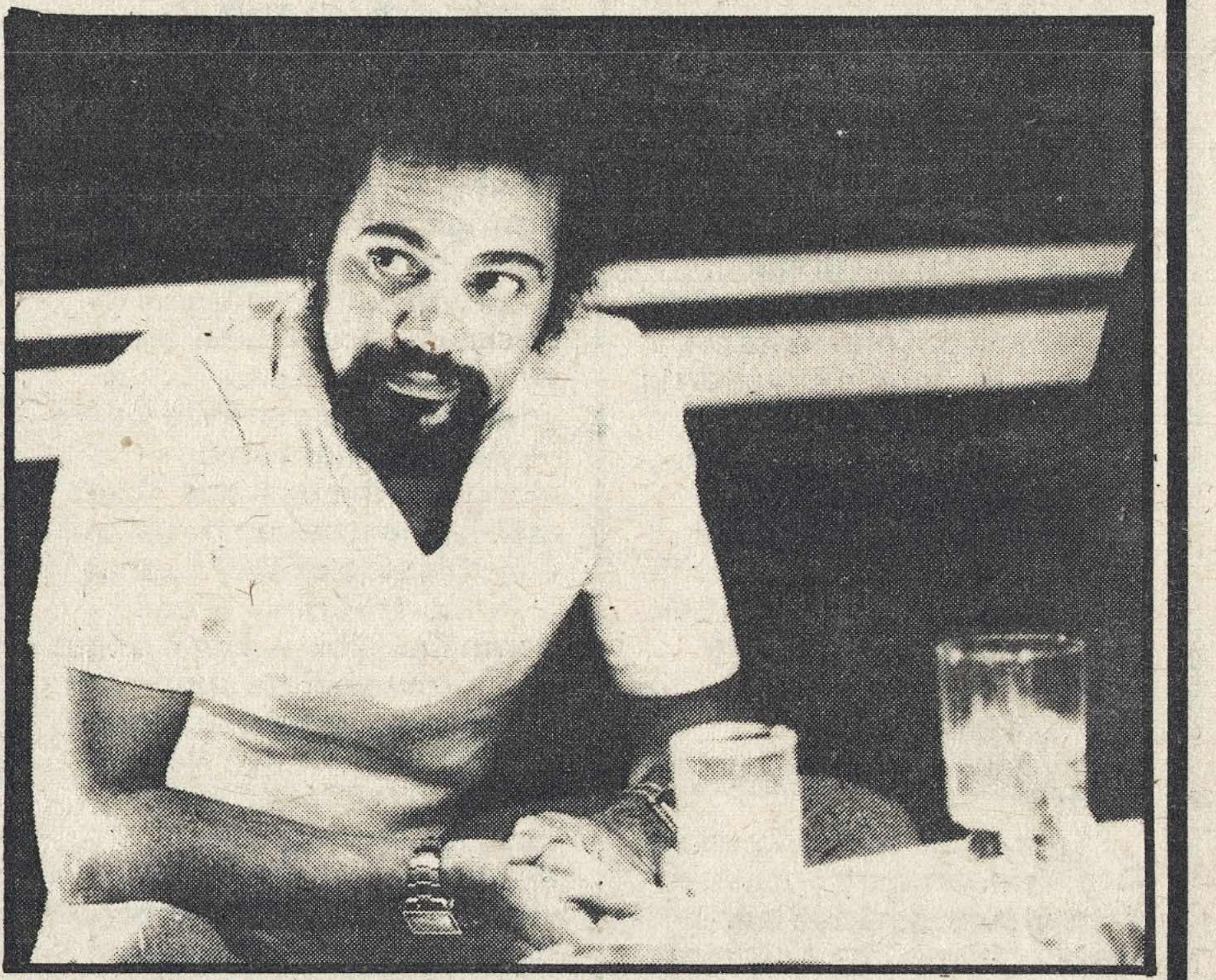
This time Sample eschews extra icing. There are no strings attached, the context is a basic four piece, and the man himself concentrates on acoustic piano, a notoriously difficult instrument to mark time upon. As a result 'Carmel' is far more bouncy and effervescent than 'Rainbow Seeker', which tended towards pleasant abstraction. Sample actually attacks with a grace and joyful flair not normally experienced when he relies on the Fender Rhodes, his acoustic playing thus assuming the prominent focal space in a set-up of sympathetic dimensions (which doesn't sound like a gaggle of overpaid side-men but musicians enjoying their work).

The enthusiasm for newly explored timbres and Sample's handling of specific subject matter can be heard in the title track, where a theme is suggested, picked up and elaborated upon in 'Paintings' and 'Cannery Row'. Certain phrases and elongated runs suggest Sample's obsession with a cluster of chords he's experimented with of late (notably, the reiteration of 'It Happens Every Day') but the settings are uptempo.

Sample reserves his reflective pieces for the closers on both sides. 'A Rainy Day In Monterey' conveys a feeling of solitary sentiment without being mawkish while 'More Beautiful Each Day' is a simple testimony to natural environment. 'Carmel' is a welcome addition to The Crusaders extraneous catalogue, dispelling the doubts of their Hammersmith blockage. It's no crossover/funk blow out either, simply Sample doing what he does best.

Fans of the man can investigate with pleasure.

Max Bell



Mr Sample (right): "Beats me, Kid."

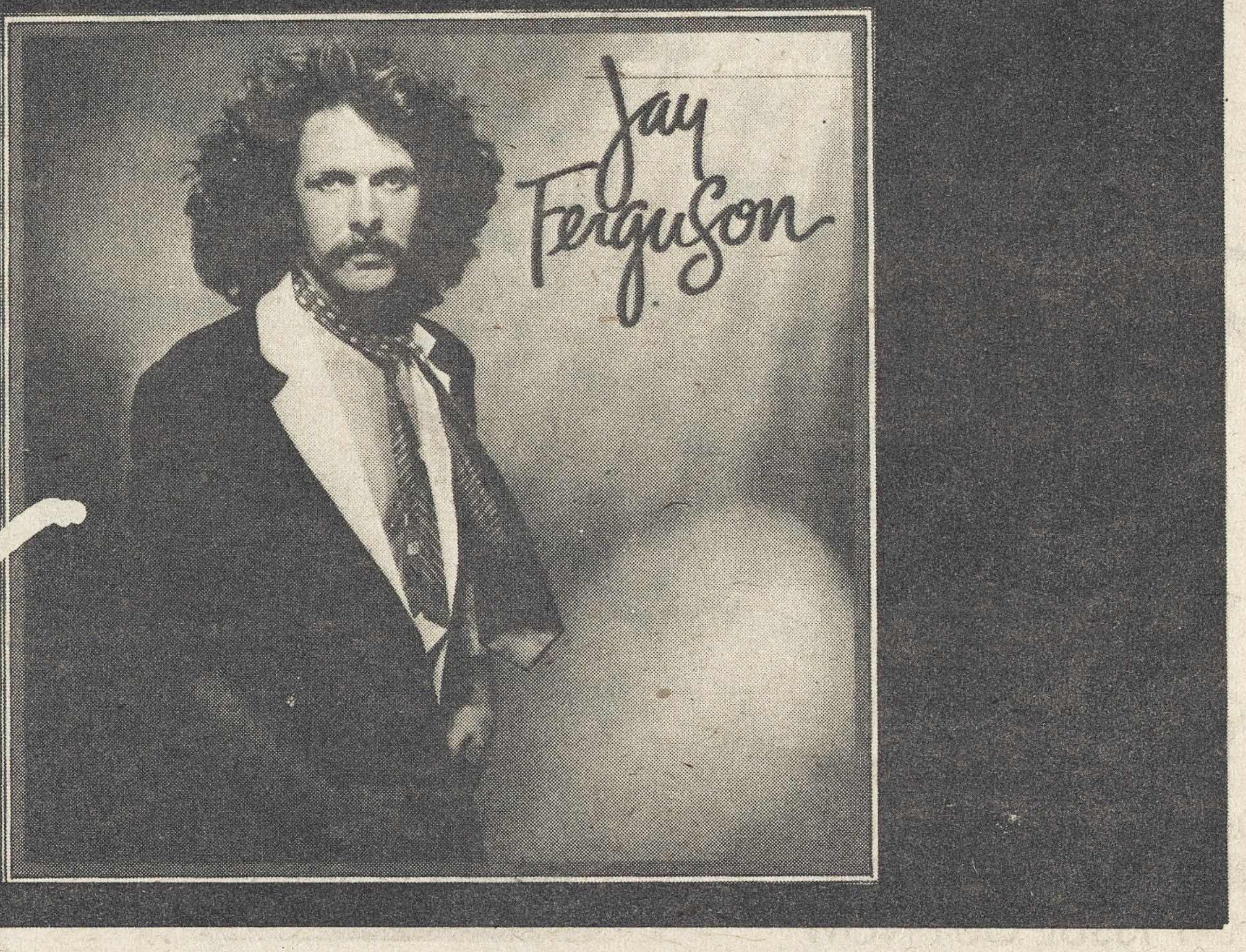
ONCE IN SPIRIT:
JAY FERGUSON ROCKS
IN PEACE.

Jay Ferguson, once alive in Spirit and now dead in earnest to find his own rock future with the new album 'Real Life Ain't This Way.'

"REAL LIFE AIN'T THIS WAY" K53086 Available on Asylum Records.

Jay Ferguson

asylum



Imports

Bearing the Wembley Festival in mind, this week's column comes to you stetsoned and dobro-happy.

Which is why pride of place goes to 'Hiding' (A&M), a solo album from **Albert Lee** that comes on like the greatest stand for things Western since Custer last put his boots on. Frankly, the whole situation is crazy. For the British C&W scene — give or take a Wes McGhee or two — is overbrimming with insipid, yawn your head off, Nashville MOR soundalikes. Yet, in Lee, we've produced one of the finest pickers to ever grace the world of hoedown and honky-tonk. Ironic, to say the least.

"I may look like a city slicker — but underneath I'm just a cotton-picker, pickin' out a mess o' blues," he proclaims on 'Country Boy', an opener that hurtles along with the velocity of a throttle-open Wabash Cannonball. And with the aid of ex-employer Emmylou and her Hot Band cohorts, he proceeds to prove his point, thereby producing an album that should do more for New Country than a whole wagonload of Dolly's disco delights.

Lee's title cut, sung in harmony with Don Everly, shapes up like the best Everly Brothers track since 'Love Is Strange', while the brace of home-brewed items — recorded in the company of Rockney unbeatables, along with one-time Head, Hands and Feet drummer Pete Gavin — will doubtless stand alongside the best that Texas and Tennessee can thrust our way this side of Michaelmas.

In short, 'Hiding' is one damn fine album. Get it or get out of town before sundown!

Jane Fricke, whose second CBS album — 'Love Notes' — is now in the racks, is the latest addition to the crossover country squad. A singer who has the distinction of being on a Presley record without actually recording with El — she helped lay down some backing tracks for Presley's last session and though he tacked on his lead vocal, his death occurred before everyone got together for the final overdubs — Fricke's obviously the kind of lady who likes to keep all her options open.

Prompted by erudite Nashville producer Billy Sherrill, she makes like Crystal Gayle, Tammy Wynette and even Barbra Streisand, hoping she'll spark somewhere along the line. Technically, she's got everything she needs and I guess it's just a case of waiting for *the* song before the model-like Fricke becomes big business and Hollywood bound.

Meanwhile, 'Love Notes' is just so much cold cream, pleasantly scented and quite hygienic — but hardly an essential commodity.

Better then to outlay your hard-earned loot on **Butch Robins'** 'Fragments Of My Imagination' (Rounder), a high-grade rock'n'bluegrass offering that features not only Robins' fine banjo-playing and Hartford-like vocals but also the multi-instrumental expertise of Sam Bush, whose Fender mandolin solo on a track titled 'Twelve O'clock, Eh Sonny' virtually melts the very vinyl it's pressed on.

Finally, a reminder that A&M are shortly to import copies of certain back-catalogue items, one of which being **The Flying Burrito's** 'Gilded Palace Of Sin', an album that contains some of Gram Parsons' most potent songs. The date to keep in mind is April 27.

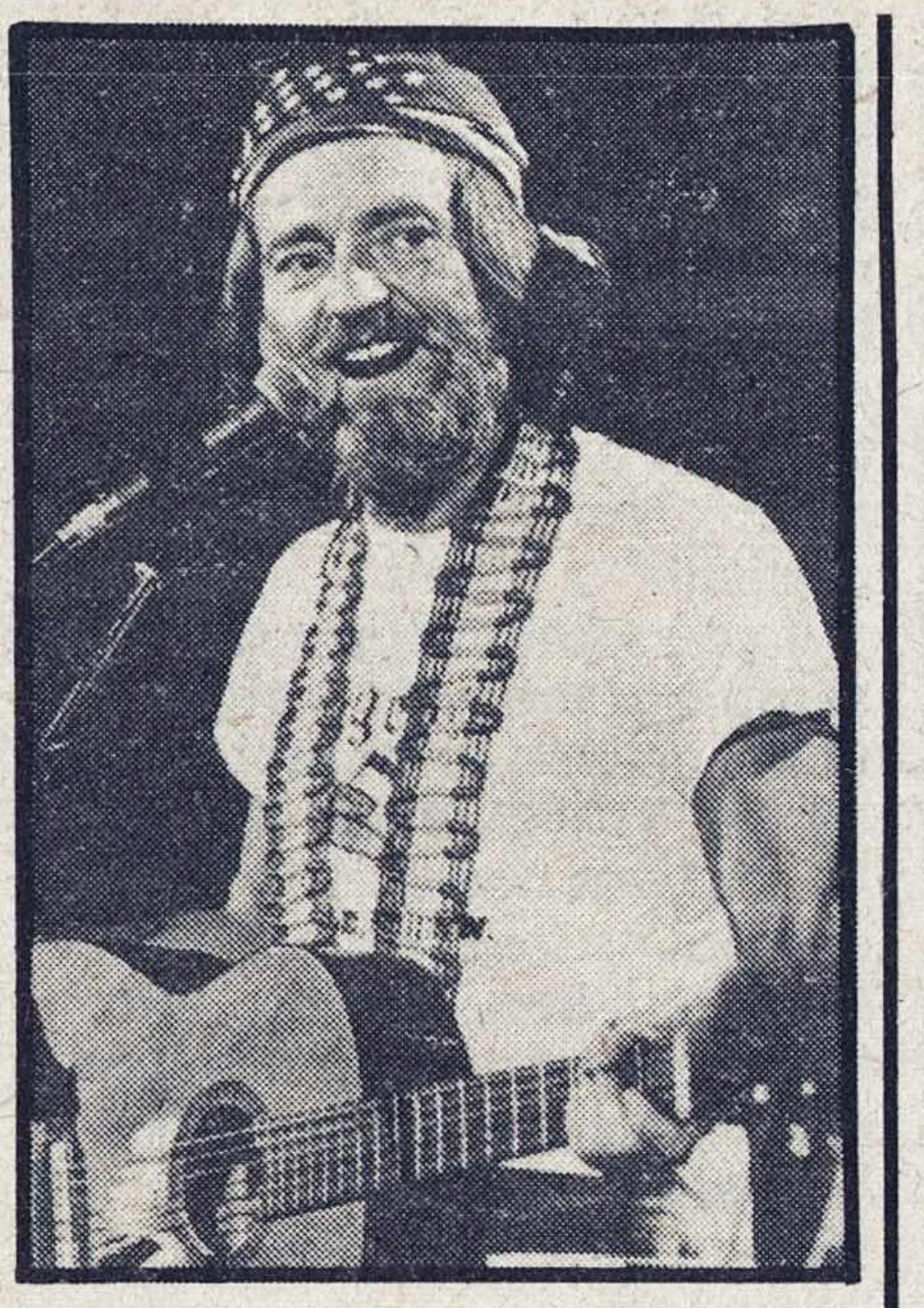
Fred Dellar

WILLIE NELSON
Willie and Family Live *(CBS)*
There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight *(United Artists)*

Along with Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson is one of the leaders of the so-called 'outlaw' movement in country music, and the suggestion is that this style has more integrity than the Nashville variety.

In fairness, the differences are immediately apparent. Nelson's supporting musicians could easily earn a living as a rock band, and there's not a single chime of pedal steel to be heard. At the same time, Nelson's vocals are somewhat rough and ready. He tends to grunt rather than sing his lyrics, which strive hard to be perceptive. In fact, it's true to say that Nelson serves up a mixture of gruntery and perception — which is certainly preferable to country and western.

Awkwardly, though, even he sounds at times as though it's become dull routine. He can intone a lyric like *"I'm drowning in a whisky river"* as though it has no meaning whatsoever.


Willie? Probably not

Whether his insights are any fresher or more valid than those of a million country singers before him is a moot point. Still, the CBS double live album is a generous offering of more than 30 songs. After four sides of this stuff, you feel you almost know what sort of after-shave Nelson wears. (A blend, no doubt, of sandalwood and Brut).

The UA collection, in contrast, is a bunch of schmaltzy oldies, heavily laden with strings and cocktail pianos. This suggests that even outlaws aren't born with gritty integrity. They have to acquire it.

If you think Willie Nelson is just Johnny Cash in drag, you may well be right.

Bob Edmands

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Banjoman *(Sire)*

The soundtrack to the film of the concert.

The gig was one honouring Earl Scruggs, the greatest banjo-picker to ever grace a Dylan (or any other) album. The Dirt Band did their all-join-in party pieces; Joan Baez trotted out the Dylan songbook for the umpteenth time; The Byrds performed 'Roll Over Beethoven' with some enthusiasm and 'Mr Tambourine Man' with less; Doc and Merle Watson did their usual, quite exemplary, country and blues thing; and Rambling Jack Elliott — who was suffering from severe laryngitis and only just about making it through the night — was recorded and granted album space, while Tracy Nelson's Mother Earth and David Bromberg — who, as far as I know, were as healthy as Henry Cooper at splash-on time — were not.

But it was Scruggs' night and his Revue (Earl, his three sons and drummer Jody Maphis) played the sort of triumphant bluegrass-rock befitting the occasion.

The album ain't bad then — but not really a patch on the live shot that The Scruggs Revue cut at the Austin City Limits TV show.

Fred Dellar

GORDON PAYNE
Gordon Payne *(A&M)*

Gordon Payne is an ordinary name but his record, first one down I guess, is pleasant. If it's also more than occasionally reminiscent of J. J. Cale, well, that's no big deal.

Jean Jacques, the Okie sloth, woke up long enough to co-produce (with Audie Ashworth) and even plays gittar on one cut. Believe me, that adds up to a whole year's work for Cale whose own follow up to 'Troubadour' is lost in action and sorely missed, despite the fact that it's been finished for months and merely requires the yea from yon great man himself; but 'til Shelter up Cale's ante you can keep waiting.

Back to Gordon. He has the backing (Karl Himmel, Joe Osborn, Jerry Carrigan) that is naturally bred in Tennessee. He is the provider of lyrical touches both witty and neat, and he wears a balladeer hat that don't fall off.

So now, Tom Waits scribbled his ballpoint over a Payne melody — 'Red Light/Fumblin' The Blues' — and the whimsical Randy Scruggs (you remember Randy Scruggs) slips in some bars of itchy electric flat top. All kinda fun.

Funkier folks might prefer 'Down On Love' (sounds like 'Lies') or the Wayne Jackson-Andrew Love Memphis big sound into Alabama raunch of 'Oklahoma Posse'. Then again, there's black humour for black folks on 'Blackmail' and white humour for rednecks on 'Go Ask Her' and 'Bare Naked'. Something for everyone really.

Gordon Payne is no firelighter but he knows what he can do and expresses himself like a gentleman and a scholar.

It's Spring music — fresh, invigorating, all that stuff.

Max Bell

Virgin
COWBOYS
INTERNATIONAL
AFTERMATH
SINGLE
OUT NOW

THINGS
YOUR
MOTHER
NEVER
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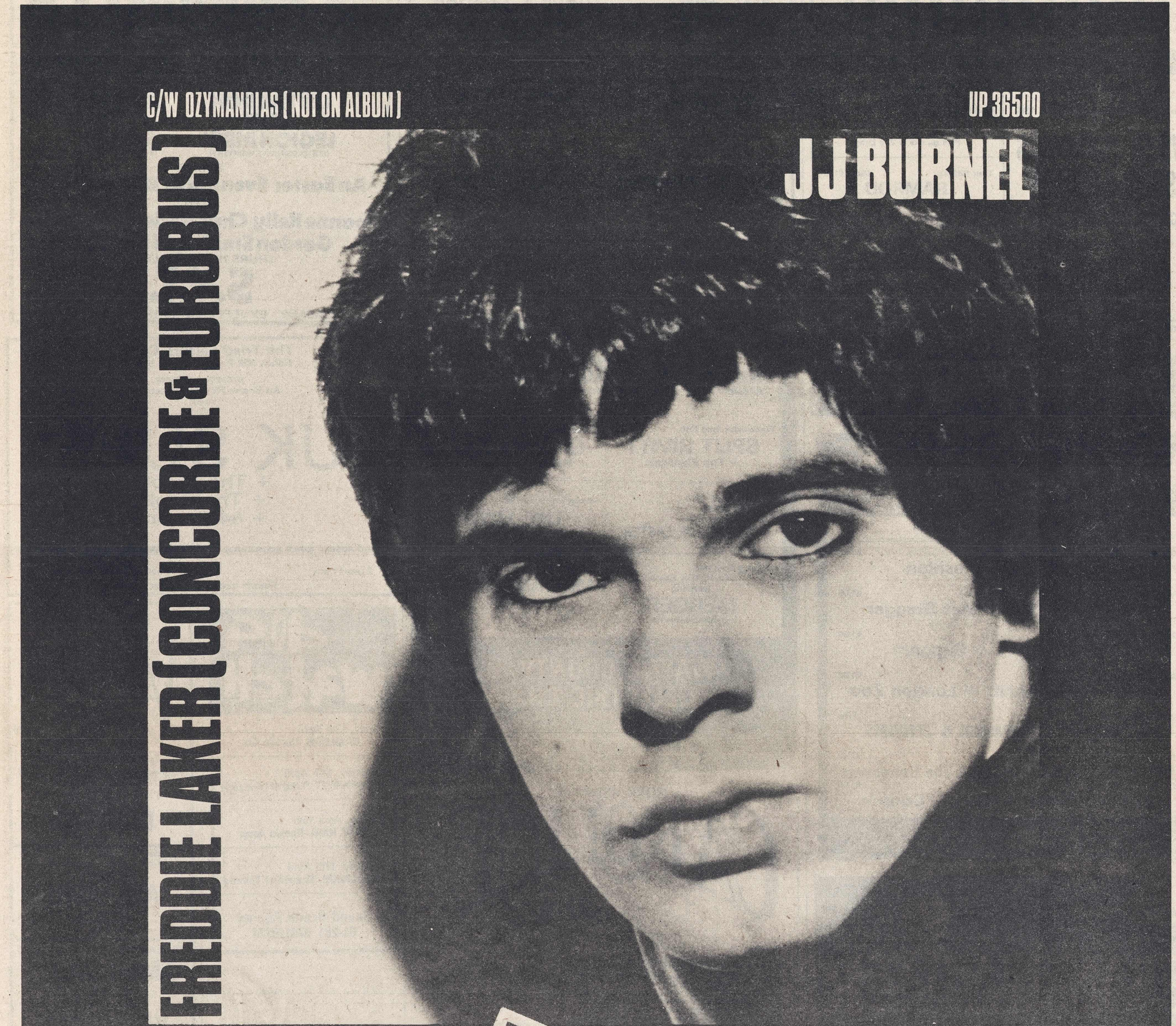
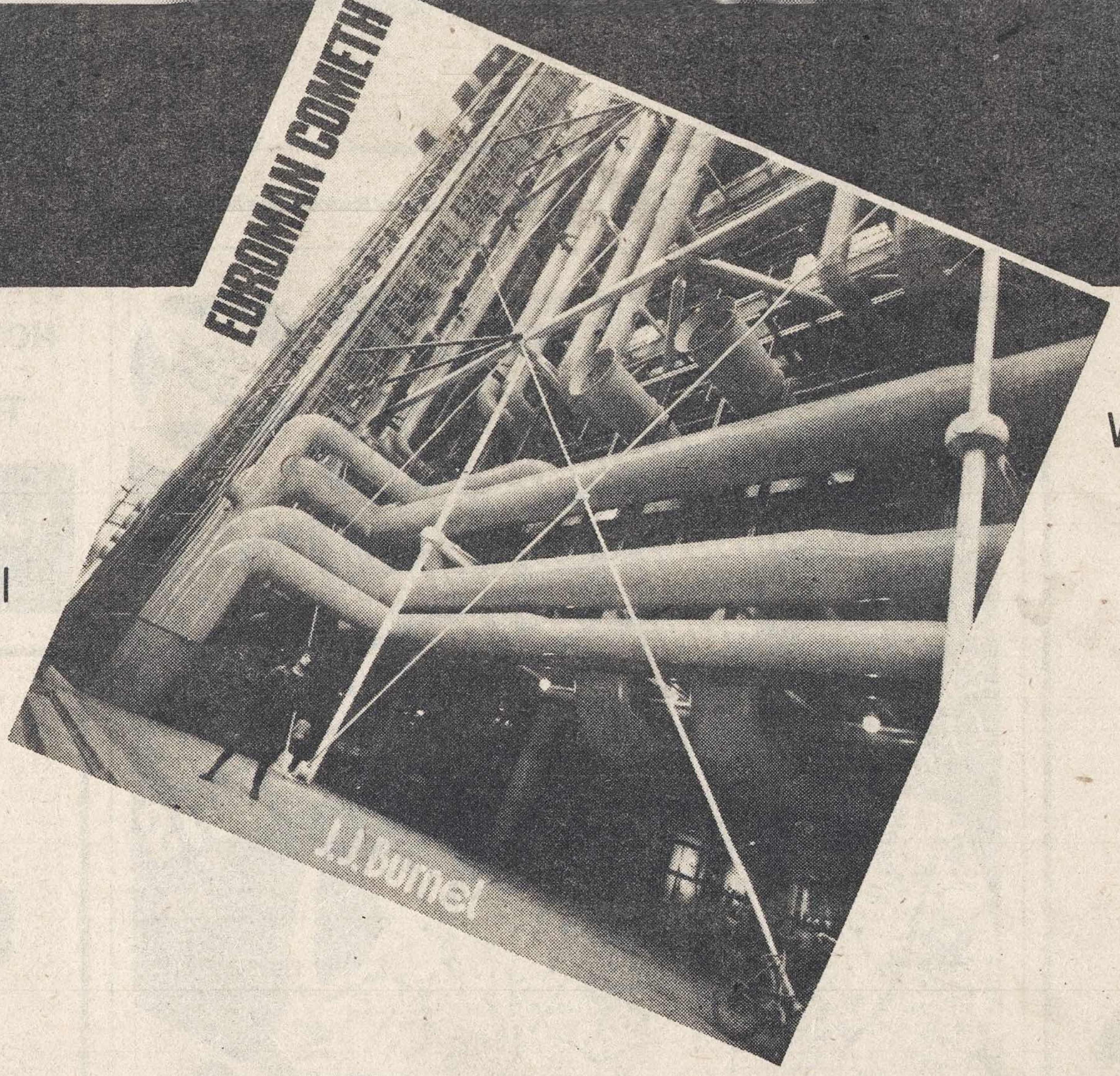
YOU

THE SOLO SINGLE FROM J.J. BURNEL


C/W OZYMANDIAS (NOT ON ALBUM)
UP 36500
JJ BURNEL
FREDDIE LAKER (CONCORDE & EUROBUS)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Sat 21st BRIGHTON Dome
Sun 22nd BRISTOL Locarno
Mon 23rd CANTERBURY Odeon
Tue 24th PORTSMOUTH Locarno
Wed 25th HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion
Thur 26th NEWCASTLE Mayfair
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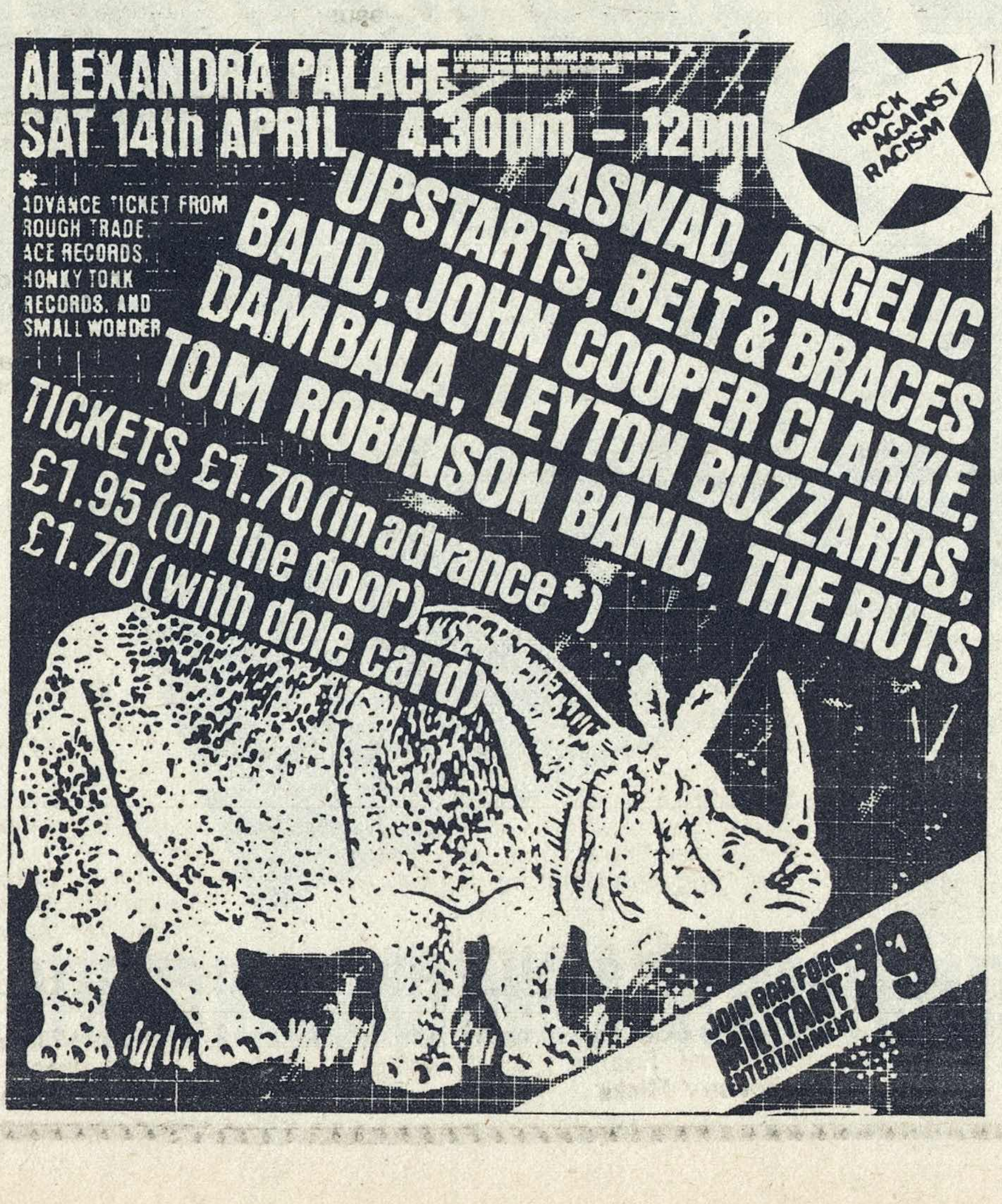

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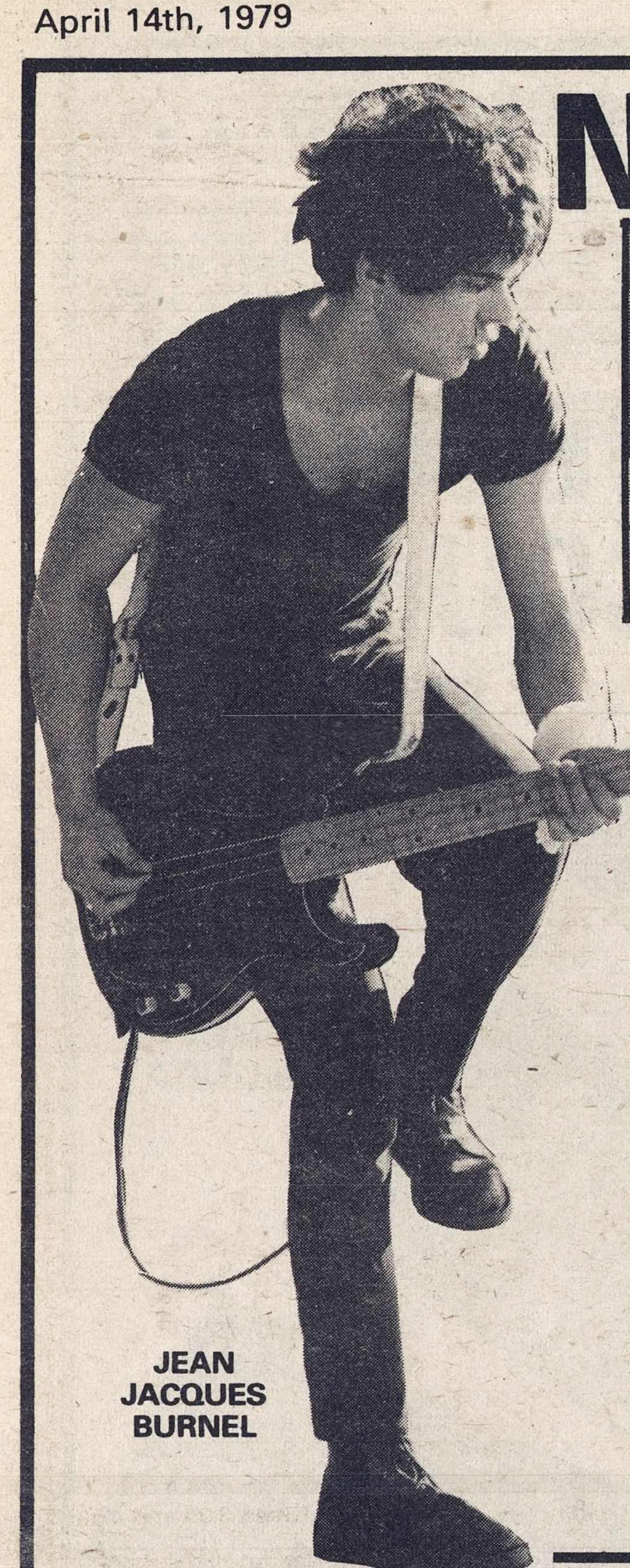
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



JEAN JACQUES BURNEL

PLANXTY

HOWARD DEVOTO of Magazine

What's on this week

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL *of The Stranglers sets out on his much-publicised solo tour this week, to aid promotion of his upcoming solo album 'Euroman Cometh'. You can see how he shapes up to the challenge at Blackburn (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Derby (Wednesday).*

MAGAZINE *are also on the trail, coinciding with the release of their latest Virgin LP 'Secondhand Daylight'. Supported by Scottish band Simple Minds, they open at Malvern (Monday), Blackburn (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).*

PLANXTY, *one of the most successful mass-appeal folk groups ever, mark their reunion by way of a comeback tour kicking off at London (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). They're still featuring the original line-up of Christy Moore, Liam O'Flynn, Donal Lunny and Andy Irvine, plus new man Matt Molloy.*

PLAYERS ASSOCIATION *are over from the States to celebrate their debut in both the LP and singles charts here, and they're in action at Salford (Sunday), Blackpool (Monday) and Brighton (Tuesday).*

MARTY ROBBINS *plays the Country Music Festival on Saturday (see next page), then sets out on his own concert tour. The veteran singer headlines at Norwich (Sunday), Ipswich (Monday), Aberdeen (Tuesday) and Middlesbrough (Wednesday).*

THE THREE DEGREES *have become increasingly popular in Britain, thanks to their seal of approval from you-know-who. And they're cashing in by way of a concert tour taking them to Manchester (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Blackpool (Monday) and Dundee (Wednesday).*

TOYAH *is the name of the band fronted by that very exciting young lady Toyah Wilcox. And to celebrate their signing to Safari Records, they're out on their first major tour, calling at Leeds (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Dumfries (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and York (Wednesday).*

- *The main one-off events of the week are* ***JAPAN*** *at London Rainbow and* ***PATTI LABELLE*** *at London The Venue (both on Thursday);* ***TOM ROBINSON BAND*** *topping the big RAR gala at Alexandra Palace (Saturday); and* ***VIV STANSHALL*** *at London Drury Lane (Wednesday).*

Pictured below: TOYAH

Thursday

Birmingham (Hall Green) The Haven: **Reno**
Birmingham Jazz Society: **Al Grey/Tony Coe**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Roger Whittaker**
Blackburn Kaleidoscope: **Direct Hits**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Interference**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Motorhead-/Girls School**
Bristol Students Union: **John Cooper Clarke/Merger / The X-Certs / U.K. Subs**
Burntwood Troubador: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Acker Bilk Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Fashion**
Chesterfield The Fusion: **Stray Kat**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Ocean Boulevard**
Coventry Hope & Anchor: **Urge**
Croydon Ashcroft Theatre: **'Godspell' (until April 21)**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **Throbbing Gristle/Pre-De**
Dublin Stadium: **Lou Reed**
Glasgow The Amphora: **Underhand Jones**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Piranhas**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Quartz**
Harrow The Havelock: **The Chevrons**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Derek Brimstone**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Ilfracombe Talk of the Town: **The Damned**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **John Miles**
Leeds Fan Club: **Toyah**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Snoots**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Deadringer**
Liverpool Eric's: **Doll By Doll**
Liverpool (Huyton) The Bluebell: **Lies All Lies**
London Acton Town Hall: **The Ruts/Exodus/The Satellites**
London Brixton Canterbury Arms: **The Weak Heart Drops**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Voice Squad**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Realists**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Dog Watch**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Addix**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Shader**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Beast**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Newtown Neurotics/The Veins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Inmates**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Police**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor/Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/The Tools**
London Maunkberry's: **Viola Wills**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Prince Far I/Bim Sherman/Prince Hammer/Creation Rebel**
London Paddington Western Counties: **The Flexible Dustbins**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Japan**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Rockhouse/Little Tony & The Tennessee Rebels**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington The Pegasus: **The Psychedelic Furs/The Leopards**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Zilch**
London Twickenham Turks Head: **Ego**
London Victoria The Venue: **Patti Labelle**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Bucks Band**
Manchester Russell Club: **Zyclon B.**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Mean Street Dealers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Warm Jets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham The Bodega: **Art Failure**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Barry Andrews**
Poole Empire Hall: **Tours**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Gentleman Soldier-/Pat Ryan**
Sheffield Northern General Hospital: **The Press**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Elton John**
Southport Arts Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
St. Helens Glassbridge Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Kate Bush**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **Juke Box Express**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: **Frankie Miller's Full House/Flicks**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **The Wild Angels**
Wigan Casino: **Wild Horses**

Friday

Aylesbury Stone Hall: **Disco Students**
Basildon Double Six: **Dog Watch**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Spring Offensive**
Bognor Sussex Hotel: **Double Xposure**
Bridlington Cock & Lion: **Whitefire**
Brighton Bombay Bar: **Devil's Dykes/The Parrots/Woody & The Splinters**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Strider**
Burton 76 Club: **Simple Minds**
Camberley Ragamuffins: **The Bumpers**
Chester Arts Centre: **Head**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Nightrider**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Kate Bush**
Etchingham Arms: **John Thomas**
Farnworth Veterans Club: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots**
Haithwaite The Victoria: **The Shades**
Hanley The Place: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Scottish Monos**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Hedgehog Pie**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Shots**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Side Effect**
Leicester Union Club: **Matchbox**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Brixton A Little Bit Ritzy: **Linton Kwesi Johnson**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Warm Jets**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Scandal**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Crooks**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Psychedelic Furs/The Out Patients**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Plumpstead Green Man: **First Aid**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **The Realists**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The VIP's/The Agents**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Motorhead/Nutz/Girls School**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **More Than Science**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jimmy James & The Vagabonds**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419/Bank of Dresden**
London Westminster The Tower: **Flying Saucers**
Manchester The Factory: **Doll by Doll**
Manchester Russell Club: **Toyah**
Newport The Village: **The Cruisers**
Nottingham Club Malibou: **Supercharge**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Medium Medium**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Angel Street**
Poynton Folk Festival: **Sam Sherry/Ticklers Jam/Earl Okin/Johnny Collins/Bob Fox and Stu Luckley/Wayland Smithy/Marie Little/Tom Shepley's Band and many others (for three days)**
Sheffield Colley Club: **Strange Days**
Southampton Jazz Society: **Al Grey/Tony Coe**
Uxbridge Unit One: **F.U.X.**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Jameson Raid**
Worcester The Retreat: **Big Nose Band**
Worthing The Balmoral: **El Seven**

Saturday

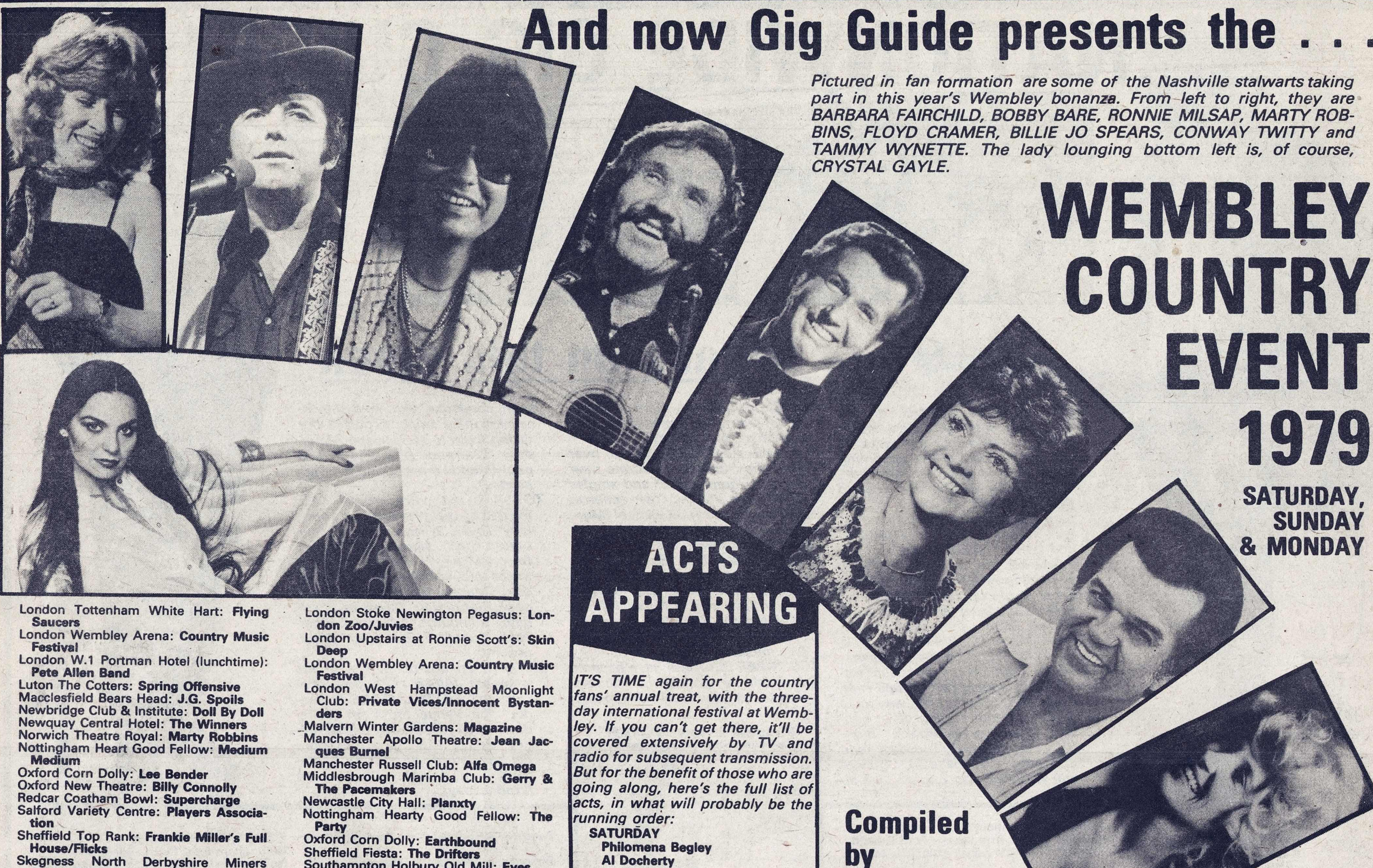
Andover Country Bumpkin: **High Flames**
Aylesbury Friars: **Frankie Miller's Full House / Flicks**
Beaconsfield Jubilee Hall: **The Ladykillers / Vermin**
Birkenhead The Galaxy: **Quartz**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Doll By Doll**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Dawnbreaker**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Moth**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Tours**
Brighton The Vault: **Fan Club / Chicane / Docile Dan**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Elton John**
Bromsgrove The Hopwood: **The Clinic**
Cannock The Moonraker: **Ocean Boulevard**
Canterbury Marlowe Theatre: **Heathcliffe**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Lies All Lies**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **The Rockin' Devils**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Vesuvius**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Private Partz**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Sore Throat**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Diane Solomon**
Drybrook (Forest of Dean) Rugby Club: **Rotavators**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Supercharge**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Thin Lizzy / The Vipers**
Harlow Rugby Club: **The Crooks**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **U.K. Subs / Teen Beats / 4th Reich**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Bucks Band**
Ipswich Royal William: **Boy Bastin**
Ipswich Tracey's: **Light Of The World**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Minotaur**
Leeds Pack Horse Inn: **Tobias**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Red Eye**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Vye**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Damned / Toyah**
London Alexandra Palace: **Tom Robinson Band / The Leyton Buzzards / Aswad / The Angelic Upstarts / The Ruts / John Cooper Clarke / Dambala / Belt & Braces Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ramrod / Sussex**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Amber**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **The Lightning Raiders / The Heroes**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Flying Saucers**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Dog Watch**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Too Much**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey / Tony Coe**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **More Than Science**
London Wembley Arena: **Country Music Festival**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Monochrome Set / The Soul Boys**
Maidstone Ditton Community Centre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Manchester De La Salle College: **Geisha Girls**
Merstham Village Hall: **John Thomas / The Escalators**
Morecambe Central Pier: **Matchbox / Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Limelight**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Fall / The Shapes**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Tours**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Roger Whittaker**
Reading Target Club: **Earthbound**
Retford Porterhouse: **Scandal**
Sleaford RAF Conningsby: **Strange Days**
Southampton The Saints: **Nightrider**
St Albans City Hall: **John Miles / Bandit**
Stevenage The Swan: **64 Spoons**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Withernsea Eldon Five Club: **The Cruisers**

Sunday

Barnoldswick Stork Majestic: **Mistress**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Exit (lunchtime)/Ted Beament Trio (evening)**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Roger Whittaker**
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: **Bitch**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Elton John**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Buckhurst Hill The Roebuck: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Burnley Bankhall Club: **Gerry & The Pacemakers**
Cheltenham Plough Hotel: **Richard Digance**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Vesuvius**
Cleethorpes Bunny Club: **Freddie Cole**
Crawley The White Knight: **The Little Jimmies**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **Toyah**
Farncombe Three Lions: **The Vapors**
Glasgow Apollow Centre: **Thin Lizzy/The Vipers**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Alleged and support**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Jean-Jacques Burnel**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Underhand Jones**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The City Limits**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
London Acton Kings Head: **Strange Fruit**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Small Hours**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Paul Jones / Chris Yulden / Jo-Ann Kelly / Gordon Smith, etc.**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: The V.I.P.s
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Planxty**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Scandal**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Barry Ford Band/London Zoo**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Charles Brown**
London Paddington Q Club: **High Flames**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London S.E.1 Duke of Clarence (lunchtime): **Belt & Braces Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **U.K. Subs**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

And now Gig Guide presents the . . .



Pictured in fan formation are some of the Nashville stalwarts taking part in this year's Wembley bonanza. From left to right, they are BARBARA FAIRCHILD, BOBBY BARE, RONNIE MILSAP, MARTY ROBBINS, FLOYD CRAMER, BILLIE JO SPEARS, CONWAY TWITTY and TAMMY WYNETTE. The lady lounging bottom left is, of course, CRYSTAL GAYLE.

WEMBLEY COUNTRY EVENT 1979

SATURDAY,
SUNDAY
& MONDAY

ACTS APPEARING

IT'S TIME again for the country fans' annual treat, with the three-day international festival at Wembley. If you can't get there, it'll be covered extensively by TV and radio for subsequent transmission. But for the benefit of those who are going along, here's the full list of acts, in what will probably be the running order:

SATURDAY
- **Philomena Begley**
- **Al Docherty**
- **Gloria**
- **Nancy Peppers**
- **Poacher**
- **The Duffy Brothers**
- **Billy Armstrong**
- **Hank Williams' Original Drifting Cowboys**
- **Boxcar Willie**
- **Dottsy**
- **Hank Locklin**
- **Freddie Hart**
- **Ronnie Prophet**
- **Billie Jo Spears**
- **Marty Robbins**

SUNDAY
- **Ken & Billie Ford**
- **Ray Lynam**
- **Frank Yonco & The Superglades**
- **Jeannie Denver**
- **Jana Jae**
- **Don Gibson**
- **Buddy Emmons**
- **Floyd Cramer**
- **Charlie McCoy**
- **Vernon Oxford**
- **Barbara Fairchild**
- **Freddie Fender**
- **Moe Bandy**
- **Ronnie Milsap**
- **Tammy Wynette**

MONDAY
- **Suzanne Klee**
- **Lonnie Donegan**
- **Sleepy La Beef**
- **Laney Smallwood**
- **Raymond Froggatt**
- **Randy Barlow**
- **Joe Stampley**
- **The Mercey Brothers**
- **Jim & Jesse & The Virginia Boys**
- **Mickey Newbury**
- **Bobby Bare**
- **Conway Twitty**
- **Crystal Gayle**

Compiled by DEREK JOHNSON

London Tottenham White Hart: **Flying Saucers**
London Wembley Arena: **Country Music Festival**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Pete Allen Band**
Luton The Cotters: **Spring Offensive**
Macclesfield Bears Head: **J.G. Spoils**
Newbridge Club & Institute: **Doll By Doll**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Marty Robbins**
Nottingham Heart Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Lee Bender**
Oxford New Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Supercharge**
Salford Variety Centre: **Players Association**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Frankie Miller's Full House/Flicks**
Skegness North Derbyshire Miners Camp: **Exodus**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Bannockburn Tartan Hall: **Rokotto**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Coach & Horses: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **James Last Orchestra**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **U.K. Subs/The Crooks/The Books/64 Spoons/Scandal**
Blackpool Opera House: **The Three Degrees**
Blackpools Tiffany's: **Players Association**
Bradford Metro Inn: **Anniversary**
Bristol Locarno: **Frankie Miller's Full House/Flicks**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Prince Far I/Bim Sherman/Prince Hammer/Creation Rebel**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Delegation**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Yakety Yak-/Shades/Shazam/The Cruisers/Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Coatbridge The Beechwood: **Underhand Jones**
Corby Nags Head: **Vesuvius**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Roger Whittaker**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Thin Lizzy/The Vipers**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Toyah**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Marty Robbins**
Kingston The Noise Factory (at Grove Tavern): **Staa Marx/Glaxo Babies**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
Liverpool Eric's: **Supercharge**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scandal**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Chords/Secret Affair**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **J.O.W. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Interview**
London Marquee Club: **Wild Horses**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: **John Vennick**
London Palladium: **Kate Bush**
London Putney Half Moon: **Alex Campbell**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Burl Ives**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **'Wild Man' Tony Conn/Matchbox/Flying Saucers/The Wild Angels/The Spades/Dynamite**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **London Zoo/Juvies**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Skin Deep**
London Wembley Arena: **Country Music Festival**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Private Vices/Innocent Bystanders**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Magazine**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
Manchester Russell Club: **Alfa Omega**
Middlesbrough Marimba Club: **Gerry & The Pacemakers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Planxty**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Earthbound**
Sheffield Fiesta: **The Drifters**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Eyes**
Southend Minerva: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Swansea Grand Theatre: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators (for a week)**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Marty Robbins**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mackadown Hotel: **Gerry and The Pacemakers**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishop Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Lee Bender**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Magazine**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Frankie Miller's Full House/Flicks**
Bransgrove Saddle Bars: **Tours**
Brentwood Youth Centre: **Richard Digance**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Little Jimmies**
Brighton Top Rank: **Players Association**
Cannock Star & Garter: **Ocean Boulevard**
Coventry Barrass Heath Hotel: **The Shades**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Eastbourne (Normans Bay) The Star: **Shakedown**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Planxty**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Mr Smith**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Underhand Jones**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Billy Connolly**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Pathetix**
Leicester Jazz Society: **Al Grey/Tony Coe**
Liverpool Eric's: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: **Zilch**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bobby Henry**
London Camden Music Machine: **Girls School/First Aid/The Stoat**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sharpe-Hunter**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bumpers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The 'Ooligans**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **The O.K. Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Carpettes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **64 Spoons**
London Marquee Club: **Wild Horses**
London Maunkberry's: **Viola Wills**
London Palladium: **Kate Bush**
London Royal Albert Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Barnes Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ruts/Brain Surgeons**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Peter Ind Trio**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Inmates/The Chords**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Spherical Objects/Grow Up/Picture Chords**
Oldham Romeo & Juliet: **Delegation**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Angel Street**
Oxford New Theatre: **Elton John**
Plymouth Tops Club: **The Fall**
Preston Guildhall: **Thin Lizzy/The Vipers**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **John Miles-/Bandit**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Toyah**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **Vesuvius**
Wallsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Del Bromham Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham The Haven: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Take Away**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fischer-Z**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Theatre: **Elton John**
Dawlish Grand Hotel: **The Fall**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Jean Jacques Burnel**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Lies All Lies**
Dundee Caird Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Farnham Memorial Hall: **The Vapors**
Great Yarmouth Wheels: **Boy Bastin**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **Marital Aids**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **The Damned**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Tragic Minds**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Stranded**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Billy Connolly**
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: **Planxty**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy St. John**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Flys**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Tickets**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Politicians**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Random Hold**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Viv Stanshall**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Puritans**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
London Ilford Oscar's: **London Zoo**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Interview**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Billie Jo Spears**
London Marquee Club: **Doll By Doll**
London Maunkberry's: **Dana Gillespie**
London Palladium: **Kate Bush**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Royal Albert Hall: **James Last Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey / Tony Coe**
London Southall White Hart: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tour De Force / Gnasher**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Little Jimmies**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Peter Ind Trio**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Girls School / The Piranhas**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Manchester Ashton Birch Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Manchester Bowden Vale Club: **The Passage**
Manchester The Phoenix: **Whitefire**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Marty Robbins**
Mirfield Long Bar Hotel: **Snoots**
Newcastle Madison: **Rokotto (for four days)**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oldham Romeo & Juliet: **Delegation**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Bank Of Dresden**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **John Miles / Bandit**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Softies / The Photos**
Reading Target Club: **Disco Students**
Salisbury City Hall: **Wild Horses**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Mike Absalom**
Sheffield City Hall: **Thin Lizzy / The Vipers**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Magazine**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Tunstall Town Hall: **The Accelerators**
York Pop Club: **Toyah**

★ LIVE PAGE ★
For details of advertising
Ring Brian B
on 01-261 6153

A. J's CLUB
High Street, Lincoln
Tel: 30874
Friday April 13th
PSEUDO EXISTERS
+ EXCESS ENERGY
Doors open 8 p.m.

ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

REBEL APPEARING AT
Thursday April 12th
BRIDGE HOUSE CANNING TOWN
Friday April 13th
VAN GOGH BAR RAMSGATE, KENT
ROCKA SHOCKA
C/W
DRIFT AWAY NEW SINGLE
BRIDGE HOUSE RECORDS

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, N.16
Thursday April12th 50p
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
+ LEOPARDS
Friday April 13th 50p
V.I.P.s + THE AGENTS
Saturday April 14th 75p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday April 15th CLOSED
Monday April 16th Free
LONDON ZOO + JOOBIES
Tuesday April 17th Free
THE RUTS
+ BRAIN SURGEONS
Wednesday April 18th Free
TOUR DE FORCE
+ GNASHER

EARTHBOUND
would like to announce the arrival of a 7" robot, which can be seen at:
Sat 14 April
Target, Reading
Mon 16 April
Corn Dolly, Oxford
Fri 20 April
Hop Poles, Enfield
ARCHWAY ENTERTAINMENTS
01-203 4632
Earthbouncers Club:
Stella 01-444 7768

LIVE PAGE

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE
MEMBERS
THE MEKONS
THE INMATES
LYCEUM
STRAND WC2
SUNDAY 29TH APRIL at 7.30
Tickets £2.50 (inc. VAT). Advance Lyceum Box Office, Tel. 836 3715. London Theatre Bookings. Tel. 439 3371. Premier Box Office, Tel. 240, 2245, or Rock on Records, 3 Kentish Town Rd., NW1. Tel. 485 5088.

TOYAH
THE RESURRECTION '79 TOUR
April
12th Leeds Fan Club
13th Manchester Russell Club
14th Liverpool Erics
15th Dumfries The Stagecoach
16th Edinburgh Tiffanys
17th Sheffield Limit Club
18th York Pop Club
19th Birmingham Barbarellas
20th West Runton Pavilion
21st London Music Machine
Something Special coming soon on Safari Records
Tour booked by MAM Agency

ASTORIA THEATRE
01-439 8031 01-734 4291
JACK GOOD'S
Sunday April 1st. Sunday April 8th. Sunday April 15th. Sunday April 22nd.
5·30pm & 8·00pm
Prices: £3 £4 £5
8 Rock'n Roll Concerts

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16
Thursday, April 12th 40p
REBEL
+ Support
First 100 get free copy of "Rocka Shocka" Rebel's first single on Bridge House Records
Friday, April 13th 50p
WARM JETS
(Current single "Sticky Jack")
+ Protex
Saturday, April 14th 50p
JACKIE LYNTON's H.D. BAND
(Latest album on sale here)
Sunday, April 15th 40p
R.D.B.
+ Rare Breed
Monday, April 16th 50p
Mod's Monday with
SECRET AFFAIR
+ The Chords
Tuesday, April 17th 50p
Back 'n' Better
KENNY
(Remember "The Bump"?)
Wednesday, April 18th 40p
THE TICKETS
+ Darren's Dead Flowers

HERMIT LIVE
Brentwood Youth House, Shenfield Road, Brentwood
Monday, April 16th
GIRLSCHOOL
+ Special Guests
STEALER
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ALBUMS EXTRA

THE SCRATCH BAND
The Scratch Band *(London)*
ROGER C. REALE
Radio Active *(London)*

Several months ago I reviewed with mucho enthusiasm the American import versions of these albums. As they've now been released in Britain, with additional tracks, a concise reappraisal seems appropriate.

Roger C. Reale sings brief, hard, very fast rock in a gruff, gravelly voice. Imagine a manic John Fogerty. Imagine a less accomplished Rockpile. Reale has attack, pace but no variety. 'Radio Active' is a jolt of adrenalin the first couple of times you play it, but the appeal quickly fades. This is monotonous, one-dimensional, ultimately arid music; and I'm a bit embarrassed now that I liked it in the first place. Oh well, I was younger and less rigorous then.

The Scratch Band however have remained firm favourites. All they do is play cosy, safe rock 'n' pop but at least they do it with skill, energy and enthusiasm. The word is *panache*.

They bounce through a torchy 'I Only Want To be With You', a Lou Reed spoof, an affectionate Tamlaesque pastiche, a vigorous rendition of Willie Dixon's 'Don't Go No Further', plus numerous other spirited versions of traditional pop styles. The production is somewhat threadbare, limiting a possibly excellent record to the plainly good. And one or two tracks are no more than ordinary; a little staid, a little too '60s.

But The Scratch Band, with a lotta heart and soul, continue to get my vote as the enjoyable face of pop irrelevance.

Graham Lock

THE AMAZING RHYTHM ACES
The Amazing Rhythm Aces *(ABC)*

Though riddled with influences, 'The Amazing Rhythm Aces' contrives somehow to exude considerable character of its own.

Glibly speaking, the Aces come on like the Deep South's answer to The Band, minus the metaphysics but with similar values: there's more Southern warmth in these grooves than in any amount of 'Have a nice day, y'all's'. With James Hooker (mainly piano) and Billy Earhart (mainly organ) fully justifying the Aces' keyboard double-up, the music has a slow-burning strength belied by its air of homespun philosophy.

Four of the six originals sport 'lonesome traveller' lyrics of the 'Six Days On The Road' variety, yet the worldly-wise vocals — mostly Russell Smith — and lack of cliches make the theme seem icebox-fresh.

This lack of fancy imagery in the Aces' own songs means they can open with Al Green's 'Love And Happiness' and the elderly 'Lipstick Traces' with no loss of identity. Similarly, 'If You Gotta Make A Fool Of Somebody' is so well suited to their patented blend of passion and dignity it could be a Russell Smith song.

Guitarist Duncan Cameron is the group show-off, contributing sweet pedal steel to his own 'Homestead In My Heart' and git-along mandolin and banjo to 'Say You Lied'. But Smith is king ace, as the finale shows. 'Rodrigo, Rita And Elaine' shapes up like a melodrama in the 'Long Black Veil' tradition, dobro and accordion setting the scene. Smith plays the Lone Wolf observer figure watching lover Rita (Tracey Nelson and wife Elaine (Lisa Gilkyson) fight over Rodrigo/Roger, who shrewdly never shows up. Best shaggy dog story I've heard in ages.

The Amazing Rhythm Aces are already a satisfying side alley if you're tired of the main drag. On the evidence here, they could be lot more.

Harry George

I ROY
Cancer *(Front Line)*

So what's the future for reggae, then? Will it disappear up its own red, gold and green bum, or will it work out some sort of interesting direction for itself?

Sometimes I just don't care any more; as long as I can listen to the old music I love, I think I can get by without the weekly trip to the dub store, which usually ends up disappointing me anyway — too many second-rate 45s these days.

In that frame of mind, I'm pleasantly surprised, if not taxed, by an instrumental album like 'Cancer', which — with the man Tommy McCook on tenor saxophone — incorporates several new cuts to rhythms from I Roy's last toasting album (and his best in years), 'World On Fire'.

The back cover shows producer Roy in ecstasy at the mixing-board — or has he just fallen asleep on the job? No, be fair, he's done well here, allowing the sax-dominated music to carry itself without relying too heavily on a dubster's gimmicks. True, the gimmicks are there: some geezer cleaning his comb, the boings and clangs of outrageous dub, all that and more. But the tricks don't intrude too much, the horns are allowed to get on with the job.

The classic dub albums of our time ('Aquarius', 'Dub Serial', etc) use good rhythms to push them forward where no electronics can take them. While it's by no means a classic, 'Cancer' applies the same principle: 'Virgin Affair', for example, has driven bass and drum well-supported by tuneful horn riffs, and is about the best track here.

To reggae rednecks like me, 'Cancer' is a small mercy. It may not change my life, but it's better than cleaning out the Aegean stables. Take it from me, I've tried.

Nick Kimberley

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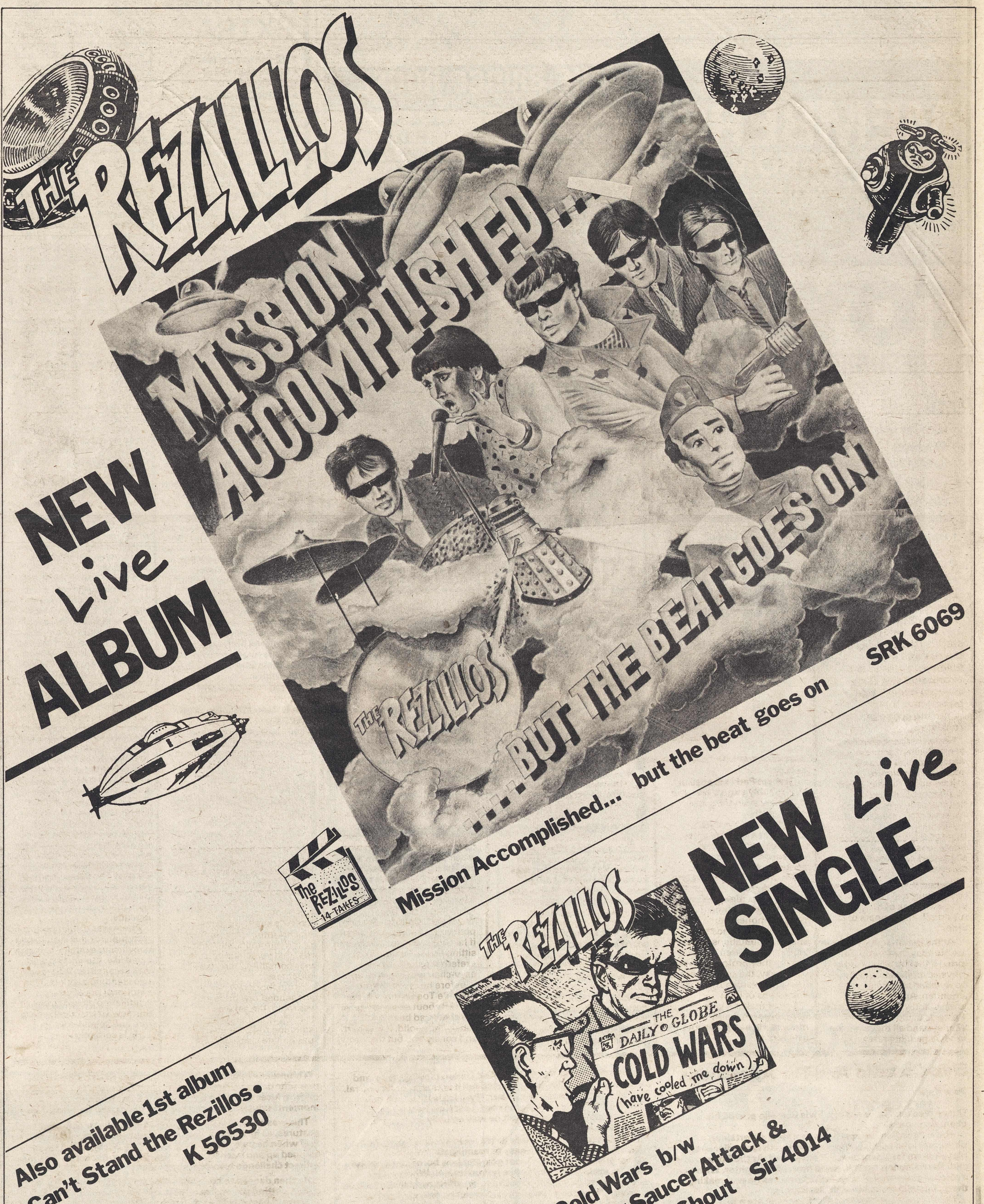
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SIRE

"Hands up anybody who wants to go home . . ." GRAHAM PARKER — Pic PENNIE SMITH.

Graham Parker And The Rumour

Hammersmith Odeon

Passion is no ordinary skill

While no one was looking, Graham Parker has nimbly and single-mindedly stepped through his inner tangles and finally balanced purpose with expression and also brought himself into perspective in the widening scope of rock'n'roll.

He has rediscovered (or re-established) economy and dazzling positivity, and recorded the mature follow-up to 'Howlin' Wind'. 'Squeezing Out Sparks' emphatically imposes new, extreme standards and it has justifiably grabbed the *respect* that nothing since that first minor revelation has suggested he honestly deserves.

Respect that acknowledges he has fought his way through to become one of the great rock'n'roll entertainers of all time.

At the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, he triumphantly proved that he has the pure physical presence and ability to *demand* audience attention. And he's undoubtedly up there with the Presleys, Lydons, Jaggers, Marleys and all those people who've had that rare, ugly beauty.

Graham Parker is special. He probably always was, but right now everything has connected.

Onstage he is positive, direct and determined. He does not articulate the pressure or situations perfectly, and he is not as sharp and shaking with his clipped sketches as Costello. But his projection, and more specifically his singing of the carefully honest verse, violently transcends the standard limitations of the words, which aren't weak but nor are they profound. In the same way, the show's searing intensity overcame the basic limitations of form.

Parker makes a lyric hit hard, *urges* that each word matters. He needs to *move* his listeners.

After a song had surged its way through peaks, dipped, steadied and crashed to an exhilarating climax there was an emptiness in the Odeon's high hall: an element of communal exhaustion.

This alarming effect of disorientating the audience while entertaining them was not an instance of content overcoming form: it was one man's exultant emotion and natural style smashing his own strong dignity into each song; inspiring his band on to startling levels of sympathetic commitment. Yes despite the unique skills of The Rumour, Graham Parker And The Rumour are a one-man show.

Parker burns life into the songs and wastes no time while he's on the stage. Such visual intrusions as the odd pantomime gimmickry of Brinsley Schwarz's cheeky posing, could not detract from Parker's magnetism.

Graham's presence alone makes Graham Parker And The Rumour come close to being, as the compere said, "The greatest rock'n'roll band in the world."

These days I don't really know what that means, in fact it doesn't even make sense; but Parker the worker, passionately dominating the stage, was everything I've alway thought rock'n'roll should be about. It was all traditional, but Parker made it timeless. And although his music is predominantly a craft, *that* feat is artistic.

What Parker stands for is himself — and he wants *you* to know it.

Of course the show was over too quickly. The set was not a safe selection of warm oldies and the more obvious newies, but was packed with much of the new album and broken up with explosively interpreted 'hits' plus a couple of songs as yet unreleased — 'Mercury Poisoning' and 'Crawling From The Wreckage'. Spontaneity and pull were omnipresent; even if he could have got away with sitting down, Parker much preferred to ignore the easy-chair and knee the air.

Before he reached 'You Can't Be Too Strong' off the new LP about seven songs in, the show had been satisfyingly solid. It was hard and consistent, but the wrong side of a classic.

'Back To Schooldays' had been scalding; 'Mercury Poisoning' had been scathing. 'Heat Treatment' confirmed the sensationally composed brutality of The Rumour, and I hardly noticed they were brass-less, such was the vigour of the performance, the sweetness of the instrumentation, the clarity of the sound.

The Rumour play an uncluttered, punchy music that is like a miniature equivalent of an imposing wide-scale soul production, a finely channelled, restrained yet fierce assertive dual prong of insistency and impact that Parker directs and dissects with a voice that is stinging and . . .*soulful.* A voice that torments but never irritates; a voice that is dramatic but never mannered.

Then came 'You Can't Be Too Strong' where everything fell into ferocious focus. Where Parker became a giant.

Parker played guitar accompanied by obvious bass and keyboards. The song is not tremendous but, with Parker's subtle showmanship and his immodest domination of the Hammersmith Odeon *and* that veracious voice, it was something rare. It was greatness.

From those few minutes of suspended raw pride and yearning, the set was invincible and majestic; a stunning run of pointedly passionate classics — fast, streamlined and sparkling.

But 'You Can't Be Too Strong' and the following two songs formed a spearhead with which the show hit its target: 'Love Gets You Twisted' — where the lyric implies apposite understanding and where Parker's delivery had me mentally screaming He Knows! He Knows! — then 'One More Chance' — the irrational desperation of love — concluded a scorching three-part epic of derision, incision and need.

Graham Parker's voice and body reached out and crashed through the confining glamour of the venue.

The Rumour gave each assault the concentration and consideration absolutely necessary to maintain the power and precision from which Parker works. They were disciplined and openly enthusiastic — happy doing what they're doing right! They made some great noise. Without The Parker leading them they'd only be a clever machine, but he puts them right out there into the land of legends.

There was proper rapturous reception for this superb and convincing exhibition. Parker acted like, moved like, and was accepted as A Star with two standing ovations. The emotional power, the scintillating effectiveness of this new Graham Parker is a rare and splendid thing.

He is certainly not dull.

Paul Morley

Elvis Costello And The Attractions

New York

Over a weekend in New York, Elvis Costello proved his chameleon powers.

At the Palladium he was a consummate entertainer; a performer who built a perfect rapport with his audience and played them for the responses he wanted. At the Bottom Line club the following night, he was more like a fighter. With the audience close enough to see the bug-eyes he was making at them, Costello came out with his fists up.

The Rubinoos, who opened both shows, are a band that everyone can love, though they made an odd pairing with Costello. They look so much like 'nice boys', apple-pie clean and wholesome but they do play with punch, creating pop-rock that is simultaneously playfully sweet and powerfully aggressive.

Onstage the group perfectly recreate the three-part vocal harmonies of their records which gives them that bright, bubbly quality. It's rare to see three members of a rock band pay such such careful attention to their singing, and the effort pays off. Behind the voices, Tommy Dunbar's guitar provides the bite.

In keeping with "The World Elvis Costello Tour Three" motif. from 'Armed Forces' the roadies were dressed in Army fatigues. But at the Palladium, Costello seemed to be saying that he had come in peace.

He opened with 'Peace, Love And Understanding', the band swinging and wild with a sound so full it was almost orchestral. By the end of the second number, 'Two Little Hitlers', it was clear that Elvis was a changed man. Last time here he did nothing but sneer, but tonight he was actually smiling at the audience and friendly.

His attitude not only made him a more likeable figure, but made the audience more easy to manipulate. When he pleasantly asked, "You're not going to be a boring, early show audience, are you?" the house got on its feet. Whereas last year, he tried haranguing for the same effect and failed.

Many of the songs were so re-worked or delivered with so much more power and drive that they sounded like completely new versions. The material from 'Armed Forces' especially benefited from an injection of venom, and the rough edges were retained rather than being smoothed over, making the songs more convincing.

'Two Little Hitlers' was given an extra verse with new lyrics, as was 'Alison'. 'No Dancing' had a new, disco arrangement and its organ-drum intro was unrecognisable until Costello's vocal.

But the true source of the added impact was Costello's guitar playing and Steve Naive's incredible organ work.

His organ, one of the most-often abused instruments in rock 'n' roll, created atmosphere, soared and jabbed. He's now one of the best players in the business and The Attractions have developed from being an adequate' back-up band to become a powerhouse in their own right.

This means that the focus no longer has to be on Costello's dramatic delivery. Now he rarely stands alone in the spot-light making faces while the band remain silent: the kind of moments which frequently dragged down past performances.

This was ensemble playing, and when Costello did make gestures, as in 'Chelsea', he was a purposeful drama-master. And when he hung back for a moment in 'Big Boys' and then stepped up and snarled, *"Everything is so provocative"*, it was a direct challenge to everyone present.

He then danced to the edge of the stage, attacking with his guitar, getting the audience on its feet; and having done this, he danced back to the band, turning to them with a look that said, "See, I did it!" Yet, Costello's stance was not threatening.

But at the Bottom Line the next night, the audience-performer confrontation one expects at Costello gigs was again evident.

Perhaps it was because he was angry that there were demonstrators outside protesting against his reported racist remarks. Whatever the reason, Costello's delivery was less controlled, but more impassioned. He shook himself like a snake's warning rattle; shook streams of sweat off his face. He grimaced and menaced, but the band never had to slow down to let him stare down his adversaries.

But Costello himself was forcefully, dramatically upfront. There was no way he would hide.

Richard Grabel

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Virgin

Tartan terror for the '80s

Siouxsie And The Banshees The Human League Rema Rema

Rainbow

Rema Rema are prowling into the '80s.

They pose no threats with their grey defiance, set no new grounds with their withdrawn presentation; but their noise — long shapeless sections of carefully coarse tunnel rock decorated with harsh synthesizer patterns — is absorbing if not shocking. They move closer to mid-Can than The Fall ever do, but never stumble like The Prefects used to.

The Human League are remembering the '80s.

They're cosy, quaint and curiously disturbing. They played a positive and consistent set, confirming the variety and strength of their compulsive pop songs. They're also gaining confidence and relaxing on stage, and thus there's a warmth in their presentation previously lacking (are you listening, dissenters?). And they really are good to watch (still listening?).

The Human League truly have all angles covered. Soon they'll be virgins; let's hope they don't lose any of their full and fascinating flavour.

They deservedly encored with 'Rock And Roll Part One' (joined by the ubiquitous Spizz Oil in the appropriate dress, with the appropriate gestures) and Iggy's 'Nightclubbing'; which puts into perspective the new pop as it gratefully twists into the '80s.

Siouxsie And The Banshees revealed that in terms of audience response and the maturity of the music, they stand on the threshold of being the first real superstars of the '80s.

Performing this one-off to raise money for the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children, they opened with unexpected Spectorian splendour with a hard hitting and massive 'Jigsaw Feeling', each instrument undistorted and selfishly selective. Kenny Morris' kit was set on a platform, beneath which sun-yellow lights burst out into the audience, extravagantly framing Sioux and exaggerating the wounded colours of her vulgar make-up. Steve Severin stood way out to the left, fighting the notes out of his bass; John McKay stood way to the right, composed and motionless.

Their sound is perhaps the only example of how a naturally unorthodox, distinct and coherent music has evolved from inspired incompetence. Instead of 'learning' to play instruments, they have stretched out from their initial intuitive approach, so that what's formed is a slightly altered, absorbing method of playing. Even when so loud, the co-ordination and movement of the music was obviously unique.

Severin's classic pulling, pulsing bass; Morris' pumping, thumping drumming that establishes a multitude of rhythms; McKay's potent, inverted chord work with Siouxsie's strong, demonstrative vocals sticking out at awkward angles or skimming over the music with stiff grace — it was endlessly enticing and thrilling.

It's still confusing trying to distinguish on what levels the Banshees are communicating. Are they so successful due to their subtlety and innovation? Do people identify with the Banshees' demonstrations and despairs?

At The Rainbow, their two classic singles were well received, but 'Metal', 'Switch', 'Overground', 'Suburban Relapse' and 'Pure' from the album got an equally encouraging response. They also introduced a handful of new pieces, including their next single 'Playground Twist', which suggested a considerable extension of their musical and conceptual boundaries.

They do have a solidly young-punk audience; followers so determined to white-riot that the front rows of The Rainbow were demolished. During an emphatic 'Hong Kong Garden' parts of the seats were flung on stage and the atmosphere threatened to erupt. At such times I feel that new audiences don't want to grow-up; that they want to be abused with cliches and indulgence; that they don't want diversity and subtlety.

And then the Banshees followed up 'Garden' with the slow, complex new song 'Premature Burial' and despite being unfamiliar, the audience listened and responded.

They finished with 'Pure', which accelerated into an inspired improvisational passage of symphonic drive. Confused by the negative-positive audience response they encored with a swift 'Helter Skelter' . . . and Siouxsie skipped across the stage with the music like she did at the beginning.

The music churned, built, charged, contracted, exploded . . . stopped in the middle of nowhere like a lot of their songs do . . . *slam!* . . . and I used to think Siouxsie And The Banshees never sang love songs, but really every song they do is a love song in some way.

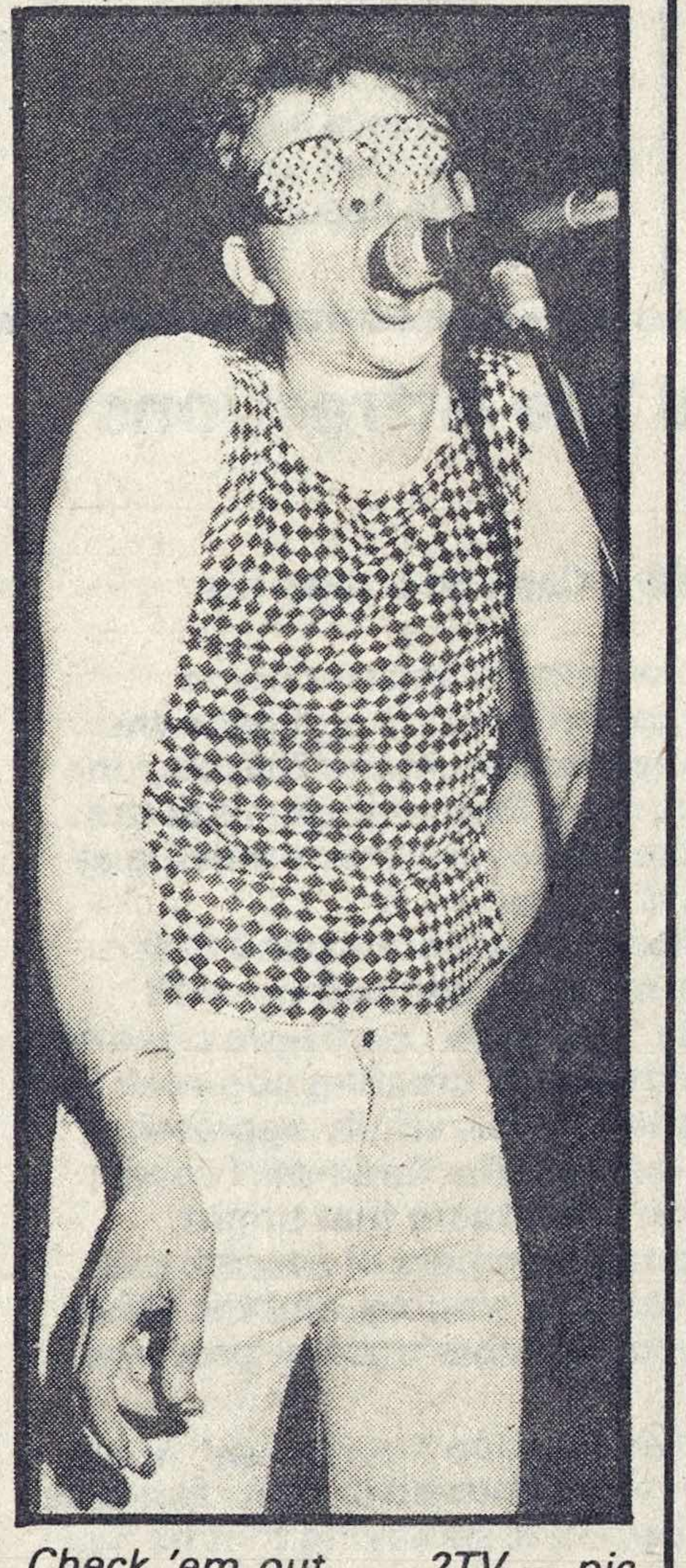
Yum yum on a merry - go - round; Siouxsie And The Banshees were great.

Paul Morley

2TV

Leeds

Gang of Four and Wild Horses aren't everbody's idea of raincheck material, but it still seemed significant that 2TV — the only other rock and roll contenders on the same Sunday night in Leeds — had precious little trouble packing out suburban grog venue, The Staging Post.



Check 'em out . . . . 2TV — pic ALAN CLIFT.

Possessing comprehensive dollops of what we call 'local credibility', the Leeds combo (formerly trading by the name of Rogue) attracted large-scale semi-euphoric responses from rent-a-punter and roving critics alike, and deservedly so. 2TV's sound is in no way revolutionary and it is either eulogised as 'half - baked new wave', or else dismissed outasight as (yeuccch!) *power pop*, the degree and direction of the swing mostly depending on the way you feel on the night.

But in small doses, 2TV get pretty close to the modern rock and roll heart, embracing the strict functionalisms of both The Jam (notably with 'Have You Seen Gene?') and The Pirates ('Mary Thompson'): heavy on riffs, hooks and pastiche refrains, they occasionally cut it in a big way. Vocalist and rhythm guitarist Steve Speight produces another Bryan Roxy-style job, forcefully fronting the tight, effective sounds of lead guitarist Steve Barras, mod bassist Steve Young and (yeah, let's hear it for 1959's Christian Name of the Year) drummer Steve Gale.

Being the local band most likely to, there were plenty of esoteric cat-calls and enough "you'll-know-this-one" numbers to make the first-timer feel like a stranger. The boys are full of themselves — at the high on hope, low on fear stage of their careers, and while they're going to need to work on the Idiosyncrasy Factor, they're well in with a shout.

Emma Ruth

Dr Feelgood Cooper Clarke

Belfast

The Feelgoods first visit to Belfast in Autumn '76 was my first experience of live rock 'n' roll.

I went home dazed by the clean, continuous and unbelievable high that was engendered from the stage. They exposed a raw nerve somewhere in the psyche, set the blood racing through the veins and struck a chord deep in my heart, just like I'd heard it would happen. Thanks for the memories . . .

After that the Feelgoods became a less attractive proposition in the manic path trailblazed by the Pistols; which was perhaps a harsh sentence for one of the new genre's main influences — not that they had any commercial worries. Always a solid working band, they smoothed over the departure of Wilko, continued to make inroads into the large halls, and the chart-topping 'Stupidity' brought them a fair slice of the market.

I buggered off with my copy of that album (just for posterity, but it was never any substitute for the real thing), turned a head to the uneventful 'Be Seeing You' and though I've so far failed to hear 'Private Practice' the group's last two 45s have suggested that their composing talents and playing prowess have taken on renewed vigour. Certainly those releases must go someway in accounting for tonight's capacity audience.

The black clad figure of John Cooper Clarke is at once comic and charismatic looking like a tarantula on its hind legs he rails, torments and confides in the crowd. The

SIOUXSIE SIOUX: costume by Angus McFiorucci — pic CHRIS HORLER.

response is one of bemusement and mild abuse, for a regrettably short appearance.

What he did perform was marvellous; educational institutions should ditch the baloney of The Romantics and tune into this guy for some *real* Modern Culture.

The Feelgoods are perhaps the only group I've ever seen who start bang on time, play a set of reasonable length, and end in time to give the punter a fighting chance against the city's transport services.

Indicative of their straight-ahead approach and shrewd set planning, which has favourites juxtaposed with less well known tunes, the commercial makes the uncommercial palatable to the average listener. A band like the Feelgoods are far too professional ever to make mistakes in either pacing or performance.

John Mayo shook off the spectre of Wilko long ago and his playing is brisk, sharp and overwhelmingly powerful. His approach to an old song like 'Going Back Home' is patently his own as he winds stinging chords around the tune. The rest of the group play with a genuine understanding and assured empathy for R&B.

But that's as far as it goes; their set has very little colour or flavour, their appeal is one-dimensional, their sound too monochromatic ever to be taken in quantities larger than the odd single (the superbly incisive and commercial 'Milk And Alcohol').

Brilleaux still dangles the microphone between his legs for an extension of the masochism inherent in many of the compositions. Their overwhelming appeal is that of masculine assertiveness played through compulsive, danceable and appealing tunes. But this appeal is transient. The performance may be memorable, but few individual songs rise above the mundane.

Ultimately whatever way you rub it up, the Feelgoods are a group working in the same sphere of incitement as all-out-boogie specialists like Quo or even Canned Heat. Hey, what price Lee Brilleaux as this generation's Bob Hite?

Gavin Martin

The Hollies

Wembley Conference Centre

"Anyone see the *Whistle Test* last night?" asked Allan Clarke as he introduced a Bruce Springsteen song. The ensuing silence said more about The Hollies' dilemma than I ever could.

While writers crank it up on behalf of Big Star, Dwight Twilley, The Records or whoever, this band have been giving you spunky, impassioned harmony pop on six albums in the last four years. Yet here they are, playing this bloated lounge to an audience whose Hollies-consciousness ceased with 'The Air That I Breathe'.

Lulling them with 'I Can't Let Go', the polite volume and Allan Clarke's white suit briefly raise the spectre of the group's cabaret days, soon banished by Peter Arnesen's synthesizer and Bobby Elliott's incisive drums. Clarke then hurls his jacket over the amps and the '70's begin.

'Another Night' is superb, slipping into a Steely Dan groove during Tony Hicks' wah-wah solo, while those yearning voices are ideally suited to 'Sandy', a typical Springsteen melodrama. Though more than a touch autobiographical, 'Write On' ("For all the frustrated songwriters who feel there's no-one listening") avoids triteness, building confidently into an aggressive, shattering harmony climax. The applause is cautious, confused.

But The Hollies would no more disappoint than pander to their audience, so that even a teen-saga like 'Bus Stop' is played fresh and straight and their hits medley is more than the usual escape clause. Having announced they're going to do 'Just One Look' differently, it seems realistic rather than cynical for Clarke to add, "If you don't like it you can see the exit signs."

The home straight is all Phase II hits from 'He Ain't Heavy' onwards, plus 'Too Young To Be Married', Hicks' brilliant acoustic solo overshadowing the queasy lyrics. Clarke straps on an axe for 'Long Cool Woman In A Black Dress', that glorious chunk of John Fogerty-for-pop-pickers we Brits were dumb enough to pass up at the time.

"When Hendrix heard Allan play, he died," quipped Terry Sylvester, opening a cultural gap between band and audience you could have driven a bus through. Undeterred, The Hollies segued into a rock medley, with 'Peggy Sue' unsurprisingly the highlight; lightweight toughness is a speciality with these boys.

On the debit side, 'It's In Every One Of Us' continues their flirtation with supper-club introspection best left to Neil Diamond and his ilk, while Arnesen gets enough rope to hang himself more than once. But Hicks and Elliott are absurdly underrated musicians; they're part of a thinking, thriving organism, not some rock 'n' pop Tussauds.

Sylvester took one look at the post-gig reception and commented disgustedly: "What a load of shit — they're all posers and we don't know any of them."

This wasn't the Second Coming, but if the name put you off then I'm sorry for you, not for The Hollies. They don't mess about.

Harry George

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April 24th. SHEFFIELD City Hall
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An oddball's country swing

Dan Hicks

The Venue

In a field not noted for its eccentrics the one and only Dan Hicks stands out like a pork chop in a Kosher deli.

His four shows at The Venue were packed with so much incident, changes in pressure, atmosphere and rapport, and such a range of sophisticated material that a casual observer not familiar with Mr Hicks might ponder that here is a man who commands respect — a man with powerful business concerns to protect his livelihood; a man of means.

He'd be wrong on most counts.

Dan Hicks draws legend and myth to him in abundance. His track record with Blue Thumb marked a heyday in that company's rosta of oddball country swing, and idiosyncratic modal jazz. Dan Hicks is/was as much of a pioneer in modern American musical idioms as Ry Cooder, Taj Mahal and their ilk. He is also renowned for a fatal attraction to the hobo who-gives-a shit lifestyle.

Hicks drinks like it was going out of fashion, insults his audience (although perhaps he tells them the truth), and refuses to kowtow to form and expectations.

At The Venue, Hicks shuffled on wisecracking like a Winchester, pork-pie hat balanced precariously, knees buckling at random. Then delivered a floating series of Hicksville classics, all of them stamped with the definitive mark of his native wit, his absurdly woven non-sequiturs, his painful insights and irreverent pokes.

This time there were no Hot Licks; no Sid Page on fiddle, no Lickettes — Maryann and Naomi; and they were missed. Although Hicks arrived with a top notch bunch of West Coast pickers (Mike Helm, violin; Mark Curlanis, string bass; and Kenneth 'Turtle' Van Damare, acoustic guitar), I think everyone wanted to see and hear the band who conceived the repertoire.

The new outfit were remarkably accomplished after only a month together, but lacked spontaneity and enthusiasm and were apparently in awe of their leader. Hicks himself played the same old decorated Guild that he used with later Charlatans, but his main instrument was a voice smoother than vintage Bourbon, full of savage twists and placid backwaters.

Hicks' catalogue ranged from the ridiculously sublime — 'I Scare Myself' and 'How Can I Miss You (When You Won't Go Away)', to the sublimely ridiculous — 'Payday Blues', 'O'Reilly At The Bar', 'I Got Mine'. There were also the traditional favourites — 'Fujiyama', the gorgeous 'Canned Music' and the whimsical 'The Buzzard Was Their Friend'. Even new songs like 'Twin Peaks' and 'Hell, I'd Go' ('bout a guy who meets a friendly spaceman) had the familiar Hicks' hallmarks.

DAN HICKS: Bourbon Bottle Blues. Pic TOM SHEEHAN.

I could continue to detail the qualities that ooze from Dan Hicks: the W. C. Fields mannerisms, the childlike perspectives and the caustic dissections of what is politely know as 'the human condition' . . .

But even if the old sod did refuse to do an interview, I can only say Thank God for Dan Hicks and have another drink.

Max Bell

Duffo

The Venue

Having rebuked both Parsons and Nightingale in one week, Jeff Duff (current enfant terrible of showbiz) has garnered enough interest to half-fill The Venue with innocent burger-munching onlookers; and someone has to review the half-baked amateur-hour in which this gangling, Antipodean Twiggy-faced stick insect preened and warbled for an eager clutch of Pentax-toting lenspersons.

The poor sod. Endowed with a body designed by Frank Lloyd Wrong, swaddled in an orthopaedic cat-suit and trailing festoons of risque polythene, he looked like he had just stepped off an embalming slab.

When I walked in, Duffo was enacting some lewd contortions with an inflatable merkin-dolly (all good camera fodder), and from there it was downhill all the way. The rest of his performance was a shambling fiasco of sub-Wayne County jolly-japes, barely disguised as a rocky horror routine.

A sympathetic and snappy rock backing injected a quota of listenability into the night's proceedings, but, naffness aside, Duffo's songs are as interesting as most of what you're likely to hear on vinyl — assuming that you hunger for puerile, self-indulgent piffle that deals exclusively with Duffo, Duff Records, brainlessness, erections and masturbation.

Everyone had a good snigger and if it's any guide to musical credibility, Jesus of Shepherd's Bush was there waving his arms about.

The last 20 minutes were devoted to a sing-along-with-Duffo rendition of 'Let Me Fuck Your Mind', replete with a bunch of geezers in ecclesiastical drag supplying a falsetto chorus. A change of costume for an embarrassingly straight version of 'MacArthur Park' and, Bobs-yer-Uncle, you've got your money's worth.

For your average sophisticated fun loving rock aficionado, Duffo is The Pits. I hope that this review hastens the Golden Future that awaits him on the Seaside Special Circuit.

Rick Joseph

Billy Connolly

Glasgow

Hair Pointing in 90 different directions, seventh-generation-nuclear-fallout-victim make-up immaculate, you dashing *New Music-hall Express* correspondent sits, surrounded by the, uh, 'cream' of the glittering world of Glasgow showbiz, writing notes about . . . a juggler (?) and a comedian (?!).

Chris Bliss is "The world's first rock'n'roll juggler". He juggles his luminous balls beneath strobes and special lighting in time to the wild, exotic, jungle rhythms of Styx, The Beatles and synthesizer versions of classical music. The effect is like a one man Dancing Waters, or human Laserium: indredibly boring after five minutes.

Maybe he used to be a rock singer who extended the tambourine throwing part of his act.

Billy Connolly is a folk singer who extended his introductions until the songs became little more than improvisational reference points. This was a wise move, since he writes dreadful songs and sings them as well as any Glasgow drunk.

For some reason singer/songwriters have always felt the need to be funny between songs. Some of them have a rare talent for it, too: Loudon Wainwright, Pete Atkin, Ivor Cutler and Ron Geesin are all first-rate comedians. Even James Taylor used to be quite funny.

And if you believe in some kind of alternative society consisting of all the people who like rock music, existing slightly out of phase from standard reality like another dimension, then *why not* have alternative society jugglers, comedians, magicians and tightrope walkers as well as musicians for entertainment?

The standards necessary to be accepted by this audience are very high, but Billy Connolly still makes it. Not because of any great innovations in comedy or rising arrest at every performance with daring cocaine jokes, obscenities and general underminings of society. He does do those things, though in greatly diluted form, but mainly it's because he's *one of the good guys;* which is really the best way to have a longterm career.

Looking at the audience around me, you wouldn't think this was something which should be reviewed by *NME.* He may not be as hip as Richard Pryor or early Cheech and Chong, but as least he makes no concessions to anybody. The police jokes, the marital-aids routine, the cussing all get laughs. But from many it's the nervous kind of laughter at something vaguely illicit.

But he's been on television, so he *must* be okay. Even though he has long hair.

Fools! They don't recognise a child of the revolution leaking enlightened hippy attitudes to the opiated masses. Babylon *will* fall!

Like the best comedians, Connolly's main talent lies in noticing what goes on around him. Probably due to the lowered standards brought about by bulk produce, his show now includes many cliches, stock ad-libs and poor jokes alongside the good bits. But I still like him.

His audience like him more than I do. But I suspect many of them would've thought him a boor if they'd met in a pub ten years ago.

Glenn Gibson

Pinpoint

Hope and Anchor

Deep in the depths of a North-London basement, something stirs. Pinpoint, a three piece, angry and so grateful for 1977, are on stage powering out their stuff like Joe Strummer was still in swaddling clothes.

The three members with 40 gigs behind them now, stem from the country more famous for hills and rugby: Wales.

One-time Lurker Arturo and gangly Dave Allen form the front line, sharing vocals throughout a strong if uneventful set that owed much to the Rebel Passion created by The Clash et al back in the year of the Garage and Towerblock.

The songs themselves are not slow. Neither are they quiet. Distortion-orientated and ever chopping between Hugh Griffiths snare-torn back drop, the pace was established right from the word go. And when this lot go they don't stop.

This gig was plagued by only two things: a cement-footed audience and Dave's passion for destroying his bass strings, but even so the basic strength of the band's raw energy shone through, kicking and stabbing our eardrums as if mortal injury was intended.

Highlights 'Richmond' and 'Asian Girls' left little doubt as to the quality of the music; no cheap disco pretensions of commercial viability — just undiluted frenzy, young and urgent.

If you're under 25 and always wondered what the New Wave was like before the rot set in, go and see this band. They might not change your life, but they'll sure as hell try.

Julian Henry

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Shaar Abdicates

Blast Furnace And The Legal Matter

Dingwalls

Sunday night at Dingwalls dance hall: the DJ is playing the kind of blues records that make you think of hard-edged black men in shiny mohair suits with thin lapels. Everybody is lounging around, drinking and smoking and waiting for the band to come out and blow some.

By 9.30 the small dance-floor is pretty well packed with young men in faded T-shirts and young ladies in faded jeans, some drinking, some smoking dope. People jostle, but you try not to mind because this is Blast's last gig and you just want to have a goodtime and not be bothered by anything.

Besides the night holds all kinds of hidden promise; Famous Friends are rumoured to be coming. Not that Blast and his boys need these faces to make a show of it, you understand, coz the gang could cut this cake all on their own.

Anyway, the houselights — such as they are — go down and the band take the stage with a record still wailing away. They strike up the right kind of attitude. The beat comes through thumpthumpthump!

So it's rhythm and blues — hoary, fresh, exciting; music that's been around for a long time, yet still sounds young and angry when the right people get a hold of its tail. And the right people are here in spades tonight, thank the lord.

Blast and the Legal Matter wham through 'South Of The River' and 'Nutbush City Limits' and 'Mustang Sally', plus a whole host of old songs that are more than likely classics but which I didn't recognise anyway. It didn't seem to matter because occasionally you could slow down your pulse and wonder why your leg was trembling and bending.

And brother it was the *hottest*. Hot like when you've got a thin ribbon of sweat unfurling down your spine and you feel like your eyes are bugging clean out of your head.

Awoah, here comes the first famous friend Dave Tice, The Bishop's vocalist, looking surprisingly well groomed but singing just as always. Bending and shaping through 'Too Much Too Soon' and 'No Lies'.

After Tice came the really *heavy* faces: Alex Harvey, mad as ever, probably worse; and Wilko Johnson, smiling. Harvey growls his way through a real slow blues before the band edge into the riff from 'Framed'. Harvey then gets really nutty and shoves Blitz's towel in his mouth and he gags through the last verse.

People laugh and cheer. From here it's the Big Rockers: 'Back In The USA' and 'Got My Mojo Workin'', with Wilko occasionally blamming around in the expected fashion, but mostly concentrating on playing some wonderfully scratchy guitar.

Okay, farewell then Blast and the boys. It's a pity the band had to break up, but don't be down hearted. Look at it this way: you enjoyed playing rhythm and blues and more often than not you managed to communicate that joy to everybody within earshot. You gave people a goodtime and when all the crap and bullshit is stripped away that's just about all any band can reasonably hope to achieve.

Congratulations are in order.

John Hamblett

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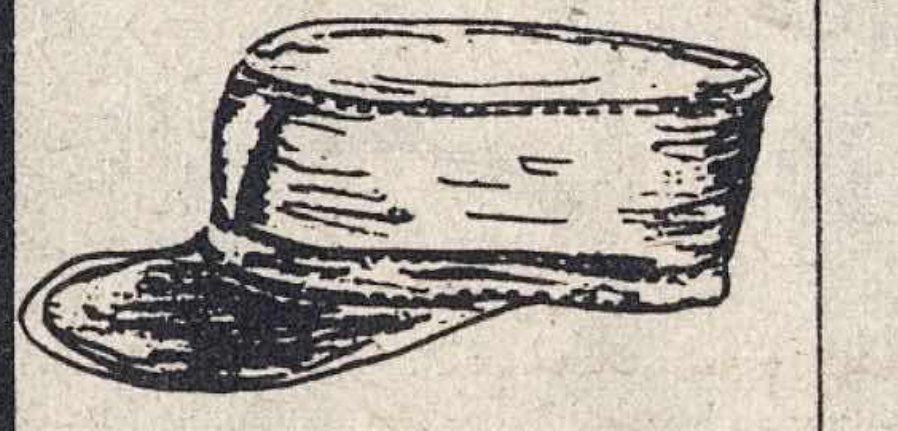

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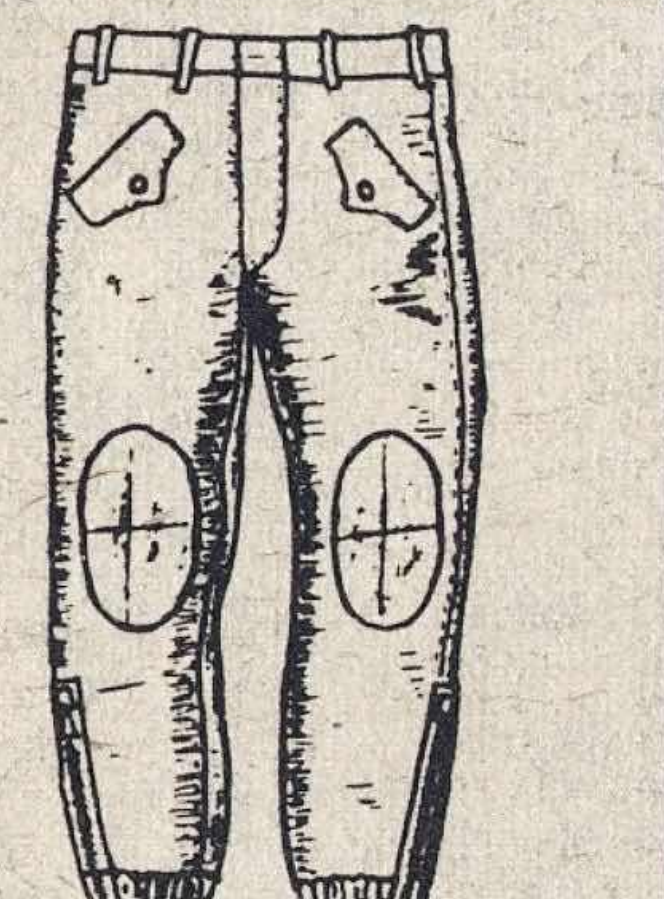

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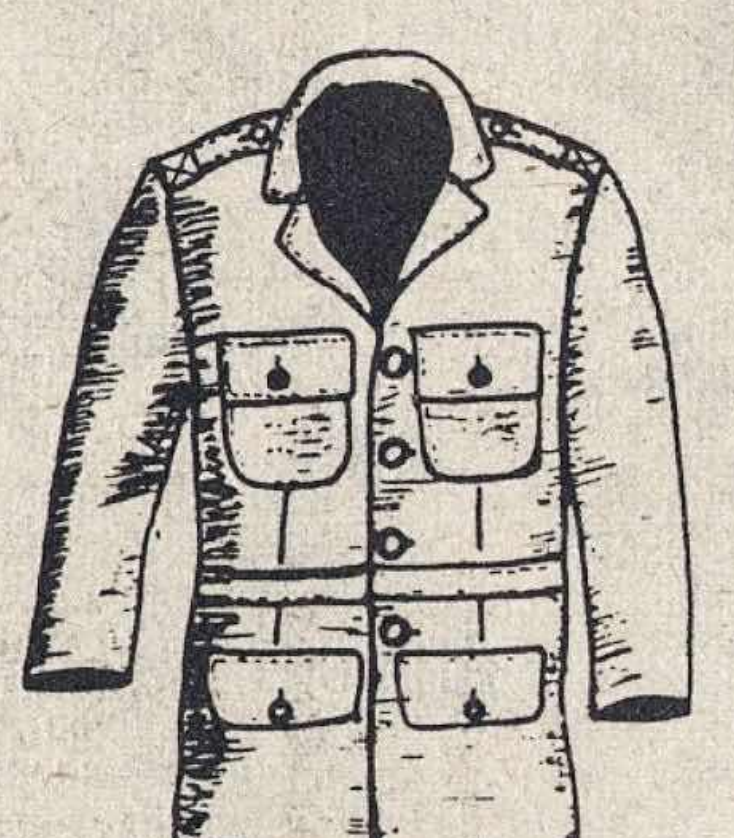

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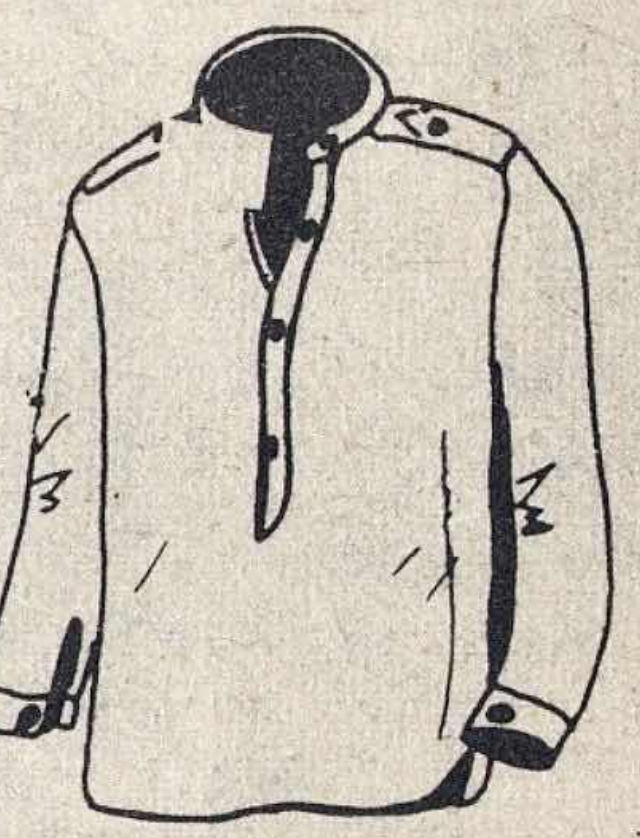

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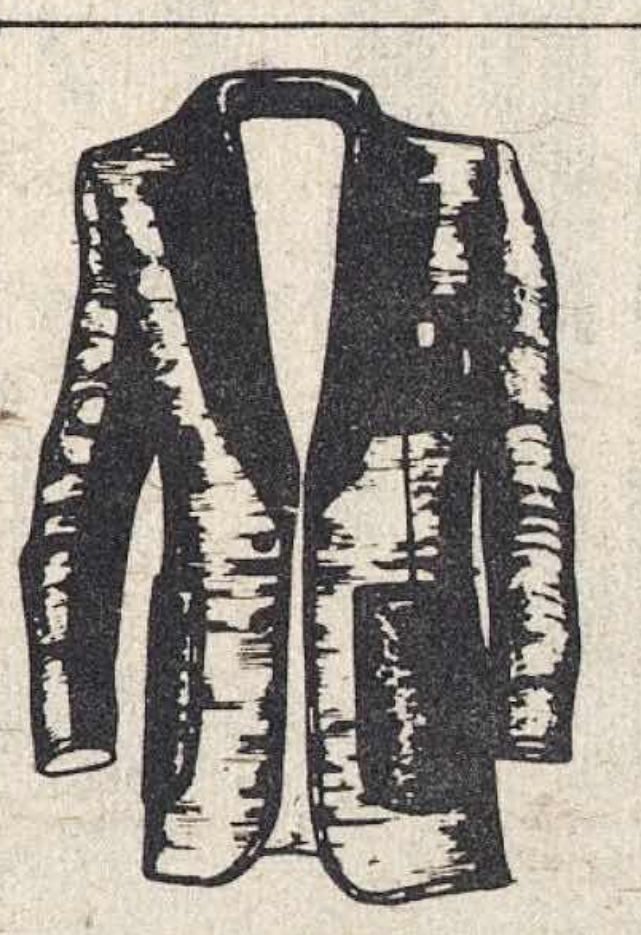

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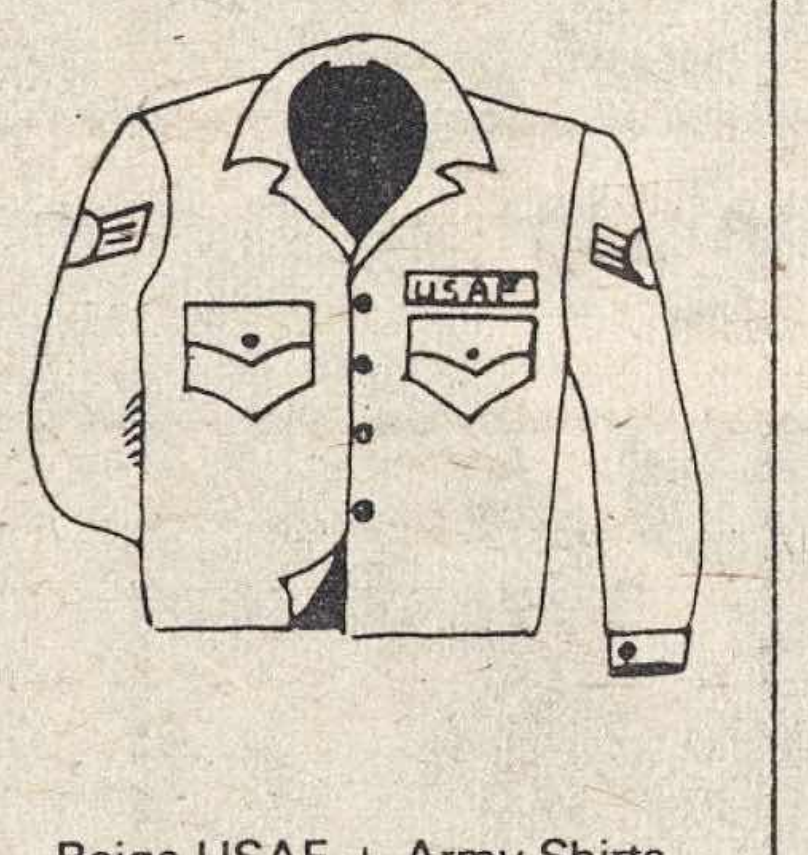

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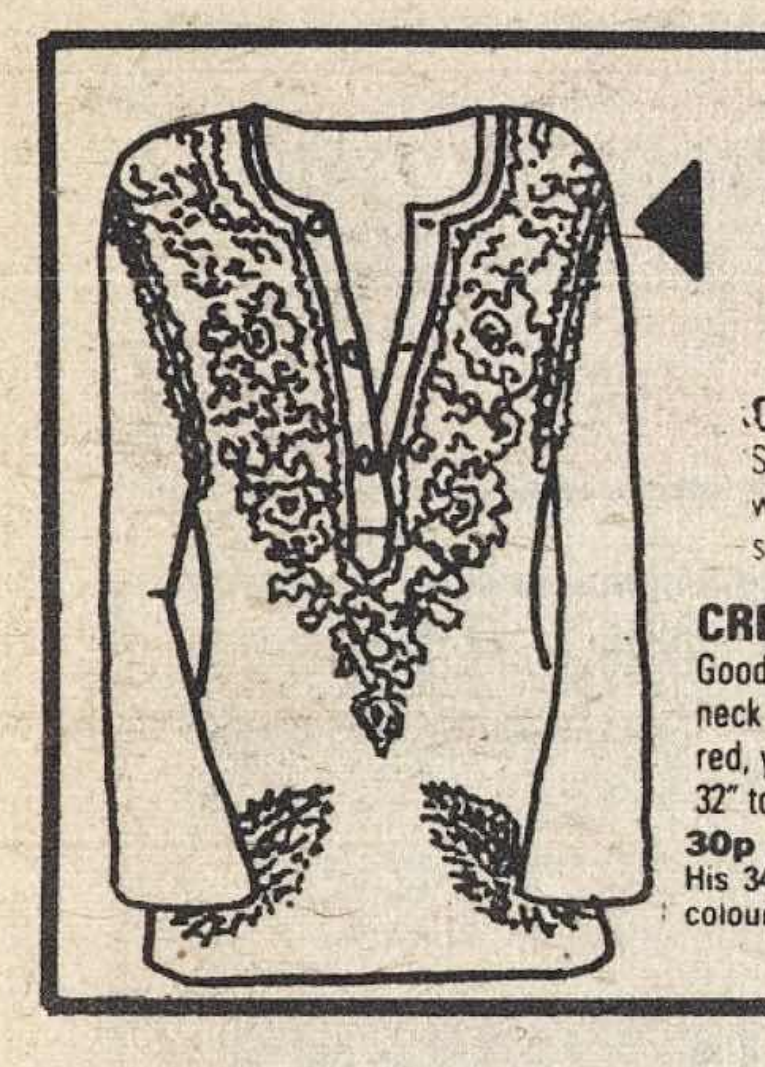

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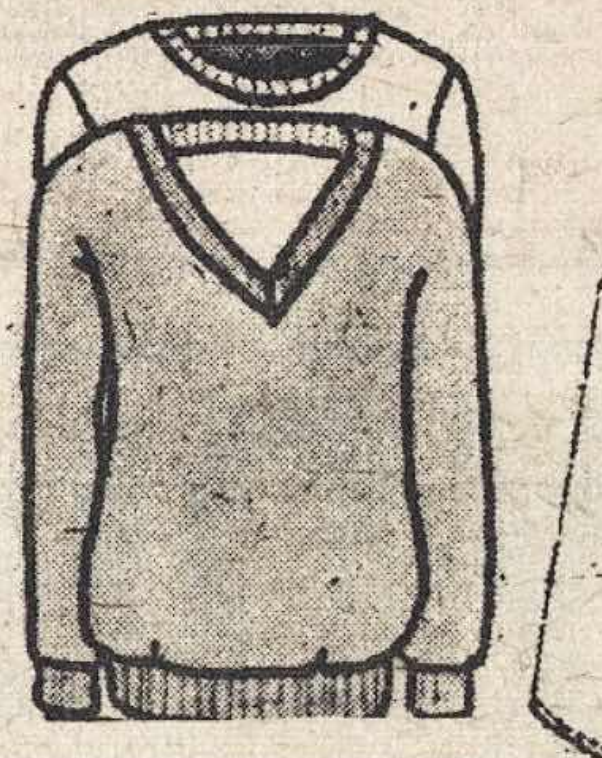

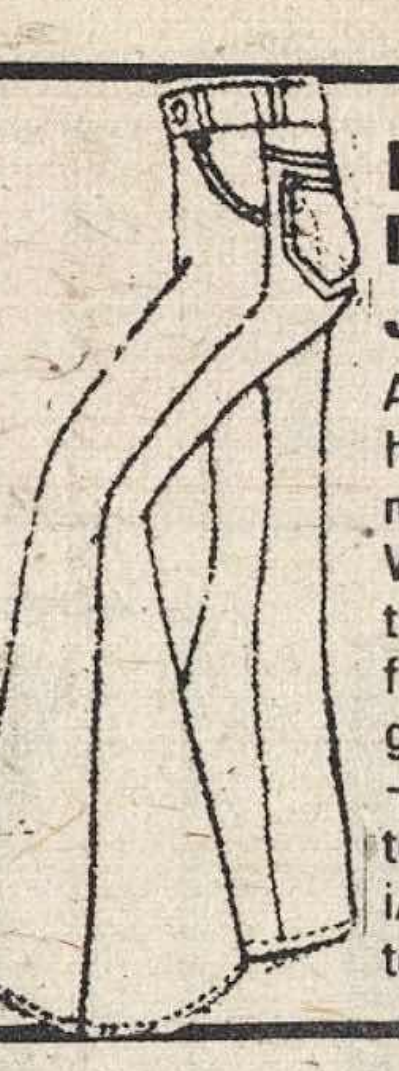

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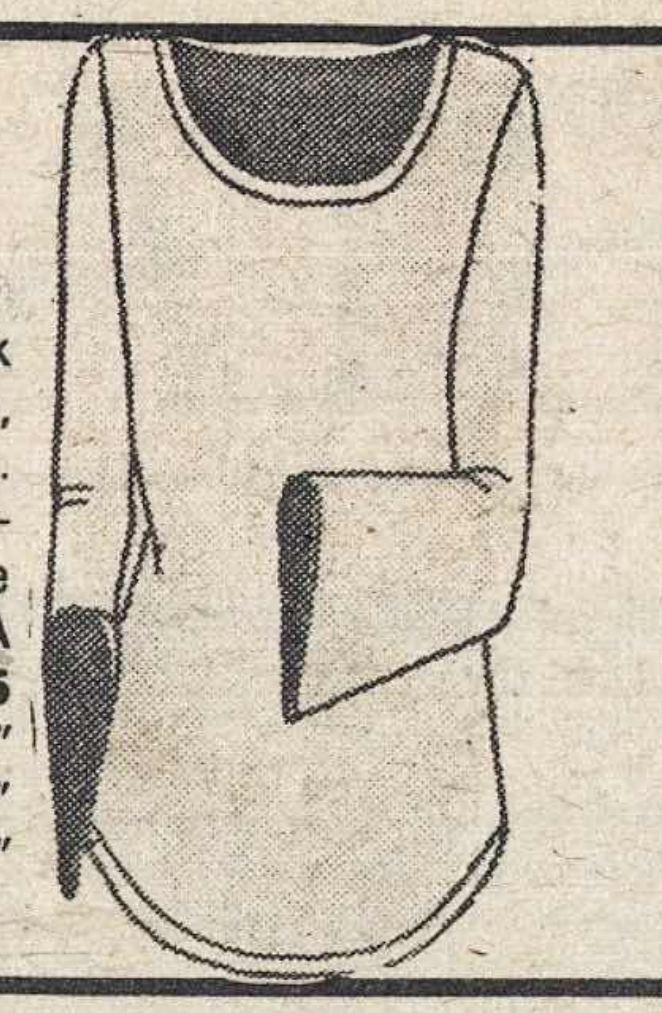

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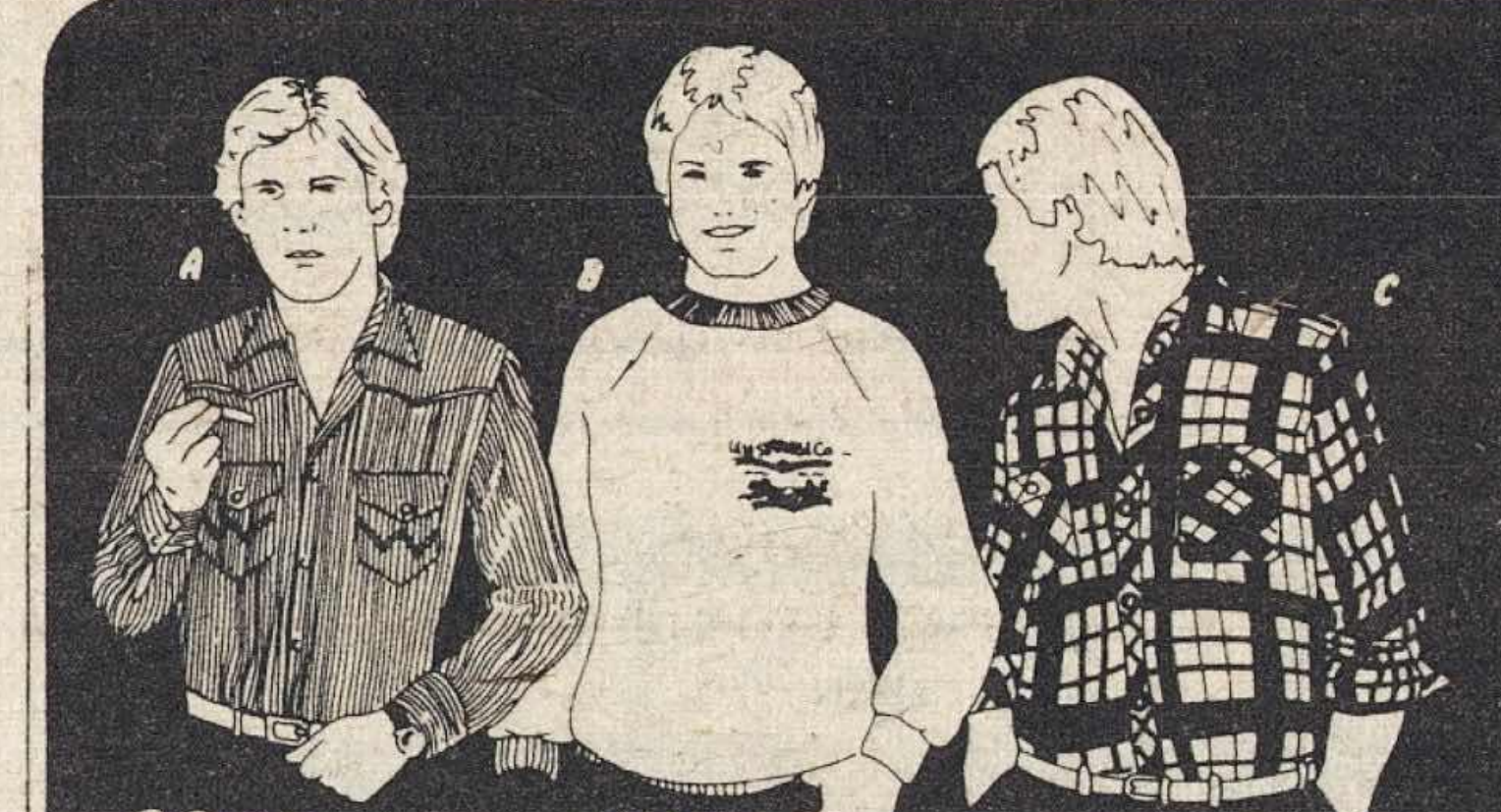

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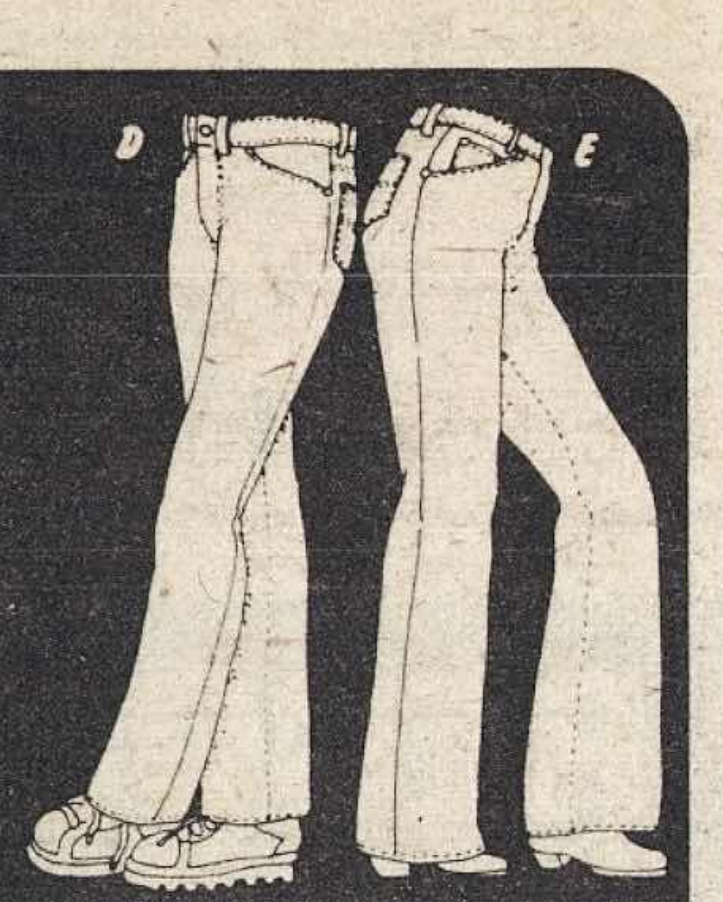

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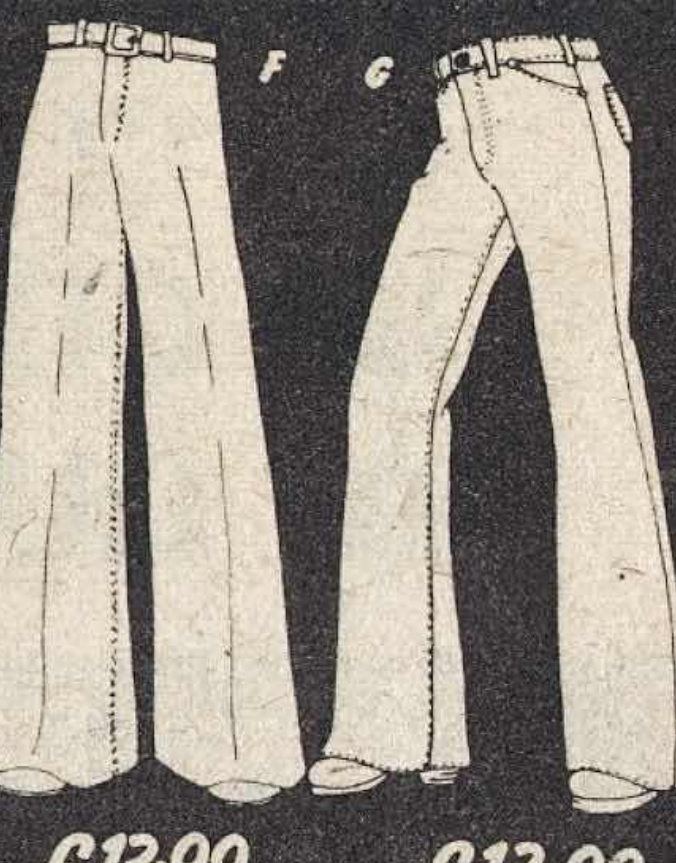

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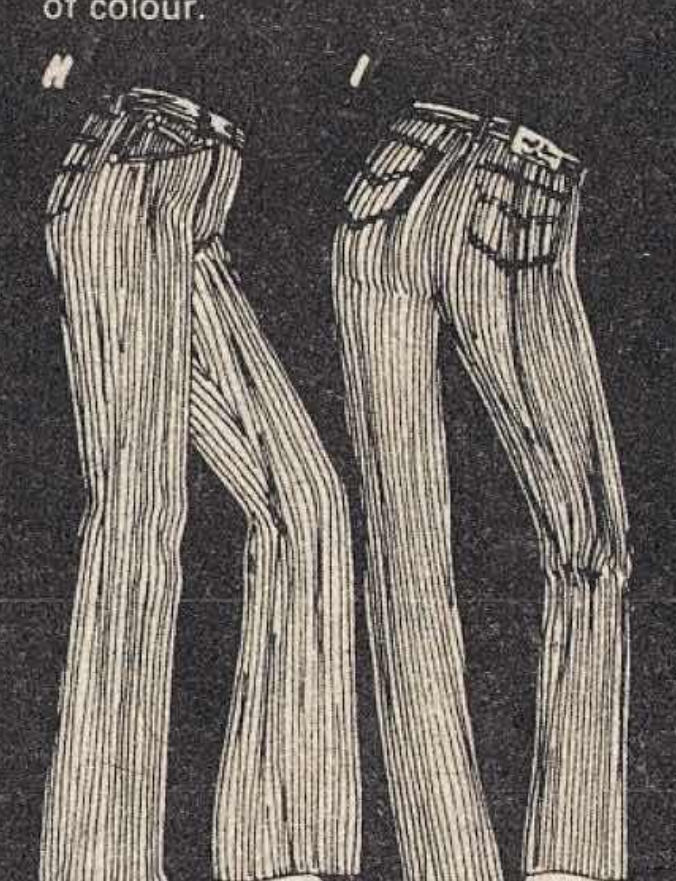

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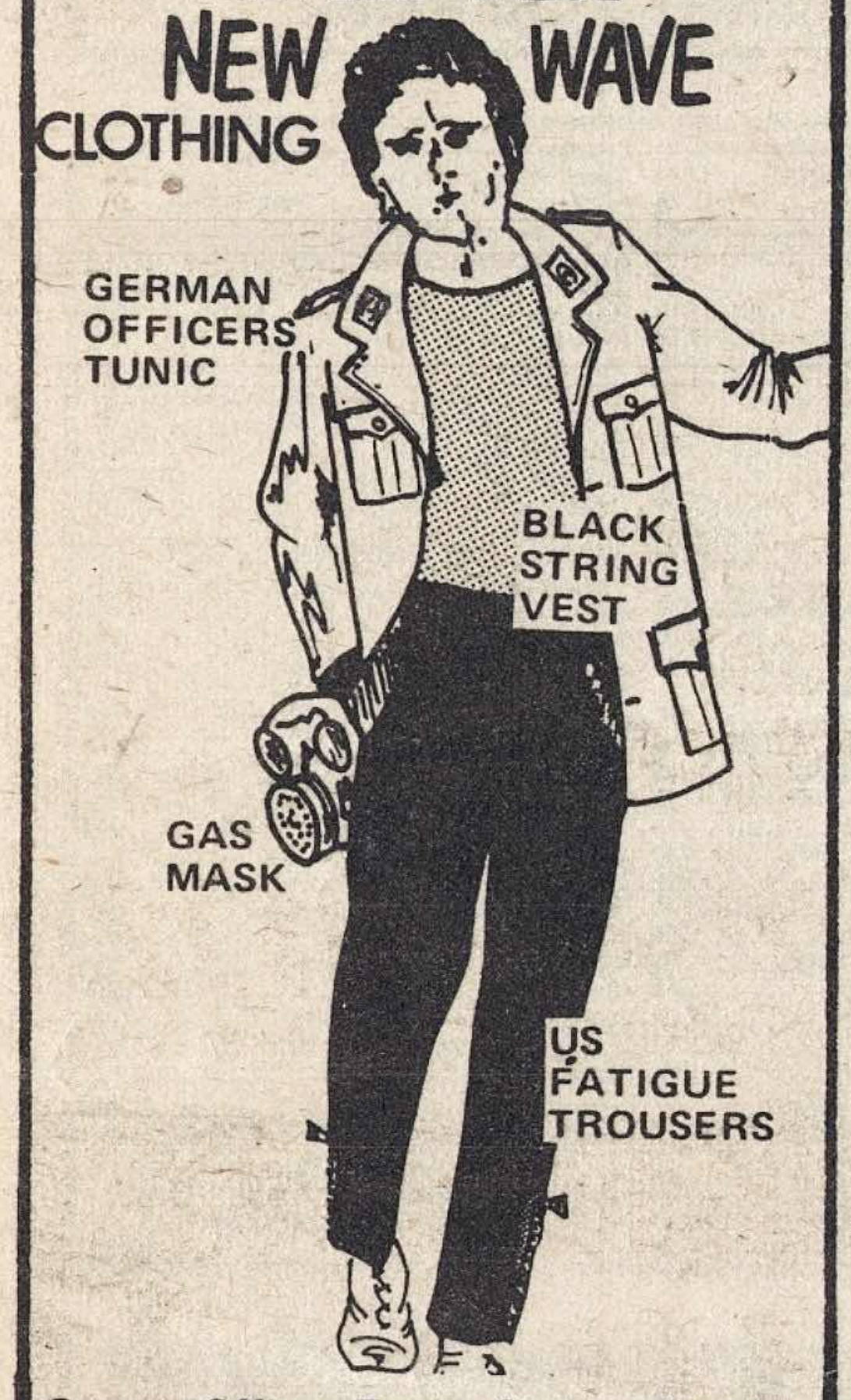

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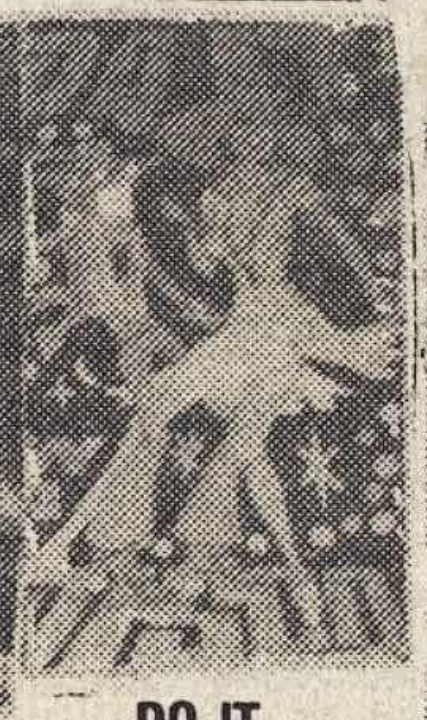

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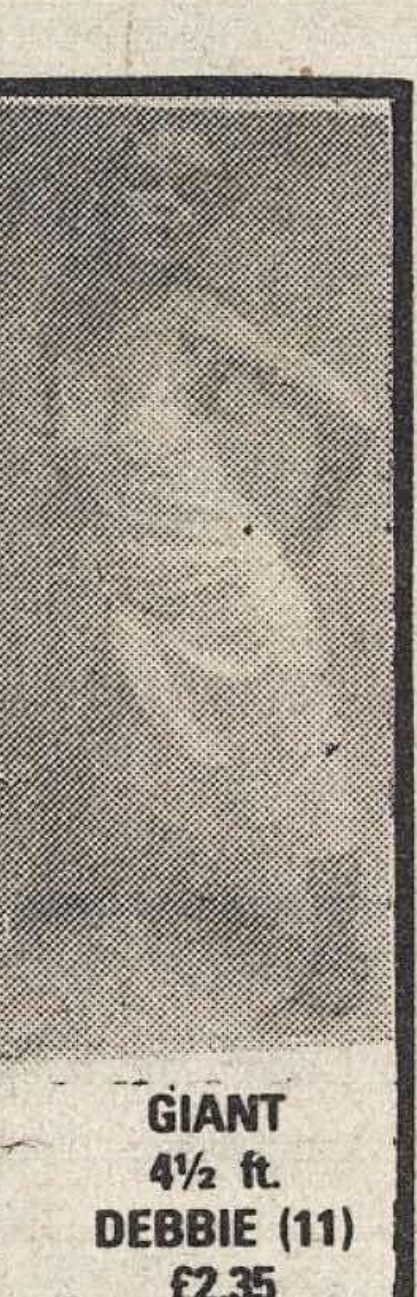

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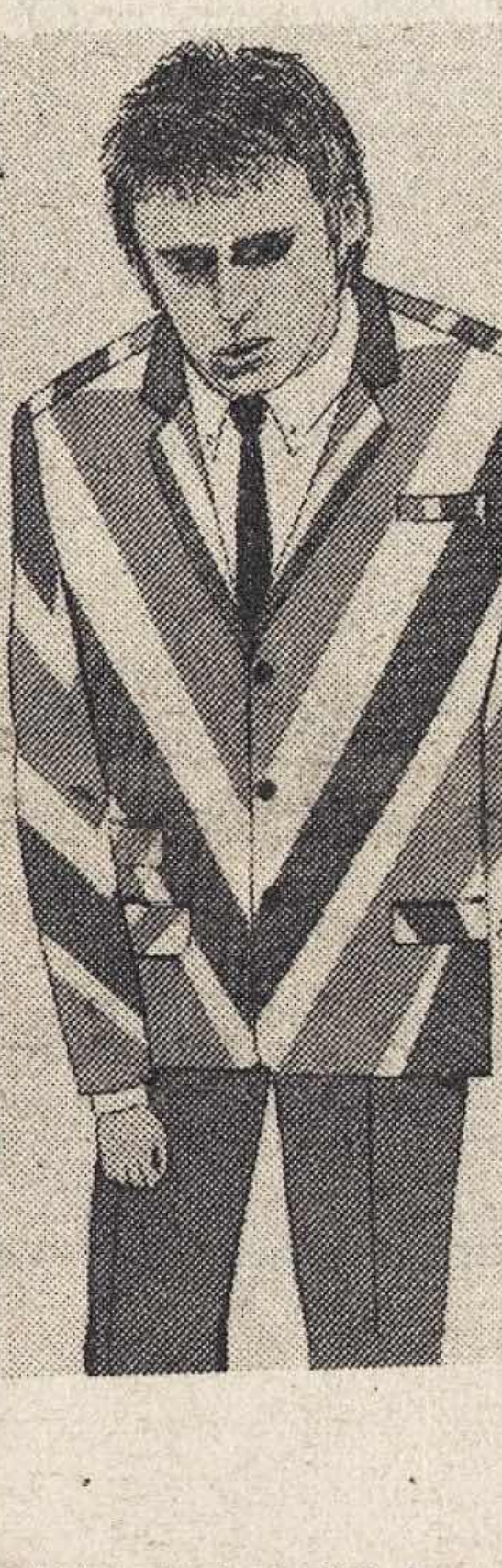

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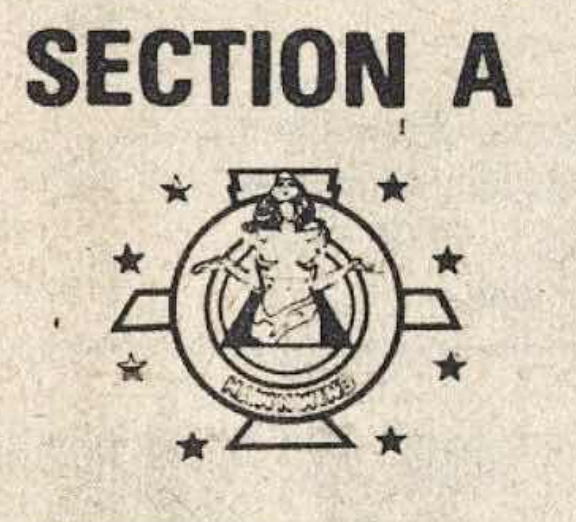

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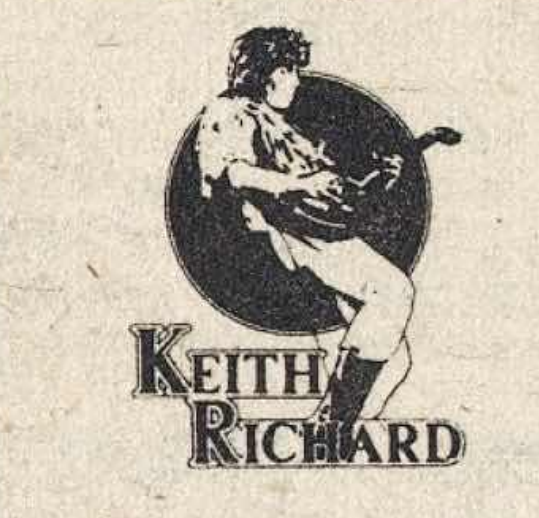
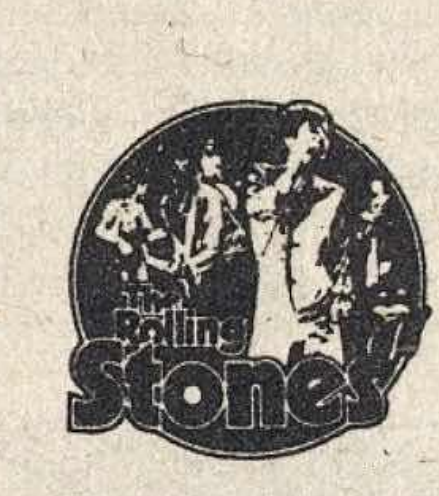


A9 KEITH RICHARD



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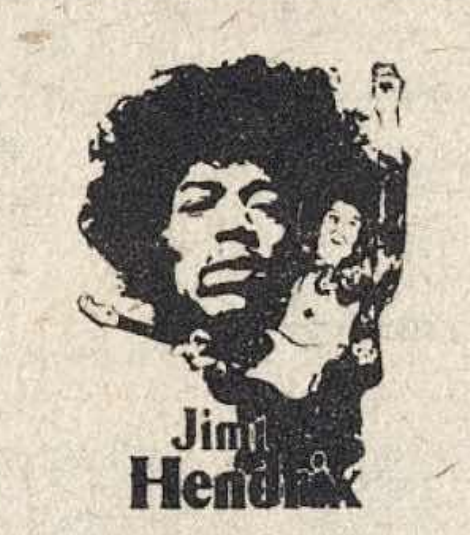

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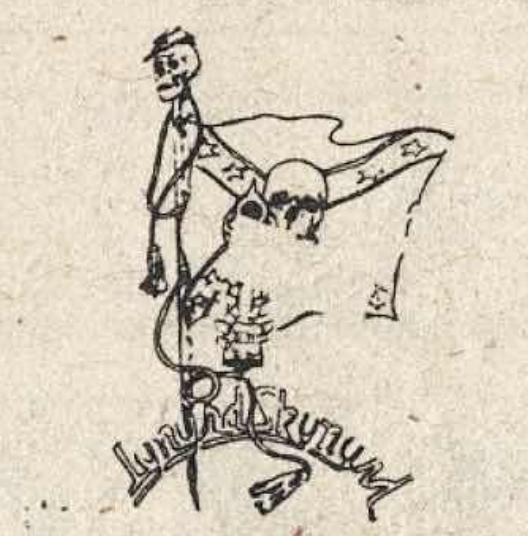

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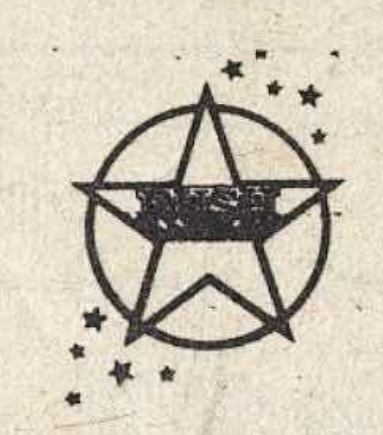

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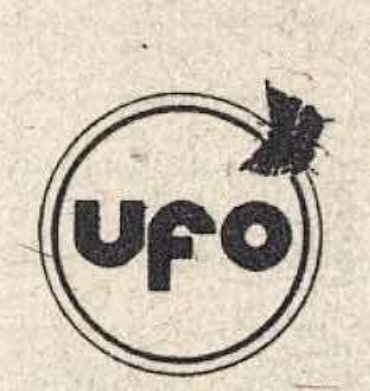

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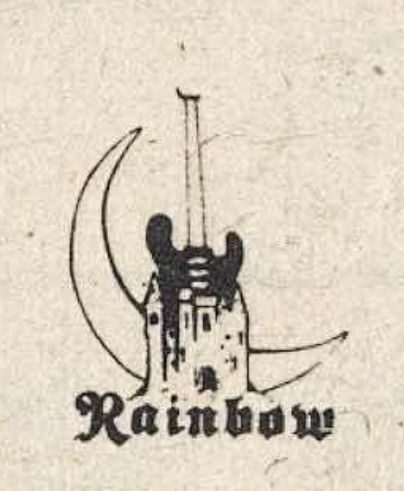

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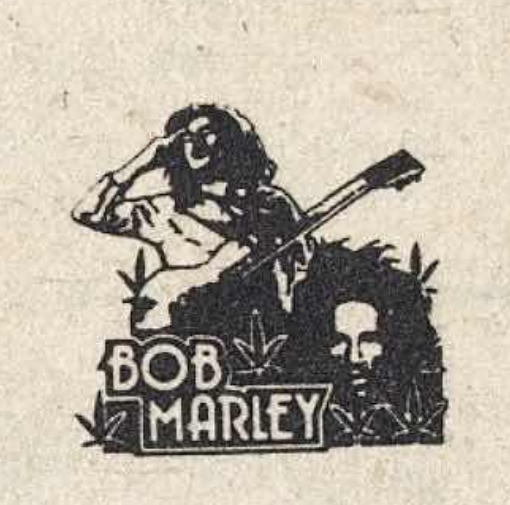

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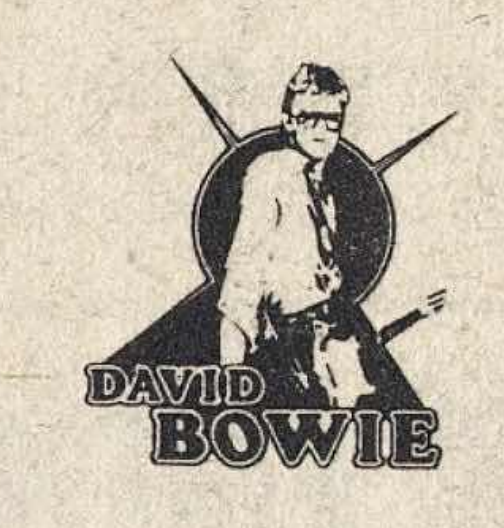

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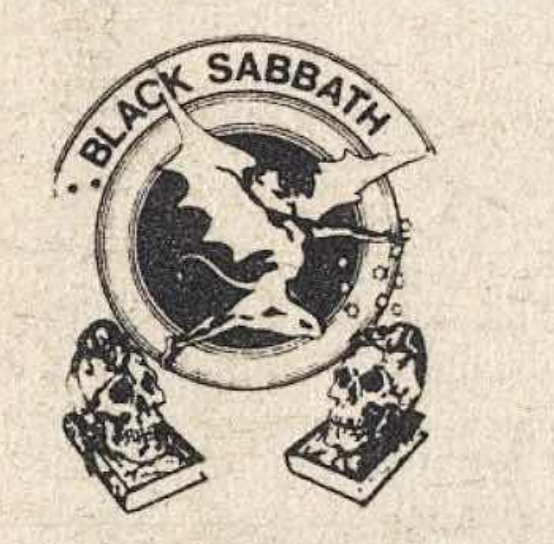

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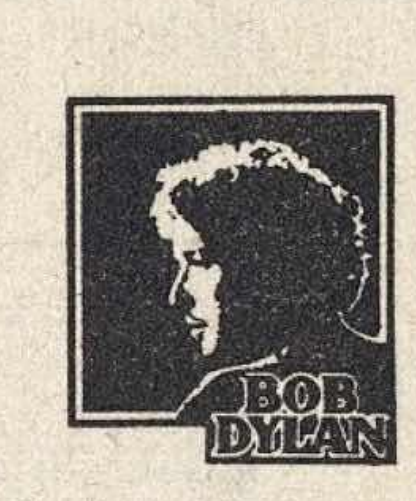
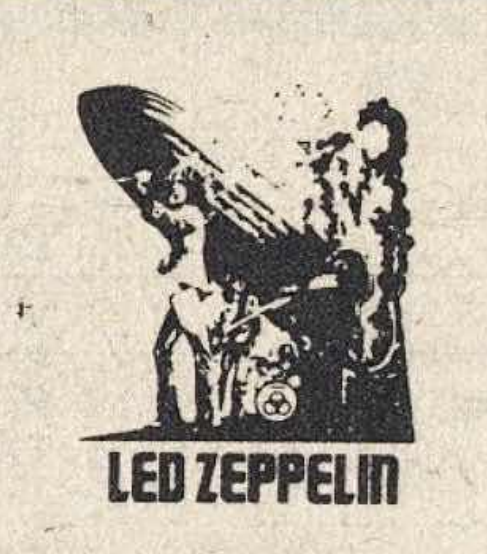


A19 BOB DYLAN



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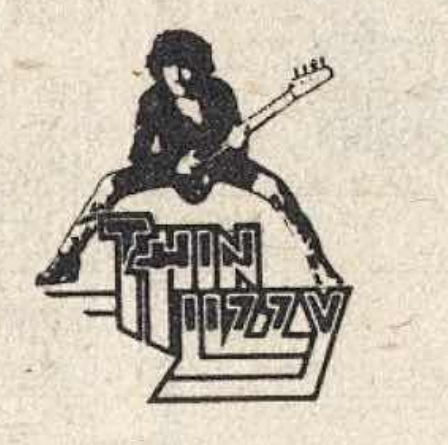

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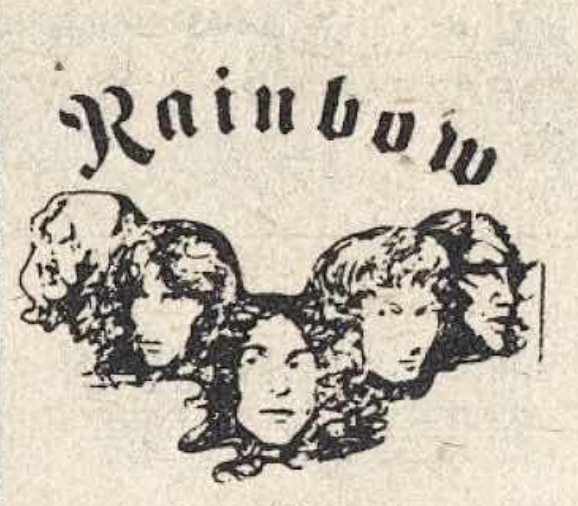

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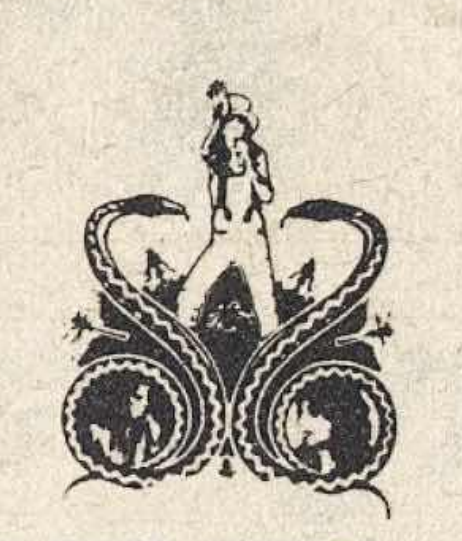

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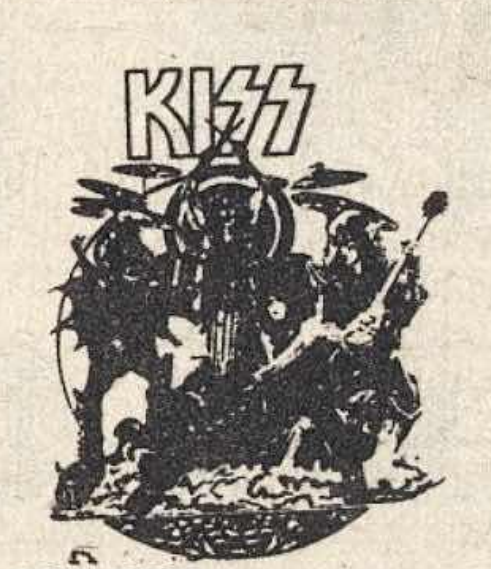

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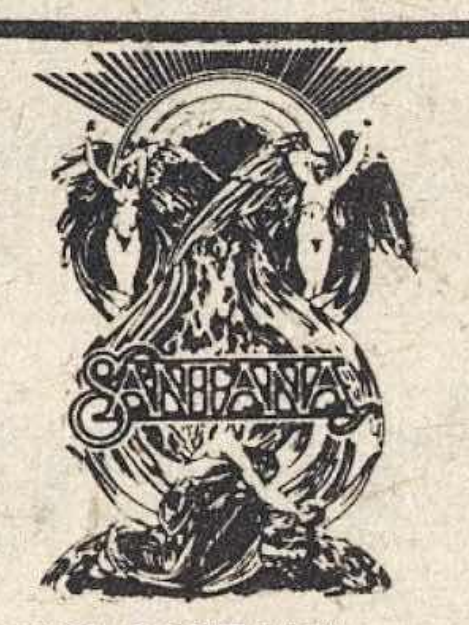

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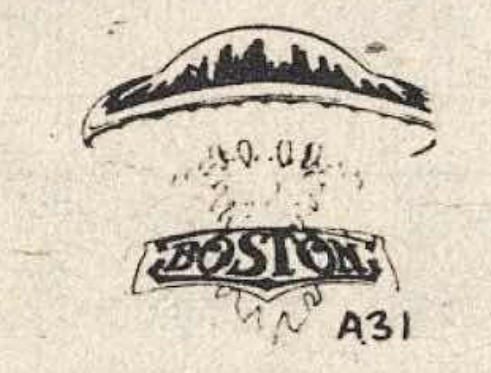

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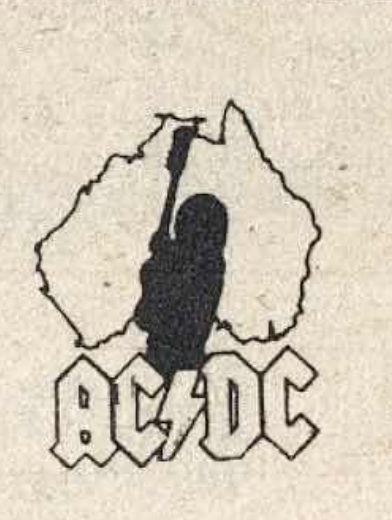

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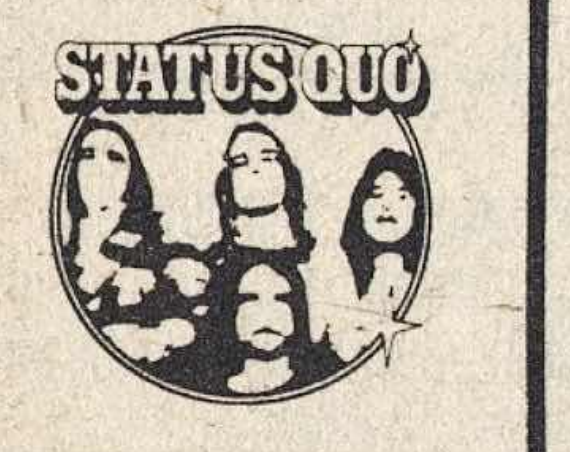

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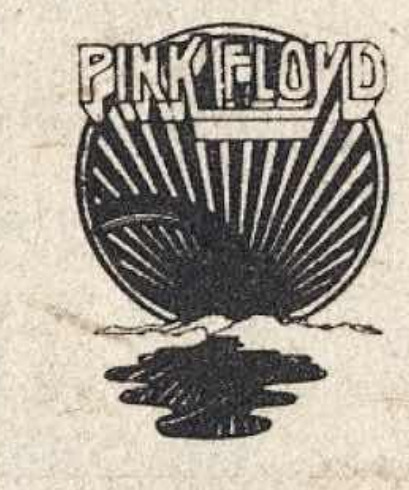
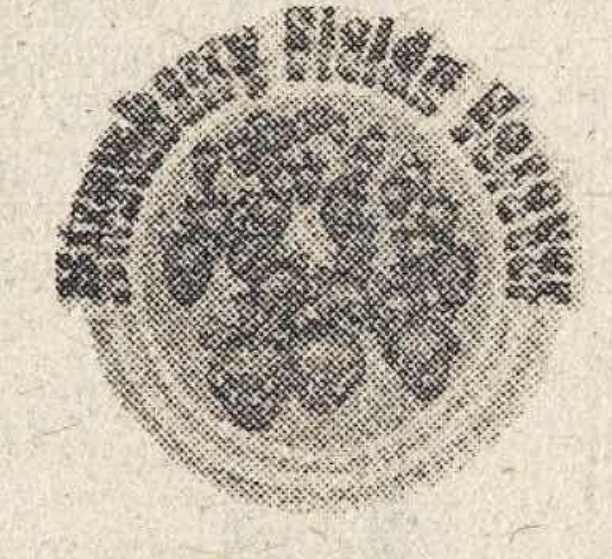


B2 PINK FLOYD

B3 BLONDIE



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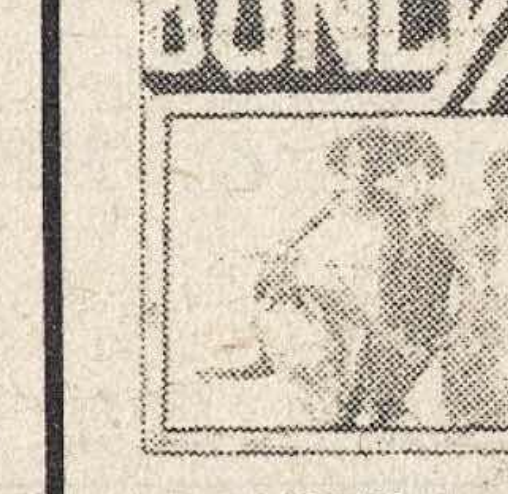

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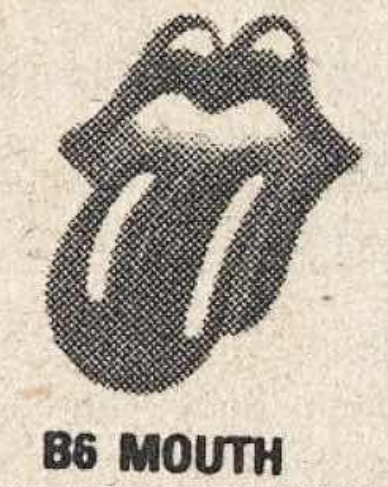

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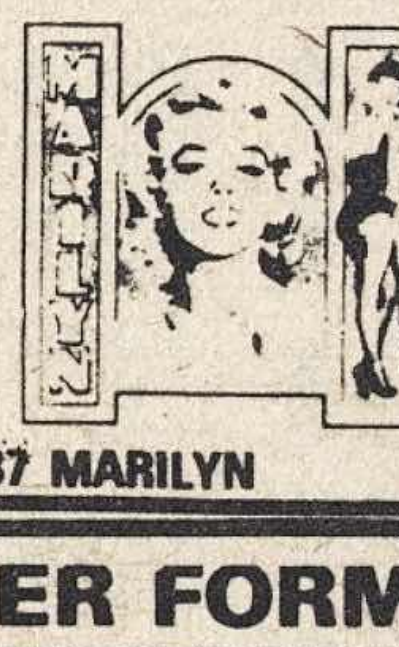
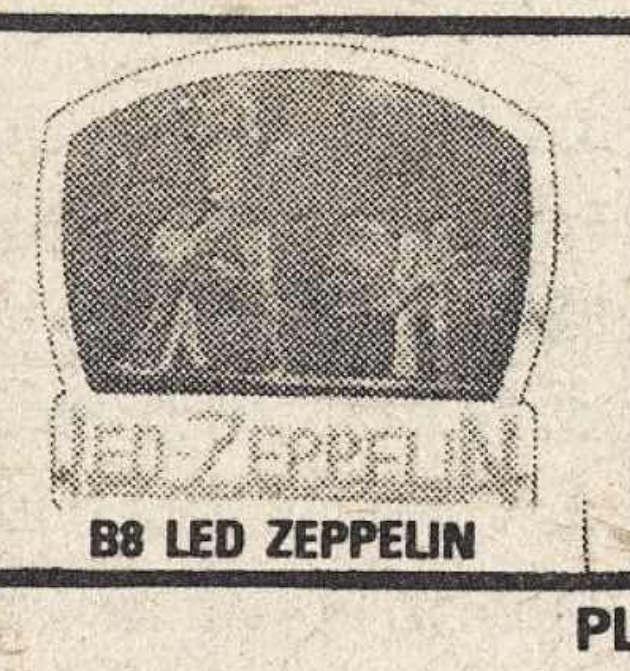


B7 MARILYN



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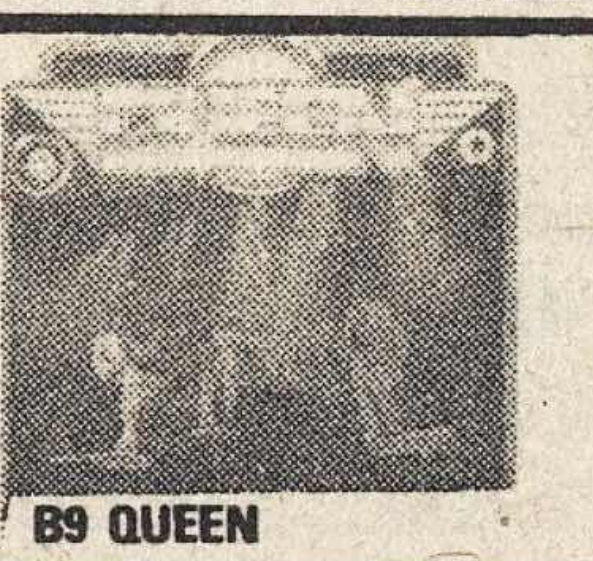

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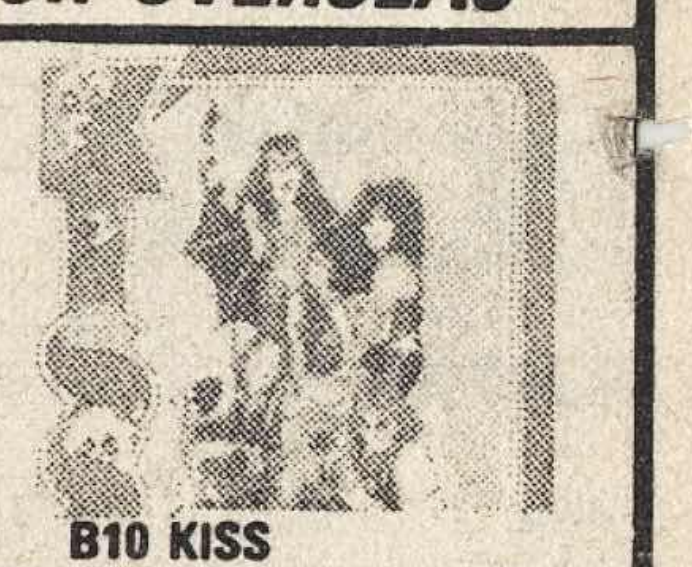

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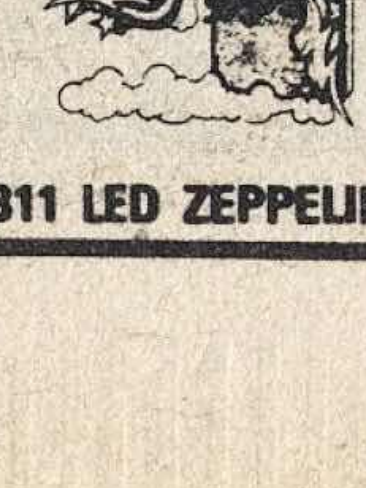

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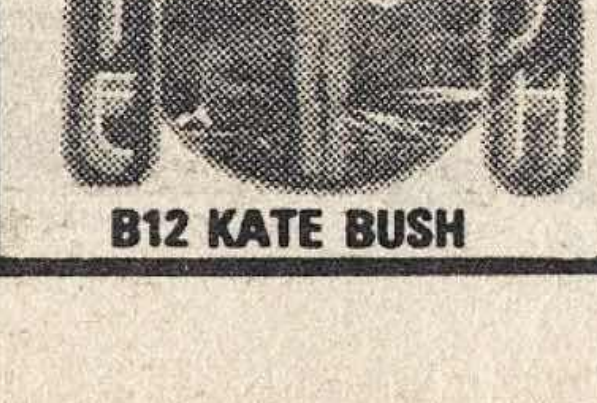
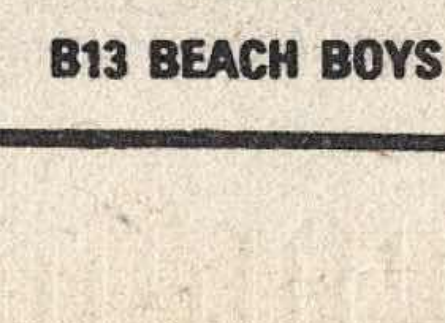


B12 KATE BUSH



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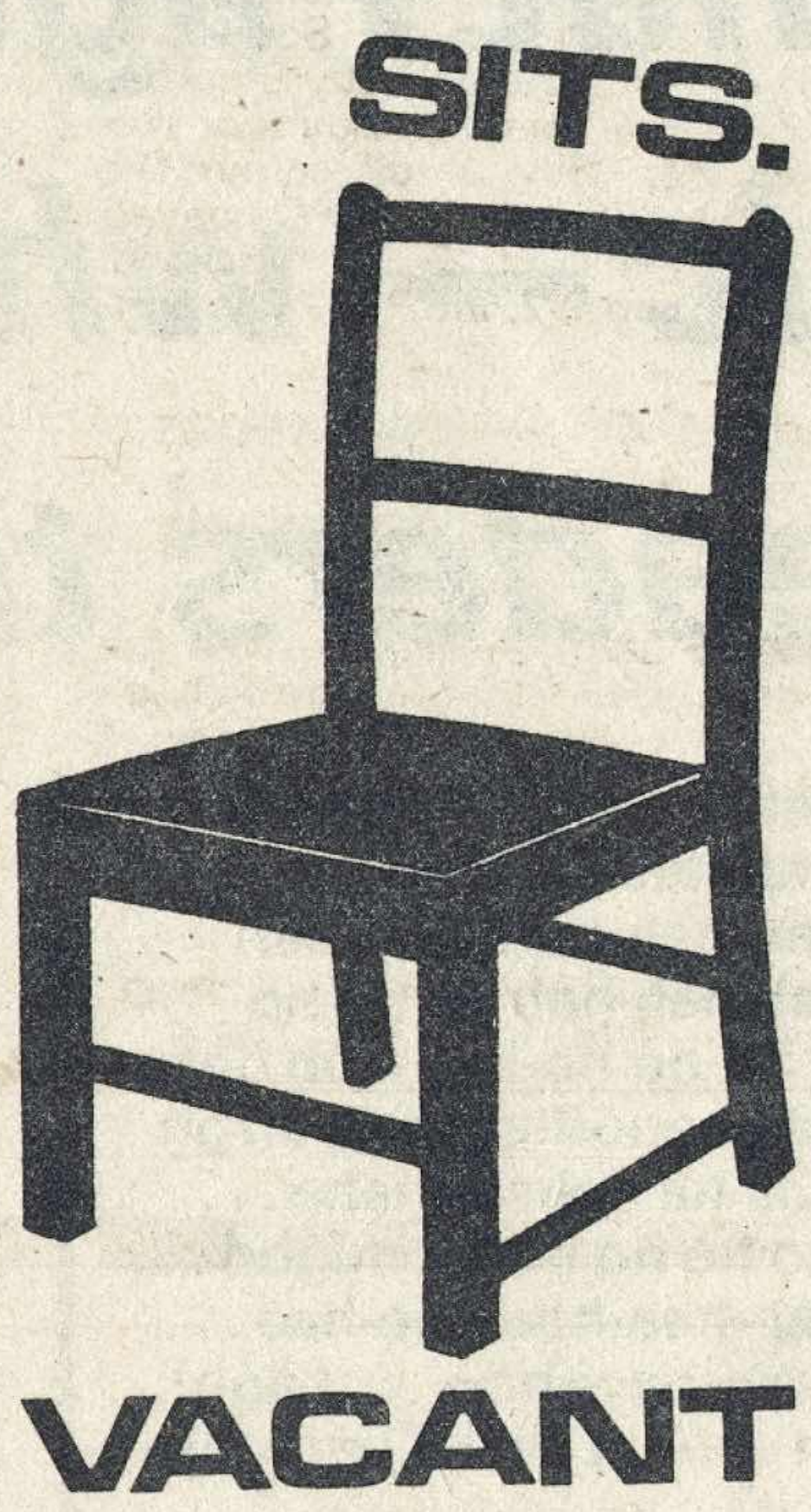

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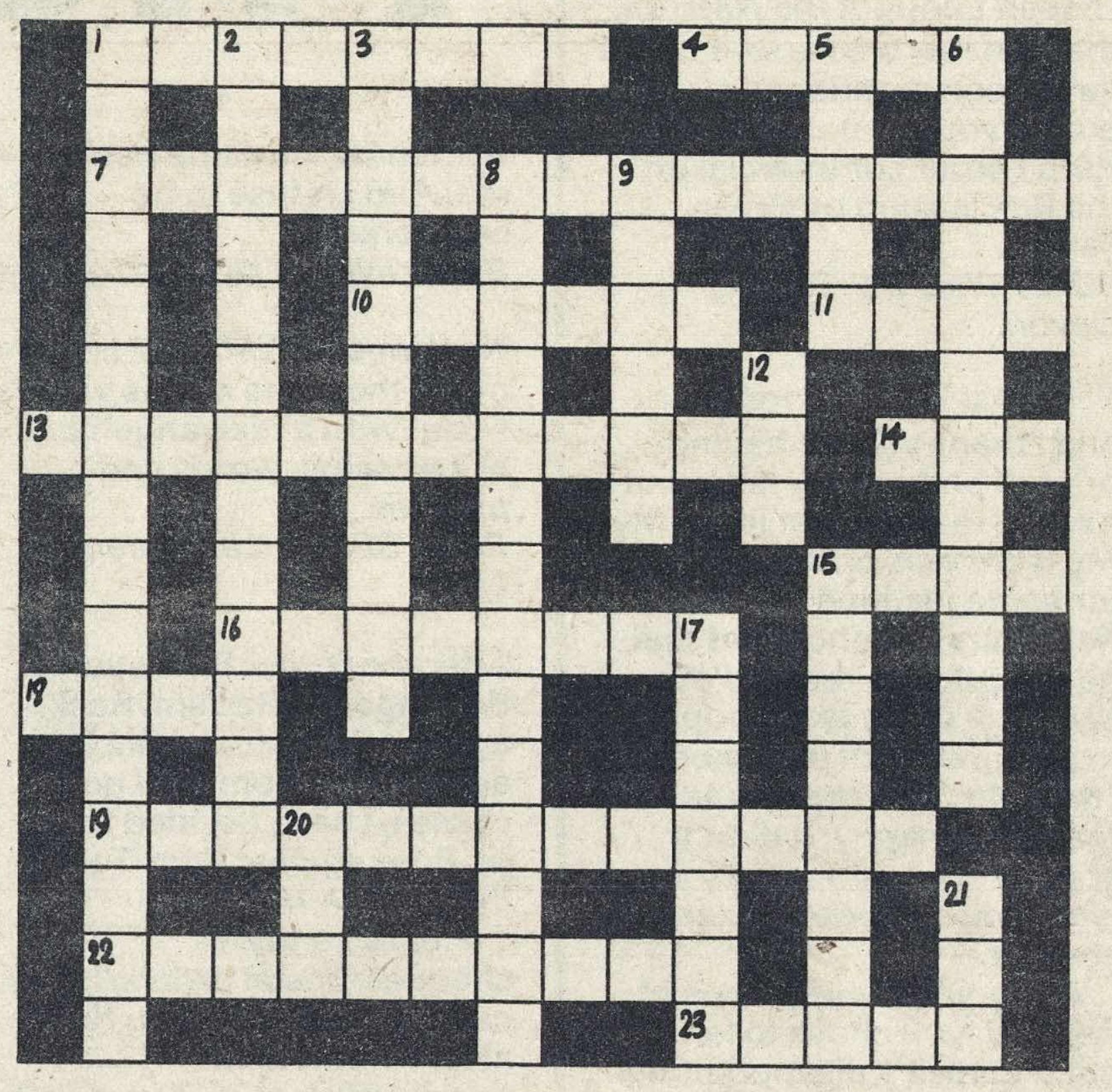

ACROSS

1 As might be exclaimed by a dancing Frog, le freaking to Edwards and Rodgers' long-playing creation (4, 4)
4 Surname of solo ex-Trafficker
7 Tim Hardin song, double A-sided with Rod's Maggie May in 1971 (6, 2, 7)
10 Fitted-up, so to speak, like a Sensational Alex Harvey album from '72
11 Pointers 45 from the pen of Spruce Bruce
13 Familial soul aggregation with current disco biggie (6, 6)
14 Punch a record?
15 Not Sheik Yer*booty,* this is more M. Jackson than F. Zappa
16 R'n'R golden oldie by Danny & The Juniors (2, 3, 3)
18 One half of "Surf City" combo
19 Quiffed U.S. rock'n'roller whose late '50s hits included "Tallahassie Lassie" *(No relation — Lion Of Judah)* and "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans" (7, 6)
22 Rigorously ethnic Irish combo led by Paddy Moloney, the purists' Bob Geldof
23 Members member for grocery bargains!

DOWN

1 As singer with Chicken Shack, she made the 1969 charts singing "I'd Rather Go Blind" *(For no extra points we'd like to know who she married, who she's currently dating, and is that her real name?)* (9, 7)
2 The Skids will never pull at the disco! (6, 2, 5)
3 Kent Walton used to host a dorky TV pop show from which this current hit took its title (4, 3, 4)
5 Like tiny digits, alright!
6 & 15 down. Of all the punk artifacts, Mrs Whitehouse names this sensitive long-player her favourite tea-time accompaniment (5, 4, 3, 8)
8 Crickets oldie, also title of movie vehicle for David Essex (6, 2, 3, 3)
9 & 12. Nicknamed Little Miss Dynamite *(Who compiled this crossword, bloody Jack Good? — Ed),* she had some 24 hits between '60 and '66 including "Sweet Nothin's" and "Let's Jump The Broomstick"
12 See above
15 See 6
17 Like Elton, Liberace, or Mrs Mills
20 Sandra or Simon
21 Bee Gees label

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 "Bright Eyes"; 4 "(Seven Seas Of) Rhye"; 6 Leyton Buzzards; 10 Stefan (Grossman); 12 Duffo; 13 PFM; 14 Roger Scott; 15 Fabian; 16 "Oxygene"; 17 "Ku Klux Klan"; 19 Ziggy; 20 "Seven Seas Of (Rhye)"; 23 Pete (Shelley); 24 "(Everybody's) Happy Nowadays".

DOWN: 1 "Bully For You"; 2 "Get It"; 3 Suzi Quatro; 5 Hash; 7 Bram Tchaikovsky; 8 (Gerry) Rafferty; 9 Don McLean; 10 "Stage Fright"; 11 "Everybody's (Happy Nowadays)"; 13 (Peter) Powell; 18 X-Ray (Spex); 19 (Frank) Zappa; 21 Nico; 22 Flys.

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The Good, The BAG, and The Ugly

Edited by . . . hang on . . . um . . . it's . . . er . . . I'm sorry, I had it written down here somewhere but I've lost it.

LEMMY
The killer with the heart of gold and the nose of steel.

PENMAN
Doomed to be misunderstood — even by himself.

KENT
They laughed — but he took a terrible revenge.

Bad news I'm afraid. I bought a secondhand typewriter today.
BOLROG OF THE NORTH, Bedfordshire.

I haven't bought the *NME* for the past few weeks so it might have been mentioned already, but do you suppose the new Harp Larger commercial on the Box is sung by Bryan Ferry?
JOHN WILSON, Exeter, Devon.

I am Last Weeks Foreigner and I thank you for having printed parts of my letter but I missed the greatest lines. My My letter was positive except for some justified criticism. Tony Parsons once said that he thought the readers of *NME* buy every issue hoping to disagree with plenty of it so I thought my letter would make you happy. It didn't, apparently. I don't really know what you consider unclear about it.

As I pointed out (in one of the lines you chose to leave out) I think it's disappointing to read a review that basically tells you to make up your mind about something you don't know or forget the band/artist. Isn't that accessible coherence? I prefer calling it straightforward opinions. You triumphantly announced that I lost control over my statements at one point, it was actually another point (did anyone read the *whole* letter?). Please don't misunderstand everything I say. You seem to think I disdain *NME*, I don't! Wouldn't buy it every week if I did.

And what's so funny 'bout being eager?
GUNNAR KIHLSTEDT, Sweden.

Shit. I forgot what I wanted to complain about.
ELMAR, Germany.

If one is of conservative disposition, it means that one is opposed to change — ie one should vote Labour. I hope this clears up any misconceptions.
REGINALD AFPRENTICE, M.P.

Please could you explain the relevance of a woman's tit on Brian B's page *NME* 24th March)?

We look forward to seeing Brian B's phallus advertised in the *NME* in the near future.
(Ms) W. BARR, London E.15
Why do you assume it's a *woman's* tit? In fact, the gland belongs to Brian B.

I'm writing about the Human League article in last week's issue.
EWAN MEE, Bethnal Green.

Playing music to plants does not make them grow better. I took mine to see Motorhead and they died.
RICK THE VIC, Nevada.

Can I be the first to say that Motorhead are louder than Ted Nugent?
C. LUNT, Rotherham, S. Yorks.

Ten seconds after you have read this letter the entire world will be destroyed, making the Middle East Peace Pact a complete waste of time and just stopping Ned Ludd and the Machine Wreckers from becoming the world's greatest rock group.
ORSON CARTE, Melton.

What's the point of trying to categorise your readers' letters? It's common knowledge that they are all written by the same person — me. And I refuse to be categorized.
BARD INFLUENCE, St. Albans.

Next week's *NME* will be very much the same as this week's — but with a rearrangement of sarcasms, words and pictures.
PAUL SEERY, Lancaster, Lancs.

After the recent formation of Rock against Racism, Rock against Sexism and Rock against The Bomb, all good causes, I have decided to set up Rock against Hard Toilet Paper. (R.A.H.T.P.).

Please send all cheques/postal orders/loose change/2nd-hand Lou Reed albums/soft toilet paper/offers to do benefit gigs to:
STEVE MULLINER, Hedgerley, Bucks.

I took this photo a few months ago 20 miles south of Tourmoussouset in the middle of the Jordan Desert. Punk has reached the remote parts of the world! Vast empty spaces for people with vast empty heads?
P. CORY, Nth. Somercotes, Lincolnshire.

Re your review of our Music Machine fiasco. Apologies to all concerned, we were noisy, we were sloppy ... we were drunk. Main problem, we arrived at two, they wouldn't let us play till 12. Too much time to waste, most of it in the pub. A thousand apologies.

However, I take great exception to any accusations of an identity problem. We haven't got one. Yours were based on a shallow, superficial level, i.e. our appearance doesn't conform (in your all important eyes) with our sound. To be honest, our appearance doesn't even conform with each other. Still, leather jackets are the Beatle suits of the '70s and we're happy. We know where we're going but if Rick Joseph (who?) decides after half an hour that we don't, then who am I to argue?

Journalists, shmournalists.

GEOFF DEANE, Leyton Buzzards.

Ease up, Geoff (who?), Rick's only in it for the beer money and so, it appears, are you.

Thank you, Ian Penman, for unmasking, demystifying and publicly debagging the absurdly pretentious Siouxsie and the Banshees. I have always detested the 'Me Artist You Bozo' attitude adopted by the Banshee wailers and Mr Penman's probing piece of journalism finally convinced me never to invite Siouxsie to my birthday party again.
PAUL DAVIES, Whitchurch, Cardiff.

Siouxsie and the Banshees may tend towards shallow pretension but Ian Penman beats them all the way down the line. I know who I'd rather share a life-raft with.
GIOVANNI DADOMO, London N1
For the fifth time, Giovanni, there are *no jobs* available.

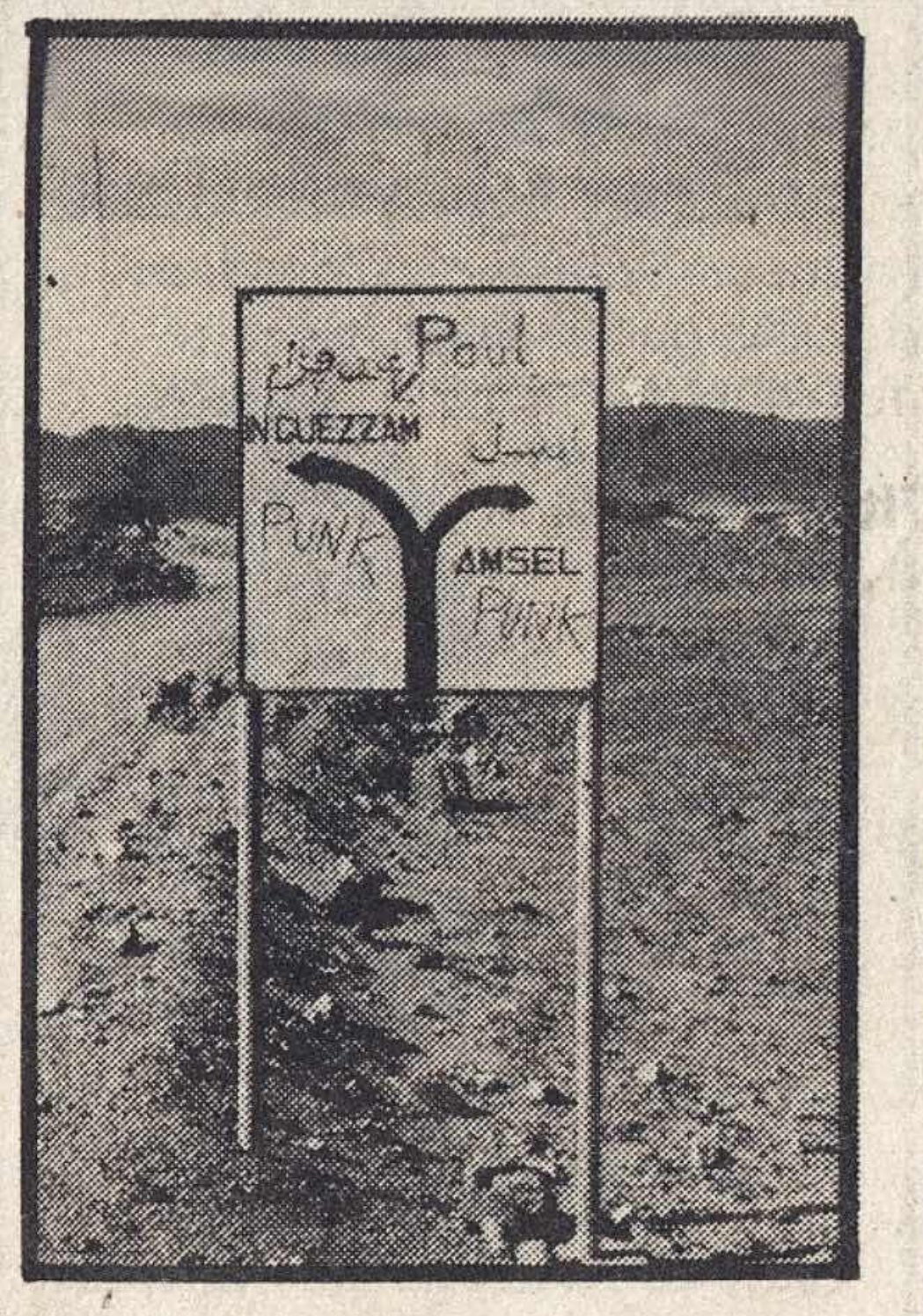
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha I've just read ha ha ha ha ha Ian Penman's ha ha ha ha Siouxsie article ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.
PHIL O'SUFA, Notting Hill Gate.

Sorry chaps, but you've finally done it. I've suffered this pseudy little pillock for long enough. Of whom do I speak? Why, one 'Ian Penman', the gentleman who has pirated my name.

I've been in the rock journalism (occasionally) and rock broadcasting (weekly) biz for approaching four years, which is at least two more than this pretender. I co-present and co-produce 'Bedrock' a programme that lays as much emphasis on local as national talent. We've given first exposure and radio play to people like Penetration, Tom Robinson, Neon, Punishment of Luxury and many others. Over the past year I've grown sick and tired of having to explain that no, I don't write for the NME, and no, I'm not a purveyor or pretenscious prattle.

The capper came this week. My namesake's ridiculous review of "Out For Revenge' by Newcastle band The Squad. Did he listen to the album or did he just read the lyric sheet and look at the sleeve? The band financed, produced, recorded and distributed the album themselves and not only is this quite a sizeable achievement, but it's also a bloody good record, which is something I've said at length on the air. Since I probably can't persuade you to lock this twerp in a cupboard for the next twenty years or ask him to write his wretched prose under a different name I'd appreciate you printing this so that at least I won't get accused of being a schizophrenic poser.
IAN PENMAN, BBC Radio Newcastle.

Punk reaches the Empty Quarter. See letter above.



Distributed by BAG PROMOTIONS, NME, 4-6 Carnaby St, W1

I have an impression of Ian Penman as one of these plump little men with darting eyes, who perspire continually, and fart audibly at regular intervals. Please confirm.
SUE DE NIMES.
Affirmative.

May I agree with all the above letters about Ian Penman's article?
MICKEY SHAPIRO, (aged 8) Kingston on Hull.

I'm sorry, but things have got so bad I must complain. I've been reading *NME* regularly for over 15 years — from the days of 'Lifelines' and 'New To The Charts', when critical comment was virtually nil — up to now, when the critics threaten to become more important than the music.

A recent issue really was the limit: almost every article saw the writer spending more time expounding his own views than giving the views of the artists concerned. Nick Kent prefaced his article on The Pretenders with a quote from *Record Mirror;* Danny Baker kept Paul Weller in cold storage whilst he (Baker) argued the critical toss with Ian Penman; whilst the article on Joan Armatrading was in reality an excuse for the unfailingly sanctimonious Graham Lock to flex his ideological muscles.

I'm not arguing in favour of a return to the days of 'Well it must be good 'cos the kids like it', but surely this critical nit-picking has gone far enough? Rock's not an art form in the way poetry, sculpture or ballet is — it's a mass entertainment, and your attempts to apply rigid, critical and moral (sic) standards to rock merely point out the alarming dichotomy between public tastes and critical tastes.

Every one of the successful acts in your recent poll has undergone a full scale slagging-off at the hands of one or another of your 'no-nonsense' critics. That's bad enough — because subjective views always offend when written in the (Graham) Lockean pontifical style — but when you take time out to debate *each other's* views within articles, then a sense that the end's in sight arises.

I mean, rock criticisms about rock criticisms? Despite Penman's sneers, Morley's theories and Lock's morals, the rock fans of this country — in the main — buy records and go to gigs because they love music, not because they've given the bands in question a positive moral and critical litmus test.

That's why CSM's article on Dylan's Earls Court gigs was so heartening — you sensed that, depsite everything, Murray *loved* Dylan's music. He was a fan first, critic second. Some of the new guys are critics *period.*

If they're so dissatisfied with rock, why do they continue to write about it? But of course, they *don't* often write about rock — they write about writing.

Decadent, I call it.
PETE BRAY, Nelson, Lancs.
And you're probably not far wide of the beam, Pete. Penman's botty is currently as red as his nose and the others, they've taken up with the Was God A Palindrome sect.

That Page 3 pic — what readers think

Heh heh . . . heh heh heh heh . . . tee-tee-tee . . . hee-hee-hee-ha-ha . . . hah hah hah hah hah oh ho ho ho-ho ho-ho ho-ho . . .oh dear, let's have another look, arrgh ha ha ha ha hahahahaha . . . who ho ho ho ho oh migod . . . hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee . . . haw-haw-haw-haw . . . (sigh), so that's what Nick Kent looks like, is it?

A. MUSED, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Under no circumstance must you send me a signed photo of Nick Kent in his authentic "street punk" gear.
Meg Richardson.
Whilst not doubting Nick Kent's immense street credibility for one moment, it might be nice for us all if he could get an article out promptly. Must we wait until the arse-end of March to see the fruits of a visit to Paris in early February?
NICK THE NURD, Bedford.

It soon come – fruit soon ripe – fi take we bite
strength soon come – fi fling we might . . . .

ISLAND

LKJ

words by Linton Kwesi Johnson from the Album 'Forces of Victory' Cat. No. ILPS 9566

TO T-ZERS OR NOT TO

T-ZERS

But seriously folks, this Earth isn't all whoopee cushions and wax lips — as the sad stooped figure of **Bob Dylan** will bear witness. In decidedly melancholy mood our humble hero has been reflecting on the meaning of it all. "Y'know, if all this faded away it wouldn't bother me. I've had quite an experience doin' it", he reveals in **Rona Barrett's** *Hollywood* glam mag. But what would the former Donovan copyist do in his senility? "I could be perfectly happy and content being a bus driver . . . or I could still go back to making pizza or something." Maybe the massive egg laid by the *Renaldo And Clara* has forced Zim to consider these alternatives. More important, though — is his cheese sauce as good as everyone says it is? . . .

Slimmer of the Month and former **Sex Pistol Steve Jones,** 12, was the subject of a two page feature in last Monday's *Daily Star* (what else?). Mainly concerning itself with his crackpot, lovable exploits, we find ol' Jonesy running the full gammut of his repertoire. **Rotten** gets whipped, people's property stolen, birds get shagged and the name Sex Pistols gets dissolved. "After all", spouts Sticky Steve, "if we carry it on it'll go against everything we stood for. *"The Star* sums up thus: "Jones is tough. He makes **Tarzan** look like **Fred Flintstone.** The wild man of The Sex Pistols loves a laugh". . .

Laugh? Thought our socks would never dry! Filling out **The Members'** horn section on *Top Of The Pops* last week we could've found the haile unlikely trombone of **Rico** attached to the man himself...

On tour together in St Louis recently, **Queen** and **Heart** shared a Thanksgiving turkey dinner. The symbolism stuns . . .

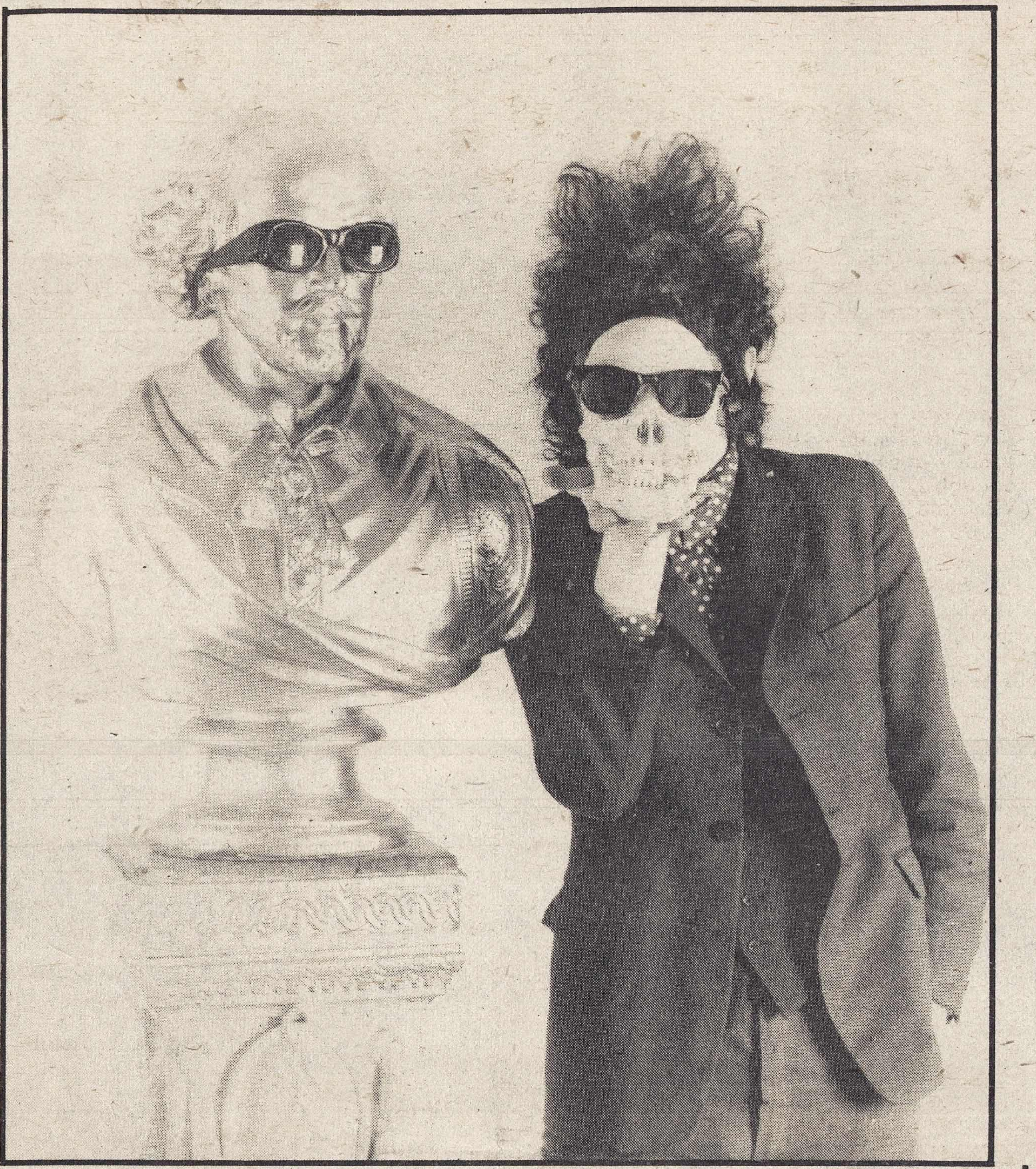
Tragedy! **Alternative TV** have switched off. Thousands dead! Fed up with continued cries for, um, 'greatest hits' (sic) from his audience, **Mark Perry** — A Smile, A Song and A Cashier's Window — has decided the only way he can break his band away from its past is to fold it and then start again. Formed exactly two years ago in April '77, ATV will release one posthumous single, 'The Force Is Blind'. Perry and Co will resume business, possibly with some new members, under the handle **The Good Missionaries** the name he adopted for the impromptu jam at the Lyceum recently . . .

What's that clicking on the phone line? It appears that **The Stranglers** are to have their new offices at 8 Carnaby St — that is, right next door to the world's most custard pied rock weekly. A council of war has been held and **Max Bell** has been employed as our official man with the glass against the wall and eye on the fire escape. Straightaway we learn that **Jean Jacques Burnel** has been down in Carnaby Street filming a promo short to help shift Barn Owl's latest waxing . . .

Norway?!? White reggae band **China Street** were busted in Stavanger, Norway on their current Euro tour. For rowdyism? No. For dope? Nope. It transpires that NATO MPs interned and grilled our boys for *Suspected espionage!* They were later released and are now planning a single titled 'Rock Against SMERSH'. . .

Despite having had a recent high roller album in the UK charts, **Paul Simonon** bewails that **The Clash** are still heavily in debt . . .

Nick Edmunds and **Dave Lowe** had to (gasp! — *buy* their **Graham Parker** tickets for the petrol pumper's Hammersmith Odeon show — and from one of the touts outside, to boot. Mr Edmunds was detained in hospital with shock whilst Mr Lowe was arrested for breaking into a pound note, although he was later released on a caution because of it being his first offence . . .



THE BARD AND THE BORED: John Cooper Clarke (right) ponders the destiny of English literature while a thoroughly modern Will Shakespeare (left) checks out JCC's 'Gimmicks' and curses that JC was first to secure ex-Fall drummer Carl Burns for his new band. Apart from pulling an insubstantial feature in the 'Observer' colour mag, Manchester's favourite scribbler is also sporting a natty plaster cast on his left arm as a result of the stage accident in Eire which cracked three wrist bones. Luckily it's not John's Biro hand.

Lowe is also one of the names, along with **Pete Townshend,** being suggested as production guvnor for the forthcoming **Movies** album. . .

We Have Branches Everywhere Dept: The tree that **Marc Bolan's** Mini crashed into has apparently become a shrine to his memory. Ever since the first morbid anniversary in September '78, the tree in Barnes, South West London, has been festooned with placards bearing tributes to the ex Mr Bolan and coachloads of pilgrims are planning to visit the spot this September . . .

Making a rumpus in the Sundays we find **Alex Harvey,** 103, who appears in fear of his sanity. Vambo is seeking the help of a top American shrink who specialises in reincarnation and therefore may be of some help in sorting out the voices that haunt our man. Seems Al believes he served at Waterloo in his former life. Former life? By our calculations Alex as at least forty in 1815 — we suspect this claim is all part of some ridiculous denial-of-age campaign in anticipation of another comeback . . .

Absolutely no information at all that would even vaguely interest y'all was disclosed last Sunday in TV's blandest ever documentary, *Wings Over The World.* Perhaps the tell-tale tagline 'An MPL Production' explains the lack of any real grist: M P L stands for **McCartney** Productions Limited . . .

And what, sir, is this? **John** 'You Are Howard Hughes and I claim my £5' **Lennon** and Yoko 'OK' Ono spotted buying real fur coats recently on a shopping expedition in New York, if Fleet Street reports are correct. And this from a couple who once posed in human hair coats as a protest against the animal fur trade . . .

Ga-ga odballs **Blondie** shot into London at the weekend to pick up an award from BBC's *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop* before shooting out again . . .

Perisistence pays off Dept.: **The Smirks** are recording a one-off single for Virgin after issuing their 'Smirksongs' EP on their own label — their own label, mark you, and *not* one owned by any *NME* writer as foolishly suggested by *Snouds,* last week (see *Thrills* for full story) . . .

Elton John now strongly denying he ran up a tab of £13,000 on fur coats, a spree which has seen Elsie come in for some considerable stick (see last week *T-Zers).* . .

Megamogul and world ruler **Jonathan King** is standing for election (again) in his home constituency of Richmond on Thames. In absolute seriousness the man asks us to forgive and forget his previous record — **Genesis, 10cc, Jonathan King** — and consider the views now standing at platform four. Economically the old brute is a hardcore Tory but he washes his hands of the Thatchetolla's attitudes on capital punishment etc and describes himself morally as "a small 'l' liberal". *T-Zers* hems and haws over the viability of putting itself forward as 'Return To The Ground Nut Scheme' candidate for Lower Marsh . . .

Are you listening **Mark Perry**? Nashville guitarist **Daryl Chapman** has been shot to death and members of his band wounded in a row springing from the fact that he didn't know a certain number during an audience request spot. Forget punk and reggae, C&W is a Very Serious Thing . . .

And to China, where the onset of Westernism shows itself in the paddy fields. Currently the toon on many a Peking lip is 'Someday I Shall Own A Washing Machine'. That is a fact. Less certain, however, are reports of gangs of frustrated chinee youth gathering in underground hideouts where they fearlessly discuss things like indoor saunas, button-down collars and ketchup. Plus a Nan Sek man was reportedly interned without trial for illegal possession of slacks . . .

Cult figure **Alex Chilton** has a new band called **The Yard-Dogs** who will insist on playing street corners in their hometown of Memphis and thereby rake it in to the tune of $30 a day — words **Stigwood,** music **McLaren** — after passing around the hat. They have an album which includes versions of **K.C. and the Sunshine Band's** 'Queen Of Clubs' and **Troy Shondell's** immortal 'Girl After Girl'. Yes, immortal! . . .

Current issue of Q International gay mag has **Village Person Phillipe Rose** flaunting his plonker in the centre. See, who says *T-Zers* hasn't got finesse? . . .

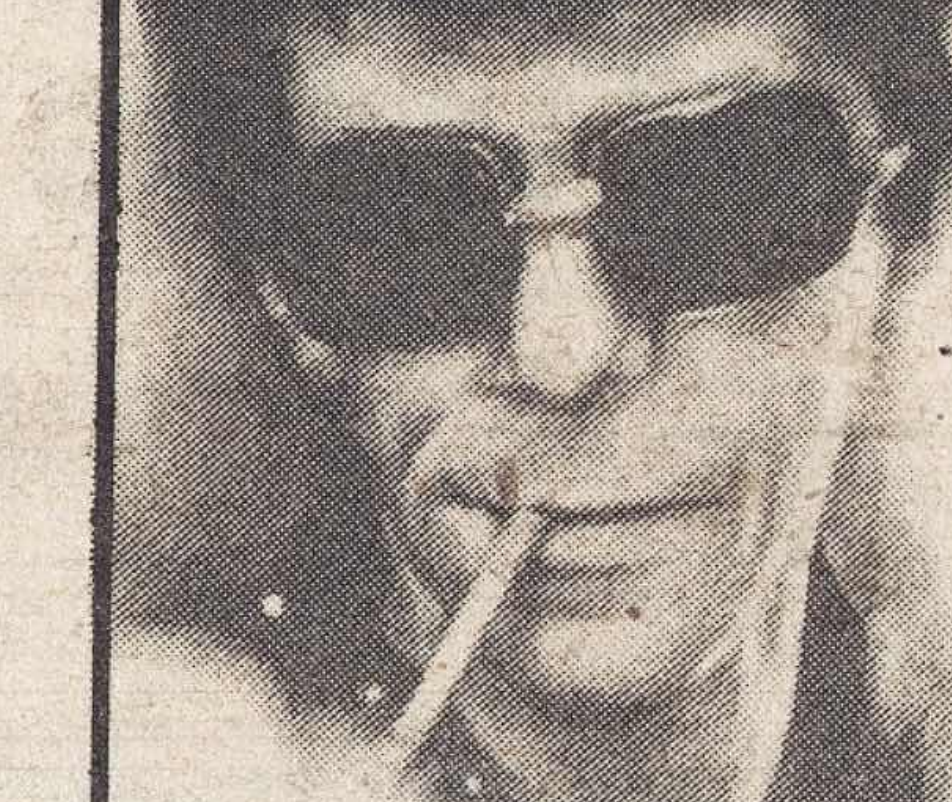
Plea for HEEELLLLPP! **Tot and The Girls** are desperate for a fair-sized venue in which to stage a charity gig in aid of the Year Of The Child. Admission to the proposed gig would be a toy of some sort which would then be forwarded to Hammersmith Children's Hospital. All straws will be clutched at 01 883 4464 . . .

The final **Blast Furnace and the Beat Wives** gig sounded off at Dingwalls last Sunday amidst a night of a thousand celebrities. Stepping up to cause chaos: **Wilko Johnson** and **Alex Harvey** (that's him on the back of five pound notes). **Lew Lewis** didn't stop for a breath after his Marquee gig, but bundled himself and his harps into a motor and dashed in the hope of a quick few blows with the Camden law suit faves — but it was not to be. Lew stumbled through the door ten minutes after the final whistle. **Charles Shaar Murray** is 53 . . .

And we continue in a blowing our own trumpet situation with a report on last Tuesday's *Talkabout* on Radio One. In the studio were **Alf Martin, Richard Williams,** and **Neil Spencer,** editors of *Record Mirror, MM,* and *NME* respectively. Earlier in the day snivelling **Tony Blackburn,** 70, had described, the three as being bosses of "so called influential pop papers", but the gig still went ahead and our man on the terraces reports thus: "After a slow start, Spencer acquitted himself well and showed admirably the hip, cynical sneer and sense of *joie de vivre* that has earned *NME* the position of world's largest selling and most imitated rock weekly. Asked why he refers to his, er, rival as *Monotony Maker,* the Northants know-all quipped: 'Because it looks like a telephone book or *Exchange & Mart* or something'. Miiaaooww! Yes it was quite a clash of the major papers! *(Sounds* is nine years old) . . .

In Next Week's NME
LOU REED

After years of stubbon silence, the Nabob of Nihilism decides he'll talk to us after all. Don't miss it. Plus all the usual fab pix, info, reviews and everything that makes *NME* the best in rock reading.



Drawing: Barbara Fry

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1.	Clash Police	(3)
2.	Stiff Little Fingers	(1)
3.	The Skids	(2)
4.	PIL	(5)
5.	Gang of Four	(4)
6.	Buzzcocks (yellow & Blue)	(—)
7.	Members	(6)
8.	The Jam (red)	(9)
9.	Jam Tube Station	(—)
10.	Mekons	(7)

NEW RELEASES **25p**: Destroy All Monsters, D.O.A., The Pretenders, T.V. Personalities, Dodgers, Bette Bright, The Fall. 20p Scars, Stiff Little Fingers, Nicky and the Dots, Teen Beats, Throbbing Gristle, ATV Vibing, Les Feles.

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T-zers Goes Fishing: Contributors include Salmon Dave, Rod Stewart, Darth Wader, Gino And The Sharks, Hot Tuna, Bobby Tench, Doctor Hook, The Spinners, Penny Reel and the Andy Gills (both of them).

Besides Fish Rising, Trout Mask Replica, Too Many Fish In The Sea and Maggot Brain, tracks include Sole Man, Cod Only Knows, Float On, I Got A Line On You, There's A Plaice, Give 'Em Enough Roach, Tired Of Baiting For You, (You Make Me Feel) Mighty Reel, First I Look At The Perch, Mr Bass Man, Only A Prawn In The Game and Many Rivers To Cross.

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